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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS:

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION,

CONTINUED TO THE CLOSE OF HER LIFE.



NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER,

145 NASSAU STREET, AND 36 PARK ROW.

1854.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

LETTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

I HAVE given my best consideration to the arguments by which you support the demand for a few notices of events connected with my personal recollections of the past. That which has chiefly influenced me is the consideration, urged on what I know to be just and reasonable grounds—that when it has pleased God to bring any one before the public in the capacity of an author, that person becomes in some sense public property; having abandoned the privacy from which no one ought to be forced, but which any body may relinquish; and courted the observation of the world at large. Such individuals are talked of during life, and after death become the subject, I may say the prey, of that spirit which reigned in Athens of old, and from which no child of Adam is wholly free—the desire *to hear and to tell* some new thing. No sooner has the *person withdrawn* from this mortal stage, than t

pen of biography is prepared to record, and a host of curious expectants are marshalled to receive, some fragments at least of private history. I wish I could dissent from your remark, that even godliness itself is too often sought to be made a gain of in such cases. Writers who are themselves wholly unenlightened by spiritual knowledge, and uninfluenced by spiritual feeling, will take up as a good speculation, what must to them be a mystery, and wrong the subject of their memorial while they injure the cause in which he laboured. Even among those of better understanding in the ways of truth, we do not often meet sound judgment, calm discretion, and refined delicacy, combined with affection for the departed, and zeal for the gospel. Private journals are sought out, confidential letters raked together, and a most unseemly exposure made, alike of the dead and the living.

This I have always seen and lamented: and being aware that my turn would probably come to be thus exhibited, I have abstained from preserving even the slightest memoranda of events, thoughts, or feelings, that could be laid hold on as a private journal: and I have most distinctly intimated to all those friends who possess any letters of mine, that I shall regard it as a gross breach of confidence, a dishonourable, base, and mercenary proceeding on their part, if ever they permit a sentence addressed by me to them to pass into other hands. Indeed, to such an extent have I felt this, that for many years past I have kept some friend under a solemn pledge that, immediately after my death, they will proclaim my having so guarded my correspondence, *in order*, if possible, to shame the individuals from

a course with regard to me which I have never been inveigled into with regard to others. Looking on epistolary communications as a trust not to be betrayed, I have invariably refused to deliver to the biographers of my departed friends any letters of theirs that I might possess :—the first application for them has always been the signal for committing the whole budget to the flames.

This you know ; and you say that the very precautions I have used will leave my memory more completely at the mercy of ill-judging or ill-informed survivors, who, in the absence of more authentic information, may draw on their own invention, and do me injustice. This is the plea that has prevailed with me now : the uncertainty of mortal life, with the apprehension that if suddenly removed I shall become the heroine of some strange romance, founded probably on the facts of a life by no means deficient in remarkable incidents, but mixed up with a great deal of fiction ; and the consciousness that others may be thereby wounded, whom I would not wish to wound—have decided me to act upon your suggestion, and to draw out a little sketch of such matters as can alone concern the public in any way. Into private domestic history no person possessed of a particle of delicacy can wish to intrude. It is melancholy to witness the prying spirit that some are but too ready to cater to, for filthy lucre's sake ; and grievous to reflect, that the boasted immunity which makes the cottage of the English peasant, no less than the palace of the English noble, a castle,—which so fences his domestic hearth that no man may set foot *within* his door without his consent, or proclaim

an untruth concerning him without being legally compelled to render compensation, should be withdrawn from his grave. I cannot tell you how I have blushed for the living, and kindled with resentment on behalf of the dead, when contemplating the merciless desecration of what may truly be called the sacredness of home, in some biographical notices

You may therefore expect to find in these sheets a record of that mental and spiritual discipline by which it has pleased the Lord to prepare me for the very humble, yet not very narrow, sphere of literary usefulness, in which it was his good purpose to bid me move; with whatever of outward things, passing events, and individual personal adventure, as it is called, may be needful to illustrate the progress. Of living contemporaries I shall of course not speak: of the dead no farther than as I would myself be spoken of by them, had I gone first. Public events I shall freely discuss, and hold back nothing that bears on spiritual subjects. Nobody shall ever need to be at the trouble of posthumously searching out and proclaiming my opinions on any topic whatever, apart from personalities. I will not withhold, nor disguise, nor soften them down; and if the charge of egotism be brought, let the accusers lay their hands upon their hearts, and declare that they would not have sanctioned another in performing for me, as a defunct writer, the office which nobody can fulfil half so well, because nobody can do it half so correctly, as myself.

To commence the task, in which I earnestly implore the Father of all mercies, and Teacher of all truth, to *guide me, to guard me from misstatement, to preserve*

me from self-seeking, and to overrule it to the glory of His great name, I must remind you that my birth place was Norwich; a fine old town, distinguished for its many antiquities, the beauty of its situation on a rising ground, interspersed with a profusion of rich gardens, and studded with churches to the number of thirty-five, including a majestic cathedral. Many years have elapsed since I last beheld it, and perhaps the march of modern improvement has so changed its features that were I now to dwell upon my recollections of that cherished home, they would not be recognised. But I cannot forget the early impressions produced on my mind by the peculiarities of the place; nor must they be omitted here. The sphere in which it is my dearest privilege to labour is the cause of Protestantism; and sometimes, when God has blessed my poor efforts to the deliverance of some captive out of the chains of Popish delusion, I have recalled the fact of being born just opposite the dark old gateway of that strong building where the glorious martyrs of Mary's day were imprisoned. I have recollected that the house wherein I drew my first breath was visible through the grated window of their prison, and a conspicuous object when its gates unfolded to deliver them to unjust judgment and a cruel death. Are any of the prayers of those glorified saints fulfilled in the poor child who was brought into the world on that particular spot, though at the distance of some ages? The query could not be answered, but the thought has frequently cheered me on. The stern-looking gateway, opening on St. Martin's Plain, was probably one of the very first objects traced on the retina of my in-

fant eye, when it ranged beyond the inner walls of the nursery: and often, with tottering step, I passed beneath that arch into the splendid garden of our noble episcopal palace; and certainly, if my Protestantism may not be traced to that locality, my taste may: for from all the elaborate display of modern architecture, all the profuse luxuriance and endless variety of modern horticulture, I now turn away, to feast in thought on the recollection of that venerable scene. The palace itself is a fine specimen of the chaste old English style: but the most conspicuous, the most unforgettable feature was the cathedral itself, which formed the boundary of one half of the garden: a mass of sober magnificence, rising in calm repose against the sky, which to my awe-struck gaze and childish imagination, seemed to rest upon its exquisitely-formed spire. Seated on the grass, busying my fingers with the daisies that were permitted to spring around, I have been lost in such imaginings as I suppose not many little children indulge in, while permitting my eyes to rove over the seemingly interminable mass of old gray stone, and then to fall upon the pleasant flowers around me. I loved silence, for nothing that fell on the ear seemed in accordance with what so charmed the eye: and thus a positive evil found entrance in the midst of much enjoyment. I acquired that habit of dreamy excursiveness into imaginary scenes, and among unreal personages, which is alike inimical to rational pursuits, and opposed to spiritual-mindedness. To a period so early as the middle of my fourth year I can revert with the *most perfect, most vivid* recollection of my *habitual thoughts and feelings*; and at that age, I can unhesi-

tatingly declare, my mind was deeply tinctured with a romance not derived from books, nor from conversation, but arising, as I verily believe, out of the singular adaptation to each other of my natural taste and the scenery amidst which it began to develope itself. Our abode was changed to another part of the city before this period arrived; but the bishop's garden was still our haunt, and my supreme delight.

An immense orchard, shrubbery, and flower-garden were attached to my father's new residence, to which he had removed on account of its proximity to the church of which he was rector. This too was an old-fashioned house, mantled with a vine, and straggling out, in irregular buildings, along the slope of the garden. The centre of an immense grass-plat, studded with apple, pear, and plum-trees, was occupied by the most gigantic mulberry I ever beheld, the thick trunk of which resembled that of a knotted oak, while in its forest of dark branches nestled a number of owls and bats. Oh, how I loved to lurk beneath its shadow on a summer evening, and await the twilight gloom, that the large owl might come forth and wheel around the tree, and call out his companions with a melancholy hoot; while the smaller bat, dipping lower in his flight, brushed by me, accustomed to my presence. I had entered betimes upon the pernicious study of nursery tales, as they then were, and without having the smallest actual belief in the existence of fairies, goblins, or any such things, I took unutterable delight in surrounding myself with hosts of them, decked out in colours of my own supplying, gorgeous or terrible beyond the conception of my classic authorities. The

faculty of realizing whatever I pictured to myself was astonishingly great; and you must admit that the localities in which I was placed were but too favourable to the formation of a character, which I have no doubt the enemy was secretly constructing within me, to mislead, by wild unholy fiction, such as should come within the range of its influence. To God be all the glory that I am not now pandering with this pen to the most grovelling or the most impious of man's perverted feelings!

But above all other tastes, all other cravings, one passion reigned supreme, and that acme of enjoyment to me was music. This also was met by indulgence as unlimited as its cravings; for not only did my father possess one of the finest voices in the world, and the very highest degree of scientific knowledge, taste, and skill in the management of it, but our house was seldom without an inmate in the person of his most intimate friend and brother clergyman, a son of the celebrated composer, Mr. Linley, who was as highly gifted in instrumental as my father was in vocal music. The rich tones of his old harpsichord seem at this moment to fill my ear and swell my heart; while my father's deep, clear, mellow voice, breaks in, with some noble recitative or elaborate air of Handel, Haydn, and the rest of a school that may be superseded, but never, never can be equalled by modern composers. Or the harpsichord was relinquished to another hand, and the breath of our friend came forth through the reed of his hautboy in strains of such overpowering melody, that I have hid my face on my mother's lap to weep *the feelings that* absolutely wrung my little heart with

excess of enjoyment. This was not a snare ; or, if it might have been made one, the Lord broke it in time, by taking away my hearing. I would not that it had been otherwise, for while a vain imagination was fostered by the habit I have before adverted to, this taste for music, and its high gratification, most certainly elevated the mind. I do firmly believe that it is a gift from God to man, to be prized, cherished, cultivated. I believe that the man whose bosom yields no response to the concord of sweet sounds, falls short of the standard to which man should aspire as an intellectual being ; and though Satan does fearfully pervert this solace of the mind to most vile purposes, still I heartily agree with Martin Luther, that, in the abstract, ' the devil hates music.'

Before I had completed my sixth year, I came under the rod of discipline which was to fall so long and so perseveringly upon me ere I should " hear the rod and who had appointed it." Enthusiastic in every thing and already passionately fond of reading, I had eagerly accepted the offer of a dear uncle, a young physician, to teach me French. I loved him ; for he was gentle and kind, and very fond of me ; and it was a great happiness to trip through the long winding street that separated us, to turn down by the old Bridewell, so celebrated as an architectural curiosity, being built of dark flint stones, exquisitely chiselled into the form of bricks, and which even then I could greatly admire, and to take my seat on my young uncle's knee, in the large hall of his house, where stood a very large and deep-toned organ, some sublime strain from which was to reward my diligence, if I repeated accurately the

lesson he had appointed. Thus between love for my uncle, delight in his organ, and a natural inclination to acquire learning, I was stimulated to extraordinary efforts, and met the demand on my energies in a very unsafe way. I placed my French book under my pillow every night, and starting from repose at the earliest break of dawn, strained my sleepy eyes over the page, until, very suddenly, I became totally blind.

This was a grievous blow to my tender parents: the eclipse was so complete that I could not tell whether it was midnight or midnoon, so far as perception of light was concerned, and the case seemed hopeless. It was, however, among the "all things" that God causes to work together for good, while Satan eagerly seeks to use them for evil. It checked my inordinate desire for mere acquirements, which I believe to be a bad tendency, particularly in a female, while it threw me more upon my own resources, such as they were, and gave me a keen relish for the highly intellectual conversation that always prevailed in our home. My father delighted in the society of literary men: and he was himself of a turn so argumentative, so overflowing with rich conversation, so decided in his political views, so alive to passing events, so devotedly and so proudly the Englishman, that with such associates as he gathered about him at his own fireside, I don't see how the little blind girl, whose face was ever turned up towards the unseen speaker, and whose mind opened to every passing remark, could avoid becoming a thinker, a reasoner, a tory, and a patriot. Sometimes *a tough disputant* crossed our threshold; one of these *was Dr. Parr*, and brilliant were the flashes resulting

from such occasional collision with antagonists of that calibre. I am often charged with the offence of being too political in my writings: the fact is, I write as I think and feel; and what else can you expect from a child reared in such a nursery?

But another consequence of this temporary visitation was an increased passion for music. The severe remedies used for my blindness frequently laid me on the sofa for days together, and then my fond father would bring home with him, after the afternoon service of the cathedral, of which he was also a canon, a party of the young choristers. My godfather would seat himself at the harpsichord; the boys, led by my father, perform the vocal parts; and such feasts of sacred music were served up to me, that I have breathed to my brother in an ecstatic whisper the confession, 'I don't want to see; I like music better than seeing.'

That brother I have not before named: but that only brother was a second self. Not that he resembled me in any respect, for he was beautiful to a prodigy, and I an ordinary child; he was wholly free from any predilection for learning, being mirthful and volatile in the highest degree; and though he listened when I read to him the mysterious marvels of my favourite nursery books, I doubt whether he ever bestowed an after-thought on any thing therein contained. The brightest, the sweetest, the most sparkling creature that ever lived, he was all joy, all love. I do not remember to have seen him for one moment out of temper or out of spirits for the first sixteen years of his life; and he was to me what the natural sun is to the system. We were never separated; our

studies, our plays, our walks, our plans, our hearts were always one. That holy band which the Lord has woven, that inestimable blessing of fraternal love and confidence, was never broken, never loosened between us, from the cradle to his grave ; and God forbid that I should say or think that the grave has broken it ! If I have not from the outset included that precious brother in my sketch, it was because I should almost as soon have deemed it necessary to include by name my own head or my own heart. He too was musical, and sang sweetly, and I cannot look back on my childhood without confessing that its cup ran over with the profusion of delights that my God poured into it.

About this time, when my sight, after a few months' privation, was fully restored, I first imbibed the strength of Protestantism as deeply as it can be imbibed apart from spiritual understanding. Norwich was infamously conspicuous in persecuting unto death the saints of the Most High, under the sanguinary despotism of Popish Mary ; and the spot where they suffered, called the Lollard's Pit, lies just outside the town, over Bishop's bridge, having a circular excavation against the side of Moushold-hill. This, at least to within a year or two ago, was kept distinct, an opening by the road-side. My father often took us to walk in that direction, and pointed out the pit, and told us that there Mary burnt good people alive for refusing to worship wooden images. I was horror-stricken, and asked many questions, to which he did *not always* reply so fully as I wished ; and one day, *having to go out* while I was inquiring, he said, 'A

don't think you can read a word of this book, but you may look at the pictures: it is all about the martyrs. So saying, he placed on a chair the old folio of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, in venerable black letter, and left me to examine it.

Hours passed, and still found me bending over, or rather leaning against that magic book. I could not, it is true, decypher the black letter; but I found some examinations in Roman type, and devoured them; while every wood-cut was examined with aching eyes and a palpitating heart. Assuredly I took in more of the spirit of John Foxe, even by that imperfect mode of acquaintance, than many do by reading his book through; and when my father next found me at what became my darling study, I looked up at him with burning cheeks and asked, 'Papa, may I be a martyr?'

'What do you mean, child?'

'I mean, papa, may I be burned to death for my religion, as these were? I want to be a martyr.'

He smiled, and made me this answer, which I have never forgotten, 'Why, Charlotte, if the government ever gives power to the Papists again, as they talk of doing, you may probably live to be a martyr.'

I remember the stern pleasure that his reply afforded me; of spiritual knowledge not the least glimmer had ever reached me in any form, yet I knew the Bible most intimately, and loved it with all my heart, as the most sacred, the most beautiful of earthly things. Already had its sublimity caught my admiration; and *when listening to the lofty language of Isaiah, as read from his stall in the cathedral by my father in Advent*

and the early Sundays of the year, while his magnificent voice sent the prophetic denunciations pealing through those vaulted aisles, I had received into my mind, and I think into my heart, that scorn of idolatry which breathes so thrillingly in his inspired page. This I know, that at six years old the foundation of a truly scriptural protest was laid in my character; and to this hour it is my prayer that whenever the Lord calls me hence, or whenever the Lord himself comes to earth, he may find his servant not only watching, but working against the diabolical iniquity that filled the Lollard's Pit with the ashes of his saints.

And now upon that all important topic, the Bible, I would remark, that among the most invaluable blessings of my life I remember the judicious conduct of my parents in regard to it. We generally find that precious volume made a book of tasks; sometimes even a book of penalties: the consequence of so doing cannot but be evil. With us it was emphatically a reward book. That identical book is now before me, in its rich red cover, elegantly emblazoned with the royal arms; for it is the very Bible that was placed before Queen Charlotte at her coronation in 1761; and which becoming the perquisite of a Prebendary of Westminster, was by his wife presented to my mother to whom she stood sponsor. This royal Bible was highly prized; and it was with special favour that it was opened for us when we had been good, and were deemed worthy of some mark of approval. My father then, whose voice made music of every thing, would *read to us the history of Abel, of Noah, Moses, Gideon, or some other of the exquisite narratives of the Old*

Testament. I do not say that they were made the medium of conveying spiritual instruction; they were unaccompanied by note or comment, written or oral, and merely read as histories, the fact being carefully impressed on our minds that God was the author, and that it would be highly criminal to doubt the truth of any word in that book; but I do assert that such a mode of bringing a child acquainted with the Scriptures is infinitely preferable to setting him tasks to learn out of it, or even of encumbering with human explanations what God has made so very plain, so very attractive. The consequences of this early instruction imparted as an indulgence, I have reasons daily to rejoice in; it led me to search for myself the inspired pages: it taught me to expect beauties, and excellencies, and high intellectual gratification, where God has indeed caused them to abound. As in the natural world we find the nutritious fruit not lying like pebbles on the ground, but hung on graceful trees and shrubs, heralded, by fair and fragrant blossoms, embowered in verdant foliage, and itself beautifully shaped and tinted, so has the Lord arranged the garden where grows the fruits of the tree of life, should abound in all that is most lovely to man's natural perception; and do we not slight this bounteous care for our mind's enjoyment while he makes provision for our soul's sustenance, when we neglect to point these things out to the notice of our children? The word was my delight many a year before it became my counsellor; and when at last the veil was withdrawn from my heart, and Jesus stood revealed as the Alpha and Omega of that blessed book

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it was not like gradually furnishing a vacant place with valuable goods, but like letting a flood of day into one already most richly stored with all that was precious; though, for lack of light whereby to discern their real nature, the gems had been regarded but as common things. My memory was plentifully stored with what it had been my free choice to study: and when in the progress of this little narrative you learn how mercifully I have been preserved from doctrinal error in its various forms, through that full acquaintance with God's word; you will trace his marvellous workings in thus furnishing my mind, as it were, with an armoury of ready weapons; and will be ready to echo with increased earnestness that emphatic declaration, 'The Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants;' and not only to echo, but also to act upon it.

Religion, however, did at this early period of my life, become a very important concern in my eyes: our mother had taken infinite pains to assure us of one great truth—the omniscience of an Omnipresent God—and this I never could for a moment shake off. It influenced us both in a powerful manner, so that if either committed a fault, we never rested until, through mutual exhortation on the ground that God certainly knew it, and would be angry if we added deceit to another error, we had encouraged each other to confession. We then went, hand in hand, to our mother, and the one who stood clear of the offence acknowledged it in the name of the transgressor, while both *asked pardon*. Never did children more abhor a lie; ~~we~~ *we* spurned at its meanness, while trembling at its

guilt ; and nothing bound us more closely and exclusively together than the discoveries we were always making of a laxity among other children in this respect. On such occasions we would shrink into a corner by ourselves, and whisper, ' Do they think God does not hear that ? ' Self-righteousness, no doubt, existed in a high degree : we were baby Pharisees, rejoicing in the external cleanliness of cup and platter ; but I look back with great thankfulness on the mercy that so far instructed us ; an habitual regard to truth has carried me safely through many a trial, and, as a means, guarded me from many a snare. It cannot be too early or too strongly inculcated ; nor should any effort be considered too great, any difficulty as too discouraging, any reprobation as too strong, or, I will add, any punishment too severe, when the object in view is to overcome this infamous vice in a child. Once I remember having been led into a lie, at the instigation, and through the contrivance of a servant-girl, for whose benefit it was told. Suspicion instantly arose, from my dreadful embarrassment of manner ; a strict investigation commenced ; the girl told me to face it out, for that nobody else knew of it, and she would not flinch. But my terrors of conscience were insupportable ; I could ill bear my father's steady eye fixed on mine, still less the anxious, wondering, incredulous expression of my brother's innocent face, who could not for a moment fancy me guilty. I confessed at once ; and with a heavy sigh my father sent to borrow from a neighbour an instrument of chastisement never before needed in his own house. He took me to another room, and said, ' Child, it will pain me

more to punish you thus, than any blows I can inflict will pain you ; but I must do it ; you have told a lie ; a dreadful sin, and a base, mean, cowardly action. If I let you grow up a liar you will reproach me for it one day ; If I now spared the rod I should hate the child.' I took the punishment in a most extraordinary spirit ; I wished every stroke had been a stab ; I wept because the pain was not great enough ; and I loved my father at that moment better than even I, who almost idolized him, had ever loved him before. I thanked him, and I thank him still ; for I never transgressed in that way again. The servant was called received her wages, and a most awful lecture, and was discharged the same hour. Yet, of all these things what sank deepest into my very soul were the sobs and cries of my fond little brother, and the lamentable tones of his soft voice, pleading through the closed door, ' Oh, Papa, don't whip Charlotte ! Oh, forgive poor Charlotte !'

It is sweet to know we have a Brother indeed who always pleads, and never pleads in vain for the offending child ; a Father whose chastisements are not withheld, but administered in tender love ; judgment being his strange work, and mercy that wherein he delights, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness the end of his corrections. The event to which I have referred may appear too trivial a thing to record ; but it is by neglecting trivial things that we ruin ourselves and our children. The usual mode of training these immortal beings, the plan of leaving them to servants and to *themselves*, the blind indulgence that passes by, with a *slight* reprimand only, a wilful offence, and the mi

chievous misapplication of doctrine, that induces some to let nature do her worst, because nothing but grace can effectually suppress her evil workings ; all these are faulty in the extreme, and no less presumptuous than foolish : this has produced that 'spirit of the age' which, operating in a 'pressure from without' is daily forcing us farther from the good old paths in which we ought to walk, and in which our forefathers did walk, when they gave better heed than we do to the inspired word which tells us, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child ; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

Affectionately yours,

C E

LETTER II

YOUTH

I HAVE long been persuaded that there is no such thing as an honest private journal, even where the entries are punctually made under present impressions. There is so much of positive, active evil always at work in the mind, that to give a fair transcript of idle unprofitable thoughts and corrupt imaginings is out of the question: evil is dealt with in generals, good in particulars, and the balance cannot be fairly struck. Those confessions of indwelling sin that remorse will wring from us, and which, perhaps, are penned at the moment in perfect sincerity, being unaccompanied with the specifications that would invest them in their naturally hideous colours, wear the lovely garb of unfeigned humility. The reader, coming to such self-condemnatory clauses, is struck with admiration at the saintly writer's marvellous self-abasement, only lamenting that he should, in the excess of his lowly-mindedness, have written such bitter things against himself, at a time when he was grieving, resisting, almost quenching the Holy Spirit within, by obstinate transgression.

And if the present, how much more is the past, liable to be glossed over! To be faithful here is next to

impossible, for Satan helps us to deceive ourselves, and instructs us to carry out the deception to others. This consideration might well cause the pen of autobiography to drop from a christian's hand, did not an earnest desire to glorify God in his merciful dealings, together with the consciousness that to no other could the task be safely delegated, act as a counterpoise to the discouragement. I do desire to magnify the exceeding riches of God's grace to me, if I may do so without increasing the charge of arrogant assumption. I know that among the diversity of gifts which he bestowed on his creatures, he granted me a portion of mental energy, a quickness of perception, a liveliness of imagination, an aptitude for expressing the thoughts that were perpetually revolving in my mind, such as to fit me for literary occupation. I know that Satan, to whom such instruments are exceedingly valuable, marked me as one who would, if properly trained to it, do his work effectually within his own sphere; and I am not more sure of my present existence than I am of the fact that he strove to secure me for that purpose from the first expanding of those faculties which evidently lie exposed to his observation, and open to his attacks, or as far as God permits him to work. Can I feel all this, and not bless the Lord who so far baffled these designs, and deigned to appoint my field of labour within the sacred confines of his own vineyard?

The visitation of which I have spoken had a powerful influence on my after-life: it rendered the preservation of my newly-restored sight an object of paramount importance, to which the regular routine of *education* must needs be sacrificed. A boarding,

school had never been thought of for me ; my parents loved their children too well to meditate their expulsion from the paternal roof ; and the children so well loved their parents and each other that such a separation would have been insupportable to them. Masters we had in the necessary branches of education, and we studied together so far as I was permitted to study ; but before it was deemed safe to exercise my eyes with writing apparatus, I had stealthily possessed myself of a patent copy-book, by means of which, tracing the characters as they shone through the paper, I was able to write with tolerable freedom before any one knew that I could join two letters ; and I well remember my father's surprise, not unmixed with annoyance, when he accidentally took up a letter which I had been writing to a distant relation, giving a circumstantial account of some domestic calamity which had no existence but in my brain ; related with so much pathos too, that my tears had fallen over the slate whereon this my first literary attempt was very neatly traced. He could not forbear laughing ; but ended with a grave shake of the head, and a remark to the effect that I was making more haste than good speed.

At this time, seven years of age, I became entangled in a net of dangerous fascination. One evening my brother was taken to the theatre, while I, on account of a cold, had to stay at home. To compensate for this, I was permitted to read the play to him ; and that play was 'The Merchant of Venice.' I will not dwell upon the effect : I had already become fond of such *theatrical* spectacles as were considered suitable for *children*—pantomime and broad farce—and like a child

I gazed upon the glitter, and enjoyed the bustle : but now, seated in a corner, all quiet about me, and nothing to interfere with the mental world, I drank a cup of intoxication under which my brain reeled for many a year. The character of Shylock burst upon me, even as Shakespeare had conceived it. I revelled in the terrible excitement that it gave rise to; page after page was stereotyped upon a most retentive memory, without an effort, and during a sleepless night I feasted on the pernicious sweets thus hoarded in my brain.

Pernicious indeed they were, for from that hour my diligence in study, my docility of conduct, every thing that is usually regarded as praiseworthy in a child, sprung from a new motive. I wanted to earn a reward, and that was no longer a sweet story from the Bible, but permission to carry into my retreat a volume of Shakspeare. A taste so unusual at my age was hailed with applause; visitors questioned me on the different plays, to ascertain my intimate acquaintance with the characters; but no one, not even my father could persuade me to recite a line, or to listen when another attempted it, or to witness the representation of any play of Shakspeare. This I mention to prove what a powerful hold the enemy of all godliness must have expected to take on a spirit so attuned to romance. Reality became insipid, almost hateful to me; conversation, except that of literary men, to whom I have alluded, a burden: I imbibed a thorough contempt for women, children, and household affairs, entrenching myself behind invisible barriers that few, very few, could pass. Oh, how many wasted hours, how much of unprofitable labour, what wrong to me!

fellow-creatures, what robbery of God, must I refer to this ensnaring book ! My mind became unnerved, my judgment perverted, my estimate of people and things wholly falsified, and my soul wrapped in the vain solace of unsubstantial enjoyments during years of after sorrow, when but for this I might have early sought the consolations of the gospel. Parents know not what they do, when from vanity, thoughtlessness, or over-indulgence, they foster in a young girl what is called a poetical taste. Those things highly esteemed among men, are held in abomination with God ; they thrust Him from his creatures' thoughts, and enshrine a host of polluting idols in his place.

My father, I am sure, wished to check the evil which as a sensible man, he could not but foresee ; my state of health, however, won a larger portion of indulgence than was good for me. The doctors into whose hands I had fallen, were of the school now happily very much exploded ; they had one panacea for almost every ill, and that was the perilous drug, mercury. With it they rather fed than physiced me ; and its deleterious effects on the nervous system were doubly injurious to me, as increasing ten fold the excitability that required every curb. Among all the marvels of my life the greatest is that of my having grown up to be one of the healthiest of human beings, and with an inexhaustible flow of even mirthful spirits, for certainly I was long kept hovering on the verge of the grave by the barbarous excess to which medical experiments were carried ; and I never entertained a doubt that the total loss of my *hearing*, before I was ten years old, was owing to a *paralysis* induced by such severe treatment. God,

however, had his own purposes to work out, which neither Satan nor man could hinder. He overruled all for the furtherance of his own gracious designs.

Shut out by this last dispensation from my two delightful resources, music and conversation, I took refuge in books with tenfold avidity. By this time I had added the British poets generally to my original stock, together with such reading as is usually prescribed for young ladies; and I underwent the infliction of reading aloud to my mother the seven mortal volumes of Sir Charles Grandison. It was in the fulfilment of this awful task that I acquired a habit particularly mischievous and ensnaring, that of reading mechanically with a total abstraction of mind from what I was about. This became the easier to me from the absence of all external sound; and its consequences are exceedingly distressing to this day, as experienced in a long indulged, and afterwards most bitterly lamented wandering of the mind in prayer and reading the scriptures. In fact, through the prevalence of this habit, my devotions, always very punctually performed, became such an utter lip-service as frequently to startle and terrify my conscience when I found myself saying prayers and thinking idle songs or scraps of plays; but I regarded such transient pangs of remorse as a satisfaction for the sin, and never dreamed of resisting the general habit.

Thus far, I had led a town life, residing in the heart of a populous city, enjoying indeed that noble garden, and but daily more and more absorbed in books of *fancy*. Happily my health became so affected that a removal into the country was judged necessary, and

forgave the doctors all their past persecution of me in consideration of their parting injunctions ; which were, that I was to have unbounded liberty ; to live entirely in the open air, save when the weather forbade ; to be amused with all rural occupations ; and especially to frequent farm yards, for the purpose of inhaling the breath of cows. My father exchanged parochial duty with a friend, taking his village congregation, and engaging a house very near the church.

That tall white house,—what a place it holds in my fond recollection ! It was perfectly an old parsonage, and behind it lay a garden larger than our city orchard, sloping gently down, with a profusion of fruit and flowers, bounded by high walls, and the central walk terminating in a door, beyond which lay the scene of our greatest enjoyment. A narrow slip of grass, fringed with osiers, and alders, and willows, alone separated the wall from a very clear, lovely stream, which winding half round an extensive common, turned a mill. This small river abounded with fish, and we soon became expert anglers, besides which, on creeping to some distance by a path of our own discovery, we could cross the stream on a moveable plank, and take a wide range through the country. This removal was a double resource ; it invigorated my poor bodily frame, until I outgrew and out-bloomed every girl of my age in the neighbourhood, while really laying a foundation for many years of uninterrupted health, and a constitution to defy the change of climate for which I was destined ; while it won me from the sickening, enervating habit of sedentary enjoyment over the pages of a book, which, added to the necessary

studies and occupations, was relaxing alike the tone of the bodily and mental frame. From the polluted works of man I was drawn to the glorious works of God ; and never did bird of the air or beast of the field more luxuriate in the pure bright elements of nature than I did. All the poetical visions of liberty that had floated in my brain seemed now realized ; all pastoral descriptions faded before the actual enjoyment of rural life. Sometimes wreathing garlands of wild flowers, reclined on a sunny bank, while a flock of sheep strolled around, and the bold little lambs came to peep in our faces, and then gallop away in pretended alarm ; sometimes tearing our clothes to tatters in an ardent hunt for the sweet filberts that hung high above our heads on trees well fortified behind breastworks of bramble and thorn ; sometimes cultivating the friendship while we quaffed the milk of the good-natured cows under the dairymaid's operation, whose breath I was instructed to inhale ; all was freedom, mirth, and peace. Often would my father take his noble pointers preparatory to the shooting season, at once to try their powers and to ascertain what promise of future sport the fields presented. These were destructive expeditions in one sense. I remember the following dialogue, repeated to me by my brother, when we made our appearance at home after a day's demolition of wearing apparel.

‘ Mr. B. this will never do ; that girl cannot wear a frock twice without soiling it ; nor keep it whole for a week : the expense will ruin us.’

‘ Well, my dear, if I am to be ruined by expense, let it come in the shape of the washerwoman's and linen

draper's bills: not in those of the apothecary and undertaker.'

My dear father was right; and it would be a happy thing for girls in general if somewhat of appearance, and of acquirement too, was sacrificed to what God has so liberally provided, and to the enjoyment of which a blessing is undoubtedly annexed. Where, among females, do we find the stamina of constitution and the elasticity of spirit which exist in those of our rural population who follow out-door employment? It positively pains me to see a party of girls, a bonneted and tippetted double-file of humanity,

'That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along'
under the keen surveillance of a governess, whose nerves would never be able to endure the shock of seeing them bound over a stream or scramble through a fence, or even toss their heads and throw out their limbs as all young animals, except that oppressed class called young ladies, are privileged to. Having ventured, in a fit of my country daring, to break the ice of this very rigid and frigid subject, I will recount another instance of the paternal good sense to which I owe, under God, the physical powers without which my little talent might have laid by in a napkin all my days.

One morning, when his daughter was about eight years old, my father came in, and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles: while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

'Pray what are you going to do to the child?'

'Going to fit her with a pair of stays.'

For what purpose ?

To improve her figure ; no young lady can grow up properly without them.'

'I beg your pardon ; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies.'

'Oh, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already ; depend on it this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays.'

'My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will ; but she shall be one of His making, not our's.'

All remonstrance was vain ; stays and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule ; a ribband drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand ; while the little girl of the anxious friend whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen, while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's moulding ; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

This is no trivial matter, believe me ; it has frequently been the subject of conversation with professional men of high attainment, and I never met with one among them who did not, on hearing that I never

but once, and then only for a few hours, submitted to the restraint of these unnatural machines, refer to the exemption, as a means, the free respiration, circulation and powers both of exertion and endurance with which the Lord has most mercifully gifted me. There can be no doubt that the hand which first encloses the waist of a girl in these cruel contrivances, supplying her with a fictitious support, where the hand of God has placed bones and muscles that ought to be brought into vigorous action, that hand lays the foundation of bitter sufferings; at the price of which, and probably of a premature death, the advantage must be purchased of rendering her figure as unlike as possible to all the models of female beauty, universally admitted to be such, because they are chiseled after nature itself. I have seen pictures, and I have read harrowing descriptions, of the murderous consequences of thus flying in the face of the Creator's skill, and presuming to mend—to improve—his perfect work; but my own experience is worth a thousand treatises and ten thousand illustrations, in bringing conviction to my mind. Once, when introduced, as it is called, to the public, through the medium of a ball-room, I did join in persuading my father to allow of a fashionable lacing-up, though by no means a tight one. I felt much as, I suppose, a frolicksome young colt feels when first subjected to the goading apparatus that fetters his wild freedom. I danced, but it was with a heavy heart and labouring breath; I talked, under the influence of a stupifying headache, and on my return home flew to my apartment and cut the goodly fabric in pieces; nor was I ever afterwards tempted so to tempt my all-wise Maker by saying to the frame

that he had fashioned and supplied with the means of healthful growth, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther."

Compressure of the feet was with equal strictness forbidden by my judicious father. This vain custom is perhaps not so fatal as the other, but it produces many evils. Coldness of the extremities may certainly exist where nothing of the kind has been practised, but while rejoicing that I, experimentally, know nothing of it, I cannot help recollecting that the bounding pulse which plays so joyously through my veins was never impeded in any part; and feeling this, I would no more expose a girl to one infliction than I would to the other. Do Christian mothers take a sufficiently serious and prayerful view of this subject, as regards their children? Do they weigh, in the balance of God's providing, this necessary provision of clothing, to separate not only what is unseemly for the woman professing godly simplicity, but what is enervating to those physical powers which she is bound to promote to the Lord, and the weakening of which is actual robbery of him? I fear we females are more ready to ask counsel one of another in this matter than of the Lord; or even of our husbands, who, in nine cases out of ten no doubt, would decide against the foolish and pernicious custom. At least, in all my arguments with my own sex, I have found the men invariably siding with me on this topic.

You will be tired of these digressions, my dear friend, but I set out by forewarning you that my opinions would be freely stated: and while touching on a period of mortal life, where the body no less than the mind usually takes its direction for the rest of our

pilgrimage, I cannot pass by anything that appears to me of real importance to either. We will now return to what poets have sung and citizens sighed for, time out of mind—the delights of rural life.

All cramping is decidedly bad: wholesome restraints there are, which parents are bound to lay upon their children, and the latter to submit to; and among other things I am sure a defined method, and regular habits, in education, work, and play, together with a most strict attention to scrupulous punctuality, are not only valuable, but indispensable to a right government of the mind and conduct in after life. I have daily cause to lament the unavoidable neglect of such a system in my own case, during three important years; but unavoidable it was, unless my life had been sacrificed to the maintenance of such order. Accordingly, mine was the life of a butterfly; and whatever of the busy bee has since appeared in my proceedings must be ascribed to divine grace alone. I often recall those days of summer sunshine to which I have alluded; and the scarcely less joyous winter season, when, ploughing the light snow, we raced with our inseparable companion, the favourite pointer, or built up a brittle giant for the glory of demolishing him with balls of his own substance, or directed the soft missiles against each other. Accompanied by our father, but never alone, we made excursions upon our frozen stream; and very sweet it was to the fond hearts of my tender parents to watch the mantling glow of health, the elastic vigour of increasing stature, and the unbounded play of most exuberant spirits in the poor child whom they had expected to enclose in an early grave. How often

seated on the low wide brick-work corner of the immense fireplace in a neighbouring farm-house, have I been smoked among hams and tongues, while watching the progress of baking a homely cake upon those glowing wood-embers, or keeping guard over a treasury of apples, nuts, and elderberry wine, all streaming together in the lusciousness of a promised feast? Patriotism is with me no inert principle; it verily lives and acts, and pervades my whole spirit; and I believe its energetic character, except as God designs to work by his especial influence, is traceable to that early acquaintance with what is most purely English among us—the homes and the habits of our own bold yeomanry. Cities may resemble one another, and the aping propensities of their inhabitants produce among them a rapid approximation of appearance and manners; but where shall we look for the counterpart of a rural English HOME? The thing is as untransferrable as the world is untranslatable. The antique village church, with its broad square tower, or low spire, its stone porch and oak seats, its narrow case-ments, and the many vestiges of those abominations which the besom of the blessed Reformation swept from our services, though it could not, without demolishing the building, efface their relics from its walls:—the churchyard surrounding its base, with undulating hillocks of mortality clad in long, rich grass, where lie, half hidden, the old gray monumental stones that can no longer tell the tale of by-gone generations; the more modern sculpture, and the homely grave-rail standing sentry over the last resting-place of the poor, while some venerable tree overshadows the ground,

where it has probably stood since the first stone of that modest temple was laid by our forefathers—all these are so endearingly English! The broad, rich fields, the hedge-row boundaries, and stately lines of vigorous trees, guarding their native soil; and above all, the manly bearing of a bold, an independent, and a peaceful peasantry, the humblest of whom knows that his cottage is a chartered sanctuary, protected alike from the aggressions of civil and of ecclesiastical tyranny,—these, too, are English, sacredly English; and they leave upon the heart that has once expanded among them an impress never to be effaced. Among national reformers, what a noble position would he occupy who should prevail upon our monied countrymen to exchange their habits of periodical vagrancy into Popish lands, for a sojourn in the moral districts of their own Protestant England, in the confidence that the climate which agreed with their fathers from generation to generation—as the dates and ages decypherable on our monuments will testify—would not annihilate them; and that the sphere in which God had seen good to place them was that wherein he purposed them to move, to exert their influence, and to occupy for his glory, with the talents committed to their charge.

I have told you how books of imagination had supplanted the Bible in my esteem; those books now, in a measure, yielded to the irresistible attraction of outdoor amusement; but my mind was so abundantly stored with the glittering tinsel of unsanctified genius, as it shone forth in the pages of my beloved poets, that no room was left for a craving after better studies. Yet the turn of my mind was devotional in the ex-

treme ; so much so, that had the Lord permitted me at that time to come in contact with the wily fascinations of Popery, I am sure I should have fallen, for a season at least, into the snare. God was really in all my thoughts; not as the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ—not as a being of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—not as He whom I was required to glorify in my body and in my spirit, being bought with a price, to be no longer my own but his ;—no, my religion was a very attractive sort of Deism, which recognised the Creator of all those things wherein I delighted, and thought to render him great honour by such recognition. Thomson's 'Hymn on the Seasons' was my body of divinity ; and Pope's atrocious 'Universal Prayer' would have become my manual of devotion, had not my father denounced it as a most blasphemous outrage upon revelation, and charged me never to repeat what he deeply regretted that I had committed to memory. I hated profanity, and would not have omitted the private repetition of a form of prayer, morning or evening, on any account, nor absented myself from public worship. A slighting expression applied to the Bible would kindle me into glowing resentment, expressed with no less sincerity than earnestness, and as a matter of duty I devoted some time every Sabbath-day to the perusal of God's word, with which I had become more extensively acquainted by reading it during sermon-time at church. I well know that even then, and at a much earlier period too, conviction of my own sinfulness was working very deeply, though not permanently, in my mind : it was not an abiding impression, but a thing of fits and starts, overwhelming me

while it lasted, but soon shaken off by diverting my thoughts to something else. These convictions were unquestionably the result of my occasional readings in God's book: they always occurred during, or immediately after, such perusal; or when some passage was suddenly brought to my recollection. I am writing plain facts, without any regard to this or that system; and I must frankly confess that, accustomed as I always was to analyse the meaning of every thing I studied, a passage in the catechism which we punctually repeated every Sunday, proved a great snare to me. I, of course, felt bound to receive it all as unquestionably correct in doctrine; and at the same time I took it according to the plain, literal signification of the words. In this frame of mind, I recited weekly the declaration, "I believe in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the Elect people of God." Now I knew what sanctification meant; I knew that the Elect people of God were those who should be saved; I knew that to say "He sanctifieth me," was the same as to say "I *am* sanctified by him;" and I knew that according to the obvious sense of the passage, I was numbering myself with that elect people. Many an alarming inquiry, which if followed up by a prayerful appeal to the Bible might have led me then to Jesus, was effectually stifled by this misconception. I know that the clause can be explained so as to do away with this wrong inference; but I cannot help lamenting that expressions put in the mouths of children as a confession of faith, should be left liable to any such misconstruction. My attachment to the Established Church of England is warm and sincere: it has, as

the sequel will show, withstood many assaults, and increased in proportion as it was assailed ; but its formularies, however excellent, are the work of fallible man, therefore imperfect and open to improvement ; and this little word ' me ' in the clause alluded to is a mischievous misleader.

Not wishing to return to the subject, I will close this letter by the relation of an incident, which, coupled with the recollection of my own youthful cogitations, deepened painfully the impression I have here admitted. When engaged a few years since, in giving Sabbath instruction at my own house to a number of young people, I was particularly distressed by a report that one fine boy, about twelve years of age, had been led into habits of intoxication. It soon after happened that on a Saturday night I gave a little feast, a tea-party, to the boys, and on their assembling I discovered to my great horror, the lad in question was not sober. I took him aside, spoke shortly to him, and sent him home under the care of an older, and steady boy. The circumstance affected me greatly : I resolved to mark in the most emphatic manner, my reprobation of the sin, and to address him on the following evening, in presence of his companions, as one who by such a line of conduct placed himself without the pale of our little society ; hoping that by a temporary public exclusion, and much private admonition and persuasion, he might be brought to struggle against the vile propensity.

On that Sunday morning a sermon was preached for the benefit of the National School to which this boy belonged ; and as usual some of the children were selected to repeat the catechism in the church. It was

the Military Chapel at Sandhurst, filled in every part with its imposing array ; and the little catechumens were placed near the communion table, each speaker having to advance a step or two into open view, standing singly conspicuous. Judge of my feelings, when, wearing an aspect of the utmost confidence, but still flushed and debilitated through his last night's debauch, my unhappy little drunkard stepped forth, and with great distinctness and self-complacency repeated those words : "I learn to believe thirdly in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth ME, and all the Elect people of God."

I fairly burst into tears. I will add no comment, but simply leave on record my fervent hope that God may put it into the hearts of those who have the power so to do, to revise what in the main is so truly excellent and scriptural, and by a few verbal corrections to do away with whatever may cast a stumbling-block before the lambs of our fold.

LETTER III.

EARLY DAYS.

CONNECTED with this period of my early life are recollections that I would not lose. They are vivid, because, as I have said, I was a thinking child, having been accustomed to listen with eagerness to the conversation of my seniors, I had insensibly imbibed their feelings. The recent horrors of the French revolution, and the kindred spirit that had burst forth with sanguinary violence in Ireland, while the social frame of England herself was deeply shaken by the roll of those waves that were not permitted to burst over her favoured soil, of course formed a very prominent topic of conversation. Indeed every mind was more or less engrossed by it; and my father, an enthusiastic loyalist, devoted to the constitution in Church and State, had offered more than verbal resistance to the enemy; for, as I often heard told, when some apostles of revolution visited our city, and sought to stir up the lower classes to outrages for which they had long been secretly ripening, my father, whose bodily strength was as formidable as his mind was energetic and his appearance commanding, had placed himself in the fore-front of a party of gentlemen who stormed the quarters taken up by these movers of sedi-

tion, interrupted their dangerous proceedings, overpowered all resistance, and drove the intruders out of the town. He was not fond of hearing his own praises sounded on this subject, for he felt that nothing short of an extreme case could justify a clergyman in thus coming forward: but the case really was an extreme one. Antichrist bestrode our city, firmly planting there his two cloven hoofs of Popery and Socinianism. Many of our leading men belonged to these two systems, the former, the Jerninghams, Petres, &c., making up in wealth and private influence for what our then Protestant constitution withheld of political power, and the latter mingling its bad leaven in every part of the mass, sending to parliament one of the most active of its communion, to represent the ancient city. Of course we had within us the elements both of a French revolution and an Irish rebellion; and with an immense manufacturing population, often distressed, and notoriously disaffected, much solicitude prevailed among those who in either case would become the first victims of a popular explosion. The clergy were peculiarly marked for destruction, looked upon on one side as a body of place-holders who wrung from the people ample payment for services which the latter valued at nothing; and by the other party as heretical leaders, whose teaching, as the Douay Bible courteously remarks, is to be regarded as the howling of wolves, and themselves treated accordingly. Both parties beheld in the Church of England the most insurmountable barrier to their designs upon the civil and religious institutions of the country; and they were perfectly right,

for so it unquestionably is; and long may it so remain.

Born into this exciting period, and hearing from my earliest infancy such matters canvassed, not as theories, but as realities threatening our very existence, I became deeply engaged in them at five or six years old, an age when few children dream of public affairs: and well do I remember the sagacious shake of the head with which the present Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Monk, then domiciled under my father's roof preparatory to entering college, remarked, on detecting me poring over a newspaper as big as myself, "Missy will one day be a great politician." He was so far right that Missy has since encountered many rebukes for indulging a taste not considered lady-like, and for striving to rouse the mothers of her native land into an appreciation of their high privilege of forming the minds of future Englishmen; and the importance of training them up, even from the nursery, in the sound principles of our matchless constitution. And does Missy repent? Far, far from it; she has lived to send one manly youth of her own nursing, though not her own offspring, to swell the phalanx of Protesters; nay, of political Protesters, in a place where the war of principles is waged with stern determination: she is yet preparing another; and if instead of two, two hundred English boys had been committed to her guidance, she would, the Lord being her helper, have formed them into a body of fellow-soldiers with those who now contend on the broken, but still precious ramparts of our Protestant constitution.

The era to which I would now revert was that of

Napoleon's menaced invasion. Oh, what a spirit did it rouse among us! I could not then fully appreciate what now I remember with delight, the alacrity of our labouring classes in enrolling themselves, and forming local regiments of voluntary soldiers, officered by the very men against whom their enmity had lately blazed forth, and with most cheerful subordination obeying them. It was a lovely sight, even lovelier to me in the retrospection than it was at the time, to behold England rushing to arms in defence of her own sacred homes, and rushing, not with the madness of man's rage or in the pride of man's strength, but with reiterated appeals to Him who alone giveth victory to kings and peace to their people. How deep, how solemn was the stillness of that oft-recurring season of which we had been forewarned by a square pamphlet being laid on my father's breakfast-table some days previous, entitled "A Form of Prayer, with fasting, to ALMIGHTY GOD," for such a day. On the evening preceding, my father would look out in the dear red Bible the appointed Psalms and lessons, that we might all be the better prepared to turn to them; and then read to my mother his sermon for the morrow. We always woke with a serious impression on our minds, and came to a mutual agreement to put away all toys, and be content with our salt fish and egg-sauce. Then my father was robed in his silk cassock and flowing gown, and a splendid figure he was, with his noble, glowing countenance and stately gait, slowly proceeding towards his parish church, my mother on his arm, and we following with the best imitation we could accomplish of his measured, almost military step. In

every street was seen a long line of silent church-goers, repairing to their several places of worship; and many habited themselves in black on those days, to add effect to their humiliation. I do not say that these were spiritual worshippers: I cannot say that the doctrine preached, at that time, from the pulpits of our churches was the Gospel of Jesus Christ: but this I know, that while menacing France gloried in casting off all worship of, all belief in the God of heaven—menaced England openly acknowledged her sole dependence to be on His Almighty protection. France was baffled—England is preserved to this day. “Lo, thus shall the people be blessed who feareth the Lord.” “They that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.”

Such scenes as I have described are among the reminiscences of my very earliest childhood; but now, at the period of our country sojourn, a new feature was added to them. Military uniforms distinguished at least two-thirds of the male congregation, and martial music accompanied the psalmody of the churches. Our abode, though perfectly rural and secluded, was only four miles from the town, and a very short drive brought us thither: but in a little while we removed to within less than one mile, and resumed our attendance at my father's own church. Thus we were in the midst of the excitement, and by no means idle spectators; for my brother, in whose character the soldier had reigned predominant from babyhood, assembled all the little boys of the neighbourhood, addressed them in a patriotic speech, and brought them to the unanimous resolution of arming in defence of

their country. Those whose finances extended so far, brought real wooden guns and swords; others, impoverished by the allurements of an old dame who vended lollypops, was obliged to content themselves with such weapons as they could shape out of the hedge: a sixpenny drum, and a twopenny fife completed the military equipment, while on me devolved the distinguished honour of tacking sundry pieces of silk to an old broomstick, and presenting these colours to the corps, with an oration breathing such loyalty and devotion to the good cause of liberty and Old England, as wrought to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the regiment, whose colonel was ten years old, and very few of the officers or men much younger.

And this was not burlesque—it was not childish play, but downright earnest. The danger was imminent, we knew it, we felt it; and many a time did we withdraw to the shelter of the old hay-stack, where we had hollowed out a little alcove, and hold converse, with breathless anxiety, on the probable future. Sometimes our courage failed, and we explored the grounds in search of secure hiding-places; but the result of these deliberations was always a determination to stand by our mother to the last, and to try if we could not, by some means, ourselves kill Bonaparte. It is singular how this man seemed to embody in himself all that was terrifying in the idea of invasion: we never doubted the fact of his personally attacking our house; and I believe that among the lower classes at least he was unconsciously invested with the attribute of ubiquity. God made him a scourge, and rendered his name very terrible among men. None who were not

then in being, and capable of reflection, can possibly conceive how formidable he was: and although spoken of with ineffable scorn, caricatured with most ludicrous effect, and set at defiance in every variety of ballad and doggrel rhyme; though each Englishman secretly or openly cherished the hope of slaying him, and not a few English women meditated giving him Jael's welcome, still the name of Bonaparte carried with it a spell that convinces me he was specially commissioned to execute God's wrath, and "smite the nations with a perpetual stroke" as the executioner of his vengeance. England, I am persuaded, feared him not: she was not included in his mission, for she was still Protestant to the heart's core, under a nobly protesting King: and it is manifest that he had no power beyond the range of papal domination. Egypt repulsed him; England held him at bay from her shores; and by making the cause her own, drove his armies out of the Peninsula; Russia swallowed up his mighty host; and, finally, England again broke the last arm of his power, captured and entombed him on one of her distant possessions. The emotion inspired by his name was mingled with scorn and proud defiance; but it was an emotion never to be forgotten by those who experienced it.

Political feeling still ran very high, though the open adoption of French principles was greatly checked by the tone of national defiance universally breathed against France. Advantage, however, was taken of the inroads already made, and the spread of false liberalism through the land, to urge the repeal of those laws by which our wiser forefathers fenced round the

blessings that they desired to preserve to their posterity. By small beginnings the work was taken in hand ; and two measures were pressed on the attention of the legislature, of which one was the removal of the established test on admitting any Protestant to a corporate or other office of civil trust ; the other was to unbar the door, so firmly barricaded against the re-entrance of popery. To the latter proposition George the third had opposed the insurmountable barrier of his coronation oath ; and with a constancy of purpose, a steadfastness of faith that divine grace alone could supply, he had permitted himself to be forsaken at the most trying juncture by the only ministers on whom he could repose any confidence, rather than yield an iota on this point ; nor can we doubt, seeing by what influence he was upheld, that he 'would have made good his declaration of willingness to relinquish the crown, and even to lay his head on the block, rather than commit this act of perjury before God, and irreparable ruin to his people. The Lord added to his lengthened days yet more and more, because in his time the evil was not to come upon us ; but it worked its way with sure progression, through the unhappy effect of revolutionizing principles, opposed no less to the honour of God than to the well-being of man. The other measure had many warm advocatès among the truly loyal and constitutional party ; but a point of conscience was involved, very trying to a pious mind. You know, the test was a participation in the Lord's supper on the part of the person entering upon office ; and it cannot be doubted that a most sacred ordinance was thus profaned and degraded into a mere

stepping-stone to secular advantage, by multitudes who therein "eat and drank their own damnation, not considering the Lord's body." It seemed an awful thing to tender such a test, and thus tempt a man to sin against God; and through the lamentable relaxation, or rather the total cessation of church discipline among us, no restraining hand could be laid on the worst and vilest when approaching that ordinance. The object of the enactment was palpably to admit into authority of any kind none who should not be amenable to the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, which were framed on Scripture grounds for the governance of this a Christian land. It was good and wholesome; none others ought to bear rule, but such as are minded to fear the Lord and the king, and not to meddle with them that are given to change; but the church had become woefully negligent of her duty: the people were badly supplied, both as to quantity and quality, in public teaching, and not a few godly men had come forward to supply the deficiencies of worldly, careless clergymen, ignorant of those doctrines by which alone their flocks could be built up on our most holy faith. These preachers were followed; sects increased; and from forsaking the public services of the church, they gradually separated altogether from her communion, and became hostile to her whole frame, visiting the sinful omissions of men upon a church in which if they had been faithful ministers of her doctrine and true members of her spiritual body, those men would have shone as lights of the world. So the Lord's table as served in our churches, became an abomination to these increasing seceders, and the act

in question shut them out from situations which in all respects but this of hostility to established things they were well qualified to hold. It seemed a great grievance; public feeling ran strongly in favour of the complainants, and the point, as you know, was ultimately gained.

My father opposed the proceeding *in toto*; he contended for the principle of excluding all who would conscientiously exert their influence to subvert what they avowedly disapproved of, and regarded the other evil of profanation as a sin that must rest on the head of him who committed it; and who, if he were capable of that, would doubtless in many other ways bring down the wrath of God upon himself. He predicted that, this excursion once made, we never could stay ourselves in the course so entered upon; but must give up whatever was demanded. Into the merits of the question I do not enter; I am sure the prediction has been verified; and I am equally sure that in the whole matter England has smitten herself with a suicidal blow, the fatal weapon being declension from God. "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

The moral pestilence of the French revolution took effect on the great mass of our population in a larger degree than we seem generally aware of. It appears to me that we had only a nominal remedy wherewith to oppose a real disease.

The frame-work of our constitution in church and state is essentially Christian, and its details scriptural; but this frame-work consists only in acts and ordinan-

ces, drawn up by man's hand, and transmitted from sire to son. It is evident that nothing spiritually vital can reside in the skins of parchment, and that these last are merely a dead letter, except as men act them out. A people thus privileged to possess so perfect a code of laws, and all things fitting for the functions alike of civil and religious being, may be, among less favoured nations, what the bodies in Ezekiel's vision were, when compared with their former disordered state, lying scattered and broken about the valley. They had come together, bone to his bone, in all the symmetry of man's original form; flesh covered them, and sinews were strung, and all was complete to the cursory view of an observer; but one thing was wanting, without which the whole remained a vain show. There was no breath in them. Lacking that, they were equally incapable of making a forward movement and of offering resistance to injury. Taken individually, no nation better deserved the scourge, for with whatever devotion our congregations joined in the public services of those appointed days, making confession of sin and of helplessness, and crying to the Lord for the succour without which we must perish, I am persuaded that the language of both lip and heart, in our domestic and social circles, was that of vain-glorious confidence in the arm of flesh; of boastful superiority over our enemies; and a conviction that to our insular position, our naval superiority, our military prowess, and a certain impression on the minds of the French that Englishmen were unconquerable, we owed our past prosperity, our present security. In church, we acknowledged "It is thou that fightest for us, O God!"

at home, our watchword was, "The wooden walls of old England." I speak advisedly, from a very clear recollection of the spirit that pervaded all ranks, all classes, all ages, and which was breathed in every column of the public journals; and I am sure that God was not glorified among us as individuals. A praying, believing king—a Hezekiah—stood in the gap, making supplication for his people; and God wrought for His name's sake that it should not be polluted in the sight of the nations who publicly mocked him, by their victory over a people who publicly honoured him. But though thus withheld from openly prevailing to crush us, there was, as I have said, no power of effectual resistance against the secret poison of their vile principles; and this found entrance, and circulated through the veins of the body politic, until the seeds of corruption took strong root, and nothing better awaited us than a mere lingering process of dissolution.

But here the Lord put forth his hand to stay the plague, by pouring out, gradually, yet abundantly, His Spirit upon the Church. He had never left himself without witness in it, though the voices raised by faithful men were few and far between; while the opposition offered to such was active, decided, united. A young man could not with impunity be a Christian at either of the universities: no nominal preacher of the gospel could become so in reality without arraying against him a host of brethren, and the bulk of his own congregation. A layman might separate himself from the ungodly world, deciding that he and his house would serve the Lord, but at the price of becoming a

by-word and a laughing-stock among his own familiar friends. It was by the kindling of these lights here and there that the gross darkness which had prevailed to cover the land and the people was made manifest ; and just in proportion as men awoke to the approval of such things as be excellent, they learned to appreciate the institutions of their country, discerning how correctly they were based on the word of God ; while others, who had the language of attachment to the constitution much more in their mouths, regarded them all as mere productions of man's worldly wisdom, suitable to the times in which they were framed, but requiring to be changed and adapted to the shifting habits of succeeding generations. Instead of viewing the standard as framed according to that of the sanctuary, and laboring to train the public body up to its perfect height, they resolved to lower the inconvenient measure, and adapt it to the stunted, crooked growth of a degenerated race. Here, I think, began the war of principle in the midst of which we now live : here that which had formed the pure spirit of whiggism passed over to the tory, combining with devoted loyalty to the throne, and unceasing attachment to the church, a jealous care over what may be called the democracy of the English constitution. A spirit of change had shown itself at work, and the tendency of such change was always towards licentiousness : a frightful example of the horrors with which it would naturally deluge a country was exhibited before our eyes ; and seeing that the innovators were met at every turn by laws which must be taken out of the way to accommodate them those laws were made the rallying-point for the

true lovers of their country, in the fore-front of whom stood the little band of enlightened Christian men, with the King of England at their head.

You must not quarrel with this long digression; the crisis I speak of was one on which hung the political salvation of our native land; a crisis of one year's continuance, and which terminated not until the Lord had greatly multiplied and strengthened his own little host of protesting conservators, so that not even an act of national apostacy could carry on its face the condemnation of being really a national act; and it is wonderful to contemplate the dealings of the Most high towards his crowned servant during this momentous interval. George the Third was the insurmountable obstacle in the way of such ruinous course, and until the time for permitting the bonds to burst had well nigh come, he was retained among us; but because his righteous soul would have been grievously vexed at beholding the struggle against God, the bodily and mental eye were both closed. He was shut out alike from the seeing of evil, and the hearing of it; he dwelt in extreme old age, a crown of glory covering his hoary head, where the British crown still securely reposed, while his spirit held communion with an unseen world of peace and love, amid the turmoils, the fierce contentions, that shook the public mind in which he had ever taken a deep and anxious interest. You know he used, while feeling his unsteady way through the long suite of apartments that bounded his liberty, to pause at a piano or organ, several of which were placed within his reach, and call forth strains of sacred melody, accompanying them with his aged voice, breathing words of de-

votion : and at other times he was overheard in imaginary discourse with the angels of God, (I could almost recall the word imaginary,) questioning them concerning heavenly things, and breathing forth his own simple aspirations after the home they dwelt in. What an eyesore to movers of sedition was George the Third ! How terrible in the impotency of his helpless seclusion was that deranged old man to the emissaries of the Great Harlot ! How bitterly do they now revile his memory, which is blessed, most blessed among us—because his protracted life gave space for the growth of our PROTEST, which they cannot now overthrow. He who sitteth in the heavens surely laughed to scorn the madness of the people, while making that unconscious, decrepit trembler the secure defence of an empire's integrity, against all that man's wisdom, man's subtlety, and man's proudest might could do to subvert it.

The act of legislative union, consequent upon the sanguinary rebellion of 1798, had brought Ireland into more immediate connection with us ; and gave additional means for influencing the minds of our senators to concede the boon, or rather to submit to the demand, of what was called Emancipation. My father often remarked that if the events of ninety-eight were not alone sufficient to deter the English government from this measure, nothing could overcome their infatuation. The subject was frequently and freely canvassed in the social circle of which I formed a part ; and well do I remember how clearly the mischievous results that must follow upon the very first breach made in our constitutional bulwarks were pointed out by men who judged of Popery only from past history,

read by the light of the recent outburst in Ireland, and apart from all religious scruples. They looked upon it as men are again learning to do while recovering from the torpor induced by the spread of liberalism—they regarded it as a political system, the mighty engine of a secular despotism that sought to exalt itself above all other dynasties, rising on the ruins of subverted thrones. This was considered the extreme of uncharitableness; a narrow-minded bigotry to be abhorred of all enlightened men; and my father plainly foresaw the ultimate triumph of the shallow but plausible arguments brought to bear upon the point.

An appointment about this time took place which greatly forwarded the views of the adverse party among us. Dr. Bathurst was preferred to the see of Norwich: he had been my father's intimate friend and chum at Oxford, and the intercourse was renewed with mutual satisfaction; but not all the personal affection that the truly amiable Bishop inspired in those who knew the sweetness of his character, and which my father in particular bore to him, could for a moment blind him on this subject. I knew they frequently talked it over, and his remark was that no man could be more honestly, disinterestedly, and amiably mistaken than our good Bishop. That it was disinterested no one could doubt; for when the ministry of the day were stiffly opposed to the concession, and Dr. Bathurst was informed that if he advocated it in parliament he would assuredly be left in that miserably poor see, whereas his silence might facilitate a translation that must needs be better,—a thing which his very large family rendered desirable enough,—the intimation only increased

his zeal: he rose in his place, and spoke most energetically in favour of the measure. When he resumed his seat, the Peer next him said, somewhat sarcastically, 'I am happy to find the air of Norwich agrees so well with your lordship: you don't seem inclined to change it.' To which the Bishop meekly replied, 'My Lord, whatever I change, I trust I shall not change my principles.' Happy would it be for us, had some others been as consistently in the right as he was in the wrong!

I know not that any thing in my personal history requires mention here: I grew up a healthy, active, light-hearted girl, wholly devoted to reading and to rural occupations. The latter, particularly gardening, served as a counterpoise to the sedentary temptation that would have proved physically injurious: but laying in, as I daily did, a plentiful store of romantic adventure or fascinating poetry for rumination when abroad, my mind was unprofitably occupied at all times, to the exclusion of better things. On Sundays, indeed, I made it a point of conscience to abstain from light reading; and, as far as I could, to banish from my thoughts the week's acquisition of folly. I went to church, and read the Bible, at home, with a sermon of Blair's or some similar writer, wholly destitute of gospel light; and I generally had a short fit of compunction, on that day, for having been so wholly absorbed in worldly things during the preceding six: for even then God was striving with me, to bring me unto himself, and many a strong conviction did I forcibly stifle. The warmth of my natural feelings, the ardour with which I entered into every thing that interested them, and a

sort of energy that always longed to be doing where any cause that I considered good was to be promoted—all these would have rendered me a working character, had I obeyed the gracious call to go into the Lord's vineyard. I say a call, because though as yet I knew nothing whatever of the gospel, I could not overlook or misunderstand the reiterated injunctions of Scripture to seek spiritual wisdom, to ask for guidance, and to occupy with the talent committed to my charge. I knew the promise "They that seek me early shall find me," and more than once trembled under such scriptures as the latter part of Proverbs 1; but my Sunday resolutions vanished before the Monday's dawning light, and I rushed again with redoubled zest into the seductive regions of my imaginary world. Oh, how greatly do they err who think that such studies may be safely engaged in by the young and excitable mind! Some indeed there are, so phlegmatic as to be proof against all the charms of poesy, insensible to the brightest illusions of romance; but their number is small, and the individuals hard to identify, because a very cold exterior is often like the snow-capped heights of Etna, overspreading a hoard of volcanic elements of which the burst and blaze will some day be terrific. Such seem induced with the spirit of indifference, because they are abstracted and silent when the laugh and merriment goes round among their companions; whereas this abstraction from outward things results not from deadness of feeling but from the intensity with which the mind is brooding over some phantom known only to itself. Nor do this class of dreamers always appear devoted to books: a little reading goes far with them;

and the quality rather than the quantity of their selections is to be looked to.

I have known many parents and teachers argue that it is better to bring the young acquainted with our standard poets and prose authors, of a worldly cast, while they are yet under careful superintendence, so as to neutralize what may be unprofitable by judicious remark, and to avert the dangers attendant on such fascinating introductions at a riper age when the restraints of authority are removed. Against this, two reasons have prevailed with me to exclude from my book-shelves all the furniture of a worldly library, and to watch against its introduction from other quarters. One is, the consideration that we are not authorised to calculate on the continuance of any creature's mortal existence ; nor can we ever know that the being whom we are training for eternity will not be called into it before such period of life as is here anticipated. In such a case, how sad to feel that we have needlessly forestalled an evil day, and even momentarily diverted the young spirit from a sacred path ! The other consideration is this : that as the flesh and the devil will assuredly do their parts without help from me ; and the children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light, will certainly do the same ; I may take a lesson of policy from them, using my best endeavours to preoccupy the field with what is decidedly good, and humbly hoping that the seed so sown may, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, take root before the tares are introduced, leaving little room for them to grow.

Of all the errors into which the world has fallen, none

is more fatally mischievous than the habit of overlooking the personality, the energy, the power, the watchfulness, the deep cunning of the devil. By a conventional system, no doubt of his own suggesting, he is never to be named but in the act of worshipping God, or that of spiritual instruction. Any other robber and murderer, who was known to be on the watch to attack our houses, would be the subject of free discourse: his habits, his haunts, his usual plans, his successful and his baffled assaults in former cases, would be talked over, and thus a salutary fear would be kept alive, influencing us to bolt and bar, and watch and ward with unflinching vigilance, to avert a surprise. But Satan seems to be a privileged person; we learn, in the nursery, to fancy him a hideous caricature of human nature, with horns, hoof, and a tail, inspiring disgust, and a childish fear that wears off as we advance into youth, leaving an impression rather ludicrous than alarming, of the ugly phantom that, nevertheless, continues identified with him of whom we read in the Bible. We then, perhaps, take up Milton, engrafting his poetical conception upon the original nursery stock, and make a devil half monster, half archangel, invested with the ugliness of the first, and the sublimity of the second, but still far removed from the scripture character of that roaring lion who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour." We do not *realize* his existence, his presence, his devices; and so we often do his work from sheer ignorance, or inexcusable thoughtlessness about it.

With me, as I have told you, the Bible did its work, and conscience did hers; but a passion for the unreal proved too strong for both. Undoubtedly God could

have wrought, as afterwards he did, to the casting down imaginations, and every thing that exalteth itself against Christ. But how many years of sorrow might have been averted, or how greatly might those sorrows have been mitigated, had not the inveteracy of a long-cherished disease required such sharp discipline to bring it under ! Pride was the master-sin of my corrupt nature, a pride that every child of Adam inherits, but which peculiarly beset me. It was not what usually goes by that name : no one ever accused me of an approach to haughtiness, neither was I boastful or forward, as far as I know ; but I delighted to model my own character according to the standard set forth in my foolish books, and by the contemplation of them I hoped to succeed. I loved to mark in others a mean, ungenerous, selfish or malicious trait, and to contrast with it my own high-flown notions of the opposite qualities. My memory was well stored with fine sentiments concerning human dignity, honour, virtue, and so forth ; and while secretly applying them,—for I was inclined to make ill-natured remarks,—in contrast to the failings of those around me, I naturally learned to identify myself with the aforesaid sentiments, and to take it for granted it was I who shone so brightly at other people's expense. This is the inevitable consequence of measuring ourselves by ourselves, as all will do who are not led betimes to the standard appointed of God.

And now, the chambers of imagery being well furnished, I became in thought the heroine of all the foolish, improbable adventures I met with. Shakespeare and others having furnished me with dresses

and decorations, every day of my life had its drama. Adventures the most improbable, situations the most trying, and conversations the most nonsensical among a visionary acquaintance of my own creating, became the constant amusement of my mind; or if I took a fancy to any new companion, that individual was metamorphosed into something equally unreal, and was soon looked upon in the light, not of sober reality, but of fanciful extravagance. Of course my estimate alike of persons and of things was egregiously false; and with a fair portion of common sense naturally belonging to me, I became most emphatically a fool. Even when employed at the pencil, which I dearly loved, I could not trace a figure on the paper, or a landscape on the canvass, that did not presently become the subject of a separate romance; and it never occurred to me that there was danger, much less sin, in this. I loved dancing to excess, and took much delight in all that was brilliant and beautiful; but upon the whole I preferred the uninterrupted course of my own vain thoughts, and then admired myself for being of a less dissipated turn than my young friends. Of course, I am now speaking of the time when, according to the world's usage, and rather earlier than usual, that is to say at sixteen, I was introduced into public, by making my appearance at a grand election ball; and moreover, publicly receiving the compliments of the most polished and distinguished of our successful candidates, for sundry political squibs, said to be full of drollery and point which had been traced home to me. Alas for the girl who makes such a débüt! We were now again resident in the town, or rather within the precincts, as

they are called, surrounding that venerable cathedral which had been the object of my babyish contemplation, and which is endeared to me beyond any other spot in my native place.

My beloved companion, my brother, had always manifested the most decided predilection for a military life. Often had he, in earliest childhood, toddled away from the gate after a fife and drum of a recruiting party ; and often did he march and countermarch me, till I could not stand for fatigue, with a grenadier's cap, alias a muff, on my head, and my father's large cane shouldered by way of a firelock. The menaced invasion had added fuel to his martial fire, and when any other line of life was pointed out to him, his high spirits would droop, and the desire of his heart show itself with increasing decision. Our parents were very anxious to settle him at home, for my sake, who seemed unable to live without him ; and I am sure that my influence would have prevailed, even over his long-cherished inclination, so dearly did he love me ; but here the effects of that pernicious reading showed itself, and forged the first link in a long chain of sorrows. I viewed the matter through the lying medium of romance : glory, fame, a conqueror's wreath or a hero's grave, with all the vain merit of such a sacrifice as I must myself make in sending him to the field—these wrought on me to stifle in my aching bosom the cry of natural affection, and I encouraged the boy in his choice, and helped him to urge on our parents this offering up of their only son, the darling of all our hearts, to the Moloch of war.

• Finding that he could not be dissuaded, my fa-

ther gave a reluctant consent; and let me here record an instance of generous kindness on the part of the Bishop. He went to London, and by dint of personal, persevering importunity, obtained in a few days, a commission in the army, at a time when seven hundred applicants, many of them backed by strong interest, were waiting for the same boon. The suddenness of the thing was quite stunning: we calculated on a delay of this sore trial; but it was done, and he was ordered to repair immediately, not to the depôt, but to his regiment, then hotly engaged in the Peninsula. The Bishop's kindness did not end here: he carried his generosity farther in other ways, and likewise gave him introductions of great value. I love to record it of one whose public conduct as a Protestant prelate I am compelled to lament, but whose private character was most lovely.

Upheld by the intoxicating power of senseless romance, not by confidence in God, nor even by the reality of the patriotism that I persuaded myself was at the root of it all, I bore to see that beloved companion of my life depart for the scene of most bloody conflict. He was not nearly full grown; a blooming beautiful boy, reared, and up to that time, tenderly guarded under the paternal roof, in almost exclusive companionship with me. There was, indeed, but one heart, between us, and neither could fancy what it would be to rejoice or to suffer alone. Of this I had given a proof in the preceding year. He took the measles, and was exceedingly ill, and great precautions were used to preserve me from the infection; but, unable to brook a separation from him, I baffled their vigilance,

burst into his apartment, and laying my cheek to his, resisted for a while all efforts to remove me. To my infinite delight, I sickened immediately and considered it an ample compensation for all attendant suffering, that I was allowed to sit constantly in the same room with him.

How strong, how sweet, how sacred is the tie that binds an only sister to an only brother, when they have been permitted to grow up together, untrammelled by the heartless forms of fashion; unrivalled by alien claimants in their confiding affection; undivided in study, in sport, and in interest. Some object, that such union renders the boy too effeminate and the girl too masculine. In our case it did neither. He was the manliest, the hardiest, most decided, most intrepid character imaginable; but in manners sweet, gentle, and courteous, as they will be who are accustomed to look with protecting tenderness on an associate weaker than themselves. And as for me, though I must plead guilty to the charge of being more healthy, more active, and perhaps more energetic than young ladies are usually expected to be, still I never was considered unfeminine; and the only peculiarity resulting from this constant companionship with one of the superior sex, was to give me a high sense of that superiority with a habit of deference to man's judgment, and submission to man's authority, which I am quite sure God intended the woman to yield. Every way has this fraternal tie been a rich blessing to me. The love that grew with us from our cradles never knew diminution from time or distance. Other ties were formed, but they did not supersede or weaken this. Death

tore away all that was mortal and perishable, but this tie he could not sunder. As I loved him while he was on earth, so do I love him now that he is in heaven; and while I cherish in his boys the living likeness of what he was, my heart ever more yearns towards him where he is, anticipating the day when the Lord shall come, and bring that beloved one with him.

Parents are wrong to check as they do the outgoings of fraternal affection, by separating those whom God has especially joined as the offspring of one father and one mother. God has beautifully mingled them, by sending now a babe of one sex, now of the other, and suiting, as any careful observer may discern, their various characters to form a domestic whole. The parents interpose, packing the boys to some school where no softer influence exists to round-off, as it were, the rugged points of the masculine disposition, and where they soon lose all the delicacy of feeling peculiar to a brother's regard, and learn to look on the female character in a light wholly subversive of the frankness, the purity, the generous care for which earth can yield no substitute, and the loss of which only transforms him who ought to be the tender preserver of woman into her heartless destroyer. The girls are either grouped at home, with the blessed privilege of a father's eye still upon them, or sent away in a different direction from their brothers, exposed through unnatural and unpalatable restraints, to evils not perhaps so great, but every whit as wantonly incurred as the others. The shyness, miscalled retiring modesty, with *which one young lady shrinks from the notice of a gentleman as though there were danger in his*

proach, and the conscious, coquettish air, miscalled ease, with which another invites his notice, alike removed from the reality of either modesty or ease. Both result from a fictitious mode of education: both are the consequences of nipping in the bud those sisterly feelings that lay a fair foundation for the right use of those privileges to which she looks forward as a member of society; and if the subject be viewed through the clear medium of christian principle, its lights will become more brilliant, its shadows more dark, the longer and the closer we contemplate it.

LETTER IV.

YOUTH.

HITHERTO you have not heard of any spiritually-minded person connected with my early life ; yet there was one, I feel sure, though my recollections are confused and imperfect on that point ; and one to whose prayers, if not to her teaching, I surely owe something.

My father's mother was a fine, sprightly, robust old lady, rather small in stature, and already bending a little under the burden of years at the time when I first recollect her as mingling in the visions of my childhood, though I know that even from infancy I was the delight of her warm honest heart. She was simplicity itself in manners, her blunt speeches sometimes clashing a little with her son's notions of polish and refinement, as also did her inveterate antipathy to the reigning fashion, whatever that might be. I remember her reading me a lecture upon something novel in the cut of a sleeve, ending by this remark : ' I never wore a gown but of one shape ; and because I don't follow the fashion, the fashion is forced to come to me sometimes by way of a change. I can't help that, you know, my dear ; but I never was fashionable on purpose.' She added some pious remarks on vanity and folly, which I soon forgot ; but the other dwelt on my mind because

it chimed in with my own love of independence—a prominent characteristic with me; too often carried to the excess of self-willed obstinacy. However, I dearly loved, and exceedingly respected my grandmother, and used in my heart to glory in her smooth clean locks, half brown, half gray, combed down from under a snowy cap of homely make, when she had successfully resisted alike the entreaties and examples of cotemporary dames, who submitted their heads to the curling irons and powder-puff of a *friseur*, preparatory to an evening party. I used to stand proudly at her knee, admiring the high colour of her cheek, and uncommon brilliancy of her fine dark hazle eye, while her voice, remarkably rich and clear, involuntarily swelled the chorus parts of our magnificent music.

She was a Percy; not by name, for that had been lost in the female line, some generations before; but the pedigree in my possession, drawn up by Sir W. Betham, shows how just was her vaunt in that respect. For vaunt it she did, to us at least, often bringing it forward to cheek any tendency to behaviour unbefitting those who claimed descent from

‘The stout Earl of Northumberland,’

with whom I ought to be well acquainted, for the singing of Chevy Chase in proper time and tune with her was the only secular accomplishment in which my dear grandmother personally laboured to perfect me, except knitting and curious old-fashioned needlework. The pride of ancestry took strong hold of my mind; and such an ancestry accorded but too well with my romance, innate and acquired. It stood me, many a

time, in the stead of better things, when nerving myself to endure affliction and wrong; and therefore I notice it, to warn you against exposing your own children to the same snare.

Next to the fashion, if not in an equal or superior degree, I think my grandmother most abhorred the French. Indeed, her strongest denunciations against the reigning modes were usually clinched with the triumphant assertion that they were "French fashions." No marvel if her spirit was stirred within her by the horrors of revolutionary France, and her Protestantism strengthened by the butcheries of ninety-eight. I knew that she was a Protester and a Tory of no common stamp; and I knew that she brought her Bible forward in support of every opinion that she uttered. Rarely did I visit her without finding her buried in the study of that blessed Book; and I know that she strove to teach me much of its meaning; but our change of residence proved a great bar to personal intercourse, and she never wrote letters. I sometimes trace impressions on my mind, made in early life, which I am sure must have been through her means; and though the good seed died on the ground, while the weeds took root and flourished, still here and there a grain might sink below the surface, to spring up after many days.

And now I must record my first sorrow, although I cannot dwell upon it as on some other things. My brother had been nearly two years absent, on service in the Peninsula, when an apoplectic attack arrested *my father* in the midst of life, and health, and vigour, and every promise of lengthened years. The pre-

tory visitations of repeated strokes were disregarded, for we could not, would not realize the approach of such an event; and persisted in believing nervous: but just when all cause for alarm seemed at an end, and I was rejoicing in the assurance of living so, I was called from my pillow at midnight: that tender and beloved parent die. The bereavement was terrible to me: I had always been his principal companion, because no one else in the family had taste for those things in which he delighted—nature and politics especially—and since my brother's departure, instead of seeking to replace him by one of my own age, I had turned wholly to my father, never desiring to pass an hour out of his society, striving to be to him both daughter and son. My mother was a perfect devotee to household affairs, every night occupied in seeking to promote the domestic comforts of her family; while I, indulging a natural aversion to all that did not engage the intellectual faculties, gave her no help there. I was truly cumbersome ground, seeking only my own gratification, and disguising my selfishness with many fine names, only because it was best indulged in my own dear home. In the period of my loss of hearing, music had been wholly banished; my father seemed to lose all relish for what could no longer minister enjoyment to me, deeply I felt the force of that affection which could not constantly and wholly overcome the ruling passion of his mind, accompanied as it was with such exquisite pleasure in that delightful science as rendered him the admiration of all who came within its influence. It recalled my devotion to him; and most bitter was the

anguish of my heart, when I beheld him taken away at a stroke.

Was this affliction sanctified to me? Not in the least. I found a luxury in grieving alone, brooding on the past, and painting the probable future in any colors but those of reality. My father had enjoyed two livings with a minor canonry in the cathedral, but the emolument was very small, and his income had not allowed him, as yet, to make any provision for us. A small annuity was all that my mother could depend on, and I resolved to become a novel-writer, for which I was just qualified, both by nature and habits of thinking, and in which I should probably have succeeded very well, but it pleased God to save me from this snare. My brother's unexpected return on leave, with our subsequent changes of abode, paying visits among friends, and keeping my thoughts constantly unsettled, hindered the execution of the project; and when my brother returned to Portugal, we repaired to London, to make a long stay with some near relations. It was there that I met with the gentleman, an officer on leave of absence, whose wife, at the end of six months, I became.

I am longing to arrive at that period when the light of the glorious gospel of Christ first shone upon me through the darkness of many trying dispensations; therefore I pass by much that intervened, including my dear brother's marriage, who returned again to London with his bride and his mother, to resume his staff situation there; and shall only take you with me across the Atlantic, for a few Nova-Scotian reminiscences, before proceeding to the scene of my most precious

recollections, dear Ireland. My husband had joined his regiment in Halifax, and sent me a summons to follow him out without delay ; in order to which I was obliged to embark in a large vessel taken up partially by government for the conveyance of troops, but in which there was a select party, occupying the state cabin, and making their own terms with the captain for the best possible accommodation and provision on the passage. Of this number was I ; and certainly a more select, polished, and agreeable party of highly-bred gentlemen could not have been found. I went under the kind care of one of these, with his wife, who had invited me to travel with them.

Have you ever been at sea ? It is a question the answer to which will throw very little light on the matter unless you also state how it agreed with you ; no two races on the earth can be more distinct than those two are upon the water,—the people who are sea-sick and the people who are not. It was my happy privilege to belong to the latter class ; I never for a moment experienced even an unpleasant sensation from any marine cause, but on the contrary enjoyed exemption from all physical annoyances during a five weeks' voyage, excepting that of hunger. An abundant supply of everything that was nourishing, in the most palatable form, left no excuse for remaining hungry ; nevertheless the demand was incessantly kept up ; and I appeal to all who have been similarly affected, whether the munching of hard sea-bread from morning to night under the pressure of a real sea appetite, is not a greater luxury than the choicest viands on shore. To me it certainly was ; and surely I had reason to be deeply

thankful to the Lord, who, by means of that delicious voyage, and its bracing, exhilarating effects, prepared me for a trying winter in the singular climate for which I was bound.

Every day, and all day long, be the weather what it might, I was stationed on deck: generally seated on the highest point of the ship's stern, directly over the rudder, to enjoy a full view of that most graceful and exquisite spectacle, a large vessel's course through the mighty deep. Our's was a splendid one: a West Indiaman, almost rivalling the sea palaces of the East India Company, and manned in the first style. The troops on board under the command of a field officer, greatly added to the effect and comfort of the thing, for nothing is so conducive to the latter as military discipline, well and mildly maintained. Although our party was perfectly distinct from those who went out entirely at the charge of government, consisting of several officers and their wives, yet we too were nearly all military, including the commandant, and were strictly amenable to martial law. Of course, that soul of domestic and social comfort, punctuality, reigned paramount; every meal was regulated by beat of drum, subordination carefully preserved, and decorum, to the most minute particular, insisted on. No dishabille could appear, in the cabin or on deck; no litter, not an article of luggage visible. All the sick people, all the cross people, and all the whimsical people were stowed away in their respective berths, and such drawing-room elegance, combined with the utmost freedom of good humour and the unrestrained frankness that results from a consciousness of proper restraint, pervaded our little select coterie, amounting to seventeen

gentlemen and two ladies, that it did not need the miserable contrast which I afterwards experienced on the homeward passage to assure me we were among the most favoured of ocean travellers.

How very much do they err who consider the absence of order and method as applying greater liberty or removing a sense of restraint! Such freedom is galling to me; and in my eyes, the want of punctuality is a want of honest principle; for however people may think themselves authorised to rob God and themselves of their own time, they can plead no right to lay a violent hand on the time and duties of their neighbour. I say it deliberately, that I have been defrauded of hundreds of pounds, and cruelly deprived of my necessary refreshment in exercise, in sleep, and even in seasonable food, through this disgraceful want of punctuality in others, more than through any cause whatsoever besides. It is also very irritating; for a person who would cheerfully bestow a piece of gold, does not like to be swindled out of a piece of copper; and many an hour have I been ungenerously wronged of, to the excitement of feelings in themselves far from right, when I would gladly have so arranged my work as to bestow upon the robbers thrice the time they made me wantonly sacrifice. To say, 'I will come to you on such a day, leaving the person to expect you early, and then, after wasting her day in that uncomfortable, unsettled state of looking out for a guest, which precludes all application to present duties, and to come late in the evening—or to accept an invitation to dinner, and either break the engagement or throw the household into confusion by making it want

—to appoint a meeting, and fail of keeping your time —all these, and many other effects of this vile habit are exceedingly disgraceful, and wholly opposed to the scriptural rules laid down for the governance of our conduct one to another. I say nothing of the insult put upon the Most High, the daring presumption of breaking in upon the devotions of his worshippers, and involving them in the sin of abstractedness from the solemn work before them, by entering late into the house of prayer. Such persons may one day find they have a more serious account to render on the score of their contempt of punctuality than they seem willing to believe.

But I have run away from my ship; yet not so; for as every thing shines out most by contrast, it was natural to think on the ugly reverse when recalling the beautiful harmony and order of our regulations on board. We were favoured with most delightful weather, fresh and dry, and warm: with only one day's rain, during which the sea 'ran mountains,' as the sailors said. I was conducted on deck, 'just for one minute, that you may be able to say you have seen such a sea,' remarked the gentleman who put a military cloak over me, and led me up the stairs. But who could be satisfied with a momentary sight of anything so stupendously grand! I resisted all efforts to persuade me into retreating again, and it ended in my being lashed to the mizen-mast by my friendly conductor, who declared that his head, the best landsman's head on board, would not stand the giddy scene; in short, that he should be obliged to report himself sick, and exchange our agreeable society below for the solitude of

his berth. Of course I dismissed him, and was left among the mountains, alone, save when a sailor passed me on his duties among the rigging, and gave me a smile of approval; while the man at the wheel seemed to regard me as being under his especial patronage. The tars love one who does not flinch from their own element.

Truly, I saw, that day, the works of the Lord and his wonders in the great deep! Imagine yourself in a ship, large among vessels, but a mere cork upon the waters of that mighty main. On every side, turn where you would, a huge mountain of irregular form was rising; dark, smooth, of unbroken surface, but seeming about to burst from over-extension. How did you come into that strange valley?—how should you get out of it?—how avoid the rush of that giant billow that even now overhangs your bark? These questions would inevitably rush through the mind, but in a second of time the huge body beside you sank,—you were on its summit,—and another came rolling on. Meanwhile the ship would reel, with a slow slanting movement that gradually lowered the tall masts till the yards almost dipped in the brine, and you were either laid back on the frame work behind you, or well nigh suspended, looking down upon the water, over the ship's bulwarks. I soon discovered why my companion had so carefully buckled the leather strap that held me to the mast; certainly I cannot recall the scene with such steadiness of nerve as I beheld it with. Every now and then a small billow would burst upon the vessel's side, sending its liquid treasure across the deck, and more than one ablution of the kind was ad-

ded to the fresh water drenching bestowed by the clouds. Can you fancy the discomfort of such a situation? Then you were never at sea, or at least you left your imagination ashore; for I defy any person not well inured to it to look on such a scene with so negative a feeling of discomfort; it will excite either terror or delight sufficient to engross the whole mind.

I well remember that when deeply affected by the grandeur of this and other aspects assumed by the majestic main, I found the highest flights of man's sublimity too . . . They would not express, would not chime in with my conceptions; and I was driven to the inspired pages for a commentary on the glorious scene. It was then that the language of Job, of Isaiah, of Habakkuk supplied me with a strain suited to the sublime accompaniment of God's magnificent work. Sunrise I could not witness, because at that hour no lady might appear on deck, and my cabin had not a side window; but sunset, moonlight, starlight, with the various phenomena of ocean's ever-varying appearance, these furnished an endless contemplation with which nothing could accord but the language of Holy Writ. I did not bring forth my Bible, well knowing the bantering remarks to which it would have exposed me on the score of affectation, but my memory served me equally well in that, as in profane poetry; and many a precious word of warning, exhortation, promise, did I recite, enchanted by the sublimity of what, as to its spiritual meaning, was still an unknown tongue to me. Among these, the thirty-second of *Deuteronomy*, the fortieth of *Isaiah*, and other passages full of the gospel, were repeatedly called to mind;

and above all, in blowing weather the forty-sixth Psalm delighted me.

You may suppose that I could not wholly forget the fact of being where, in the strictest sense, there was but a step between me and death. The first day of our voyage some one had quoted the expression, 'there is but a plank between us and eternity;' not with any serious application, but as a fine thought. I do not think that I was ever for a moment unmindful of this; the presence of actual danger was always felt by me; but concerning eternity I had no fears whatever. A general reliance on the boundless mercy of God, a recognition of Christ, as having suffered for our sins, and a degree of self-righteousness that easily threw my sins into the shade, while magnifying my supposed merits, these formed the staff whereon I leaned; and when the most imminent and appalling peril overhung us, so that we expected to be engulfed in the waves without hope of succour, I looked it boldly in the face, confident in my false hope. Although just then revelling in enjoyments best suited to my natural taste, life had in reality no charms for me. From all that had gilded the sunny hours of youth, I was completely severed, and the world on which I had launched was a wilderness indeed in comparison with the Eden I had left. I would not have made the slightest effort to escape from death in any form, and though I was not senseless enough to prefer an eternity of untried wretchedness to the fleeting sorrows of mortal life, yet as my conscience was lulled to rest by the self-delusion that *I suffered more than I deserved, and had therefore a claim on divine justice*; and as I was willing to

receive the supposed balance of such debtor and creditor account in the world to come, I was perfectly content to be summoned to my reward. Blessed be God that I was not taken away in that hour of blind will-
ingness !

The extreme peril to which I have alluded overtook us when within a short distance of our destination: we were suddenly caught by a tremendous wind from the south, which blew us right in the direction of Cape Sable, one of the most fatal head-lands in those seas. Night closed upon us, and the gale increased; sails were spread, in a desperate hope of shifting the vessel's course, but were instantly torn into ribbands. At one time, for a moment, the rudder broke loose, the tiller-rope giving way under the violent strain upon it; and the next minute the spanker-boom, an immense piece of timber, snapped like a reed. It was an awful scene; on the lee side, the ship lay so low in the water that every thing was afloat in the sleeping cabins; and the poor ladies were screaming over their terrified children, unheeded by the gentlemen, every one of whom was on deck. The captain openly declared we were bound for the bottom, if a sudden and unlikely change of wind did not take place. In the midst of all this, I was reported missing, and as I had the privilege of being every body's care, because, for the time being, I belonged to nobody, a search was commenced. A young officer found me, at last, so singularly situated that he went and reported me to the captain. I had climbed three tiers of lockers in the state cabin, opened *one of the large stern windows*, and was leaning out, *as far as I could reach*, enraptured beyond expression

with the terrific grandeur of the scene. The sky above was black as midnight and the storm could make it, overhanging us like a large pall, and rendered awfully visible by the brilliancy of the waters beneath. I had heard of that phosphorescent appearance in the sea, but never could have imagined its grandeur, nor can I essay to describe it. Even in perfect stillness the illuminated element would have looked magnificent; what, then, must it have been in a state of excessive, tumultuous agitation, the waves swelling up to a fearful height and then bursting into sheets of foam; every drop containing some luminous animalculæ sparkling with vivid, yet delicate lustre. We were going with headlong speed before the wind, and I hung right over the track of the rudder, a wild, mad eddy of silver foam, intermingled with fire. There was something in the scene that far overpassed all my extravagant imaginings of the terribly sublime. The hurry, the fierceness, the riot of those unfettered waters, the wild flash of their wondrous lights, the funereal blackness of the overhanging clouds, and the deep, desperate plunge of our gallant ship, as she seemed to rend her way through an opposing chaos; it was perfect delirium; and no doubt I should have appeared in keeping with the rest to any external observer; for I was stretching out at the window, the combs had fallen from my hair, which streamed as wildly as the rent sails; and I was frequently deluged by some bursting wave, as the dip of the vessel brought me down almost to the surface. The peril of an open window was *startling to those on deck*, and the captain hearing that *refused to relinquish my post*, sent the mate to put

up the dead lights; so I sat down on the floor, buried my face in my hands, and strove to realize the magnificence thus rent from my sight.

Yes, God's works in the great deep are indeed wonders! Nothing landward can possibly approach them; in the rudest tempest the ground remains firm, and you feel that you are a spectator; but at sea you are a part of the storm. The plank whereon you stand refuses to support you; ever shifting its inclination, while the whole of your frail tenement is now borne aloft, now dashed into the liquid furrow beneath, now struck back by a head-sea with a shock that makes every timber quiver, now flung on one side as if about to reverse itself into the bosom of the deep—no doubt the sense of personal danger, the death-pang already anticipated, the dark abyss that yawns before the sinner, and the heaven opening on a believer's soul, must each and any of them deaden the sense to what I have vainly sought to describe; and I suppose this accounts for the astonishment expressed by the whole party at my singular conduct, when the youth who was sent to warn me of my peril, described my half-angry, half-reproachful pettishness at the interruption, "Can't you let me enjoy it in peace, Mr. J——? Shall I ever see anything like it again? Do go away." "But the captain says the window *must* be shut." "Then take me on deck, and you may shut it." "That is utterly impossible, no lady could stand for an instant on deck, your drapery would bear you over the ship's side." "Then I won't shut the window, so go and tell Captain L—— not to tease me with messages."

This was downright recklessness. I wonder when recalling it to mind, and feel that I could not have thus sported with death after I acquired a good and solid hope of everlasting life. The act of dying had always great terrors for me, until, through adverse circumstances, I seemed to have nothing worth living for, and then I could laugh at it in my own heart. Strange to say, that fearfulness of the passage through the dark valley returned with double force when I had realized a personal claim to the guiding rod and the supporting staff, and the bright inheritance beyond. But before this period of blessedness, of joy and peace in believing arrived, I had to pass through many waters of affliction, and to experience remarkable interpositions at His hand who was leading me by a path which I knew not.

Two of them I will mention: while at Annapolis and at Windsor, I had a horse provided for me of rare beauty and grace, but a perfect Bucephalus in her way. She was only two generations removed from a splendid Arabian, given by the good old king to the Duke of Kent, when H. R. H. went out in command to Nova-Scotia. This creature was not three years old, and, to all appearance, unbroke. Her manners were those of a kid rather than of a horse; she was of a lovely dappled gray, with mane and tail of silver, the latter almost sweeping the ground; and in her frolicksome gambols she turned it over her back like that of a Newfoundland dog. Her slow step was a bound; her swift motion, unlike that of any other animal I ever rode, so fleet, so smooth, so unruffled—I know nothing to which *I can compare it*. Well, I made this lovely creature so fond of me by constant petting, to which I suppose her

Arab character made her peculiarly sensitive, that my voice had equal power over her as over my docile, faithful dog. No other person could in the slightest degree control her ; our corps, the 7th Batt. of the 60th Rifles, was composed wholly of the *elite* of Napoleon's soldiers, taken in the Peninsula, and preferring the British service to a prison. They were principally conscripts, and many were evidently of a higher class in society than is usually found in the ranks. Among them were several Chasseurs and Polish lancers, very fine equestrians, and as my husband had a field Officer's command (on detachments) and allowances, our horses were well looked after. His groom was a Chasseur, mine a Pole ; but neither could ride Fairy, unless she happened to be in a very gracious mood. Lord Dalhousie's English coachman afterwards tried his hand at taming her, but all in vain. In an easy quiet way, she either sent her rider over her head, or by a laughable manœuvre sitting down like a dog on her haunches, and slipped him off the other way. Her drollery made the poor men so fond of her that she was rarely chastised ; and such a wilful, intractable, wild Arab it would be hard to find. Upon her I was daily mounted ; and surely the Lord watched over me then indeed ! Inexperienced in riding, untaught, unassisted, and wholly unable to lay any check upon so powerful an animal, with an awkward country saddle, which by some fatality was never well fixed, bit and bridle to match, and the mare's natural fire increased by high feed, behold me bound for the wildest paths in the wildest regions of that wild country ! But you must explore the roads about Annapolis, and the romantic spot called 'The General's Bridge.'

to imagine either the enjoyment or the perils of that my happiest hour. Reckless to the last degree of desperation, I threw myself entirely on the fond attachment of the noble creature ; and when I saw her measuring with her eye some rugged fence or wild chasm, such as it was her common sport to leap over in her play, the soft word of remonstrance that checked her was uttered more from regard to her safety than my own. The least whisper, a pat on the neck, or a stroke down the beautiful face that she used to throw up towards mine, would control her ; and never for a moment did she endanger me. This was little short of a daily miracle when we consider the nature of the country, her character, and my unskilfulness. It can only be accounted for on the ground of that wondrous power which having willed me to work for a time in the vineyard of the Lord, rendered me immortal until the work should be done. Oh that my soul and all that is within me could sufficiently bless the Lord, and remember all his benefits !

I was then unmindful of, and unthankful for His protection ; I revelled in the delights of a freedom that none could share but my dog, who never left the side of his associate. Shall I give you a sketch of the group, in some lines composed during one of those excursions ? They may partly describe it. I found them among some old papers :—

'I know by the ardour thou canst not restrain,
By the curve of thy neck and the toss of thy mane,
By the foam of thy snorting which spangles my brow,
The fire of the Arab is hot in thee now.
'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicksome steed,
I give thee the rein—so away at thy speed ;

Thy rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
 Laugh the future to scorn, and partake in thy glee.
 Away to the mountain—what need we to fear?
 Pursuit cannot press on my Fairy's career,
 Full light were the heel and well balanced the head
 That ventured to follow the track of thy tread;
 Where roars the loud torrent and starts the rude plank,
 And thunders the rock-severed mass down the bank,
 While mirror'd in crystal the far-shooting glow,
 With dazzling effulgence is sparkling below.
 One start, and I die; yet in peace I recline,
 My bosom can rest on the fealty of thine;
 Thou lov'st me, my sweet one, and would'st not be free
 From a yoke that has never borne rudely on thee.
 Ah, pleasant the empire of those to confess,
 Whose wrath is a whisper, their rule a caress.

Behold how thy playmate is stretching beside,
 As loth to be vanquish'd in love or in pride,
 While upward he glances his eye-ball of jet,
 Half dreading thy fleetness may distance him yet.
 Ah Marco, poor Marco—our pastime to-day
 Were rest of one pleasure if he were away.

How precious these moments! fair Freedom expands
 Her pinions of light o'er the desolate lands:
 The waters are flashing as bright as thine eye,
 Unchain'd as thy motion the breezes sweep by;
 Delicious they come, o'er the flower-scented earth,
 Like whispers of love from the isle of my birth;
 While the white-bosom'd Cistus her perfume exhales,
 And sighs out a spicy farewell to the gales.
 Unfeared and unfearing we'll traverse the wood,
 Where pours the rude torrent its turbulent flood:
 The forest's red children will smile as we scour
 By the log-fashioned hut and the pine-woven bower;
 Thy feathery footsteps scarce bending the grass,
 Or denting the dew-spangled moss were we pass.

What startles thee? 'Twas but the sentinel gun
 Flashed a vesper salute to thy rival, the sun;
 He has closed his swift progress before thee, and sweeps
 With fetlock of gold, the last verge of the steeps.
 The fire-fly anon from his covert shall glide,
 And dark fall the shadows of eve on the tide.
 'Tread softly—my spirit is joyous no more,
 A northern aurora, it shone and is o'er;
 The tears will fall fast as I gather the rein,
 And a long look reverts to yon shadowy plain.
 * * * * *

There is more of it, but nothing to the purpose of the present history. It cost me something to transcribe this, so vividly is the past recalled by it. Would to God I might more fully devote to His service every day of the life so wonderfully preserved by Him.

In addition to this continuous preservation on horse-back, I experienced the same interposing providence when violently upset in a gig. The road where it occurred was strewn with broken rocks, on either side, for miles; and scarcely one clear spot appeared, save that on which I was thrown, where a carpet of the softest grass overspread a perfect level of about twelve feet in length, and nearly the same in width. Here I fell, with no other injury than a contusion on the hip. The gig was completely reversed, the horse dashed on till he ran one of the shafts into a bank, and set himself fast.

My sojourn in this interesting country was of two years' duration, marked with many mercies, among the greatest of which was the uninterrupted enjoyment of perfect health; although my first winter there was the most severe that had been known for thirty years, and the following summer one of the most oppressively

hot they had ever experienced. The gradations of spring, autumn, and twilight, are there scarcely known, and the sudden transition from summer to winter, is as trying to the health of an European as that from day to night is uncongenial to the taste. Here, too, I repented at leisure, and amended with no small difficulty and labour, my neglect of those accomplishments to which my dear mother had so often vainly solicited my attention. The pencil was profitless; I had long thrown it by: books were no longer an adequate set-off against realities, even could I have conjured up a library in the wilderness of Nova Scotia's inland settlement: but the culinary and confectionary branches were there invaluable, and in them I was woefully deficient. Had I not coaxed the old French soldier who officiated as mess-cook to give me a few lessons, we must have lived on raw meal and salt rations during weeks when the roads were completely snowed up, and no provisions could be brought in. However, I proved an apt scholar to poor Sebastian, and to the kind neighbours who initiated me into the mysteries of preserves and pastry. Young ladies cannot tell into what situations events may throw them; and I would strongly recommend the revival of that obsolete study called good housewifery. The woman who cannot dispense with female servants must not travel: I had none for six months—keen winter months—in Annapolis; the only persons who could be found disengaged being of characters wholly inadmissible. The straits to which I was put were anything but laughable at the time, though the recollection now often excites a smile. Indeed no perfection in European house-

keeping would avail to guard against the devastations that a Nova Scotian frost will make, if not met by tactics peculiar to that climate. How could I anticipate that a fine piece of beef, fresh killed, brought in at noon still warm, would by two o'clock require smart blows with a hatchet to slice off a steak? or that half a dozen plates, perfectly dry, placed at a moderate distance from the fire preparatory to dinner, would presently separate into half a hundred fragments, through the action of heat on their frosted pores? or that milk drawn from a cow within sight of my breakfast table would be sheeted with ice on its passage thither—or that a momentary pause, for the choice of a fitting phrase in writing a letter, would load the nib of my pen with a black icicle? If I did not cry over my numerous breakages, and other disasters, it was under the apprehension of tears freezing on my eyelids: and truly they might have done so; for my fingers were once in that awful condition that must have ended in mortification, but for the presence of mind of a poor soldier, who seeing me running to the fire in that state, drew his bayonet to bar my approach, and wrapping a coarse cloth round my lifeless hands, muffle-fashion, compelled me to walk up and down the spacious hall until the circulation returned, which it did with a sensation of agony that well nigh took away my senses. This was a most signal escape, for I was wholly ignorant of my danger, and not a little perplexed and annoyed at the insubordinate conduct of the veteran, who was a model of respectful humility. Had he, poor fellow, known how busy these fingers would one day be against his religion—for he was a French

Romanist—he might have been tempted to sheath bayonet and give me free access to the tempting of the immense faggots of which would have sufficed to roast a heretic.

Nova Scotia is, I firmly believe, the most generous and devotedly loyal of all our colonies: the attachment of its people to the mother-country is beautiful and their partizanship in all questions between us and the States most zealous. The only fault I had to find with them was their indifference towards the poor remainder of the Indian race still dwelling in the woods, who were to me objects of the liveliest interest even before I had any feeling of Christian duty towards the heathen; or towards such as those, who are worse than heathen, being numbered among the members of the Romish church, and utterly, wretchedly ignorant of such little truth as remains buried under the mass of anti-christian error, to make its darkness more visible. The Indians are wholly despised; scarcely looked on as beings of the same race, by the generality of the colonies. Where Christian principle prevails, it becomes of course, important in the highest degree: I speak of what I saw, when vital godliness was little known among them, and I can aver that even Lord Dalhousie scarcely could succeed in stirring up a momentary interest for the dispersed Aborigines. That excellent nobleman devoted himself very warmly to the work of attempting their civilization; and told that if a few would join him, heartily and zealously to the effort, he should succeed: but that what betwixt lukewarmness on one side, and suspicion on the other he found himself completely baffled. It was not

wondered, at that the Indians had a lurking dread of experiencing again the hardships, not to say the treachery and cruelty, inflicted on their fathers. I enjoyed a high place in the affections and confidence of those interesting people, the origin of which may help to prove at how light an estimate the poor creatures were generally rated by their white brethren. My claim on their attachment consisted in nothing more than the performance of a bounden duty in sheltering for a few weeks one of their number, who had, in a most unprovoked and cruel manner, been wounded by a party of our soldiers, and left to perish in the woods.

How beautiful do the white cliffs of Albion appear in the eyes of the returning wanderer who has learned by a foreign sojourn to estimate the comforts, the privileges, the blessings of this island home! No place could be more thoroughly English in feeling, habits, and principles than Nova Scotia; but it was not England. The violent transition of seasons, so different from the soft gradations by which, with us, winter brightens into summer, and summer fades into winter, marked a contrast far from pleasing; the intensity of cold, the fierceness of heat, alike unknown in our temperate climate, forced comparisons far from agreeable. Thus, on the lowest ground of a wholly selfish feeling, the approach to my native shore could not be otherwise than delightful; but viewed as the mother land of all her interesting colonies, as the great emporium of commerce, the chief temple of liberty, the nurse of military prowess, the unconquered champion of all that is nationally great throughout the world, the sight of our free and happy isle is indeed an inspiring one.

those who can appreciate moral grandeur. How much more, in the eyes of the christian, is she to be esteemed as the glory of all lands, (until Judea again shine for in that her own unalienable character,) as possessing the true knowledge of God, and labouring to spend that knowledge throughout the world; the land of Protestantism, the land of the Bible!

I really cannot understand the meaning, nor fancy what may be the feeling, of those who profess to have merged their patriotism in something of universal goodwill to the household of faith all over the world. It seems to me every whit as unnatural as that the members of a christian family should forego all the sweets of conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal love, in the determination to feel an equal regard for his neighbour's wife, husband, &c., as for his own; and moreover, to take an equal concern in the affairs of his neighbour's kitchen as in his own household matters. This sort of generalizing regard would throw our respective establishments into singular confusion, and might betray ourselves into sundry false positions, and very awkward predicaments. However, the comparative extinction of natural affection would form the most prominently reprehensible feature of the case; and I cannot but think that the boasted cosmopolitanism of some good people would wear an aspect not very dissimilar if rightly and soberly viewed. Certainly I could no more tear the love of country from my heart, than I could the love of kindred; and when my step again pressed the English strand, it was with a sensation almost resembling the fabled invigoration of the Titans, who

derived new life, new strength, new enterprise from coming in contact with their mother earth.

England indeed, contained little that was personally endearing to me, except my beloved surviving parent; but it was a joyous thing to embrace her once more, after the deep roll of the ocean had separated us for nearly three years; during a portion of which she had been learning to prize her native land in a disgusting region of all that is most directly opposed to liberty, civil or religious; to honourable feeling, just conduct, honest principle or practical decency. In short, she had been in Portugal!

LETTER V.

IRELAND.

I NOW arrive at an epoch, from which I may date the commencement of all that deserves to be called life, inasmuch as I had hitherto been living without God in the world. My existence was a feverish dream of vain pleasure first, and then of agitations and horrors. My mind was a chaos of useless information, my character of unapplied energies, my heart a waste of unclaimed affections, and my hope an enigma of confused speculations. I had plenty to do, yet felt that I was doing nothing; and there was a growing want within my bosom, a craving after I knew not what; a restless, unsatisfied, unhappy feeling, that seemed in quest of some unknown good. How this was awakened, I know not; it was unaccompanied with any conviction of my own sinfulness, or any doubt of my perfect safety as a child of God. I did not anticipate any satisfaction from change of place: but readily prepared to obey a summons from my husband in Ireland, whither he had gone to engage in a law-suit. To be sure I hated Ireland most cordially; I had never seen it, and as a matter of choice would have preferred New South Wales, so completely was I influenced by the prevailing prejudice against that land of barbarism.

Many people despise Ireland, who, if you demand a reason, will tell you it is a horrid place, and the people all savages ; but if you press for proofs and illustrations, furthermore such deponents say not.

On a dull day in April I took my place, a solitary traveller, in the Shrewsbury coach, quite ignorant as to the road I was to travel, and far less at home than I should have been in the wildest part of North America, or on the deck of a ship bound to circumnavigate the globe. We rattled out of London, and the first thing that aroused my attention was a moonlight view of Oxford, where we stopped at midnight to change horses. Those old gray towers, and mighty masses of ancient building, on which the silvery ray fell with fine effect, awoke in my bosom two melancholy trains of thought ; one was the recollection of my father, whose enthusiastic attachment to his own university had often provoked warm discussion with the no less attached Cantabs of our old social parties, and who often held out to me, as the greatest of earthly gratifications a visit with him to that seat of learning which he would describe in glowing colours. But where was my father now ? His poor girl, the delight of his eyes and the treasure of his heart, was in Oxford, with none to guide, none to guard, none to speak a cheering word to her. I shrunk back in the coach ; and grieved over this till a sudden turning once more threw before me the outline of some magnificent old fabric bathed in moonlight, and that called up a fit of patriotism, calculated to darken yet more the prospect before me. *This was England, my own proud England ; and these " the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," that dist*

guished her seats of learning above all others. I was bound—for Ireland! What English young lady had ever studied the history of that remote, half-civilized settlement called Ireland? Not I, certainly, nor any of my acquaintance; but I took it for granted that Ireland had no antiquities, nothing to distinguish her from other barbarous lands, except that her people ate potatoes, made blunders, and went to mass. I felt it a sort of degradation to have an Irish name, and to go there as a resident; but comforted myself by resolving never in one particular to give into any Irish mode of living, speaking, or thinking, and to associate only with such as had been at least educated in England.

The next day's rising sun shone upon Stratford-on-Avon; and here revived in some degree my Shakspearean mania, to the still higher exaltation of my English stilts, and the deeper debasement of all "rough Irish kernes." At Shrewsbury we parted with a kind old lady, who had shown me some good-natured attentions, and I was left with only an elderly gentleman, bound also for Dublin, who told me we must start at 3 o'clock the following morning for Holyhead. I was dreadfully dejected, and told him I hoped he would not think the worse of me for being so utterly alone, and that he would excuse my retiring to my own apartment the instant we had dined. He took pencil and paper, and with a glow of benevolent feeling expressed his anxious desire to take the same care of me that he would of his own daughter, and to look on me as his especial charge, until he should give me into the hands of my lawful protector. I thanked him, with true English reserve, and a coldness that seemed rather

to grate on his warm feelings, and having owned that his seeing my Newfoundland dog well fed and lodged would be a great obligation, I withdrew to fret alone over my exile to this foreign land. You may call this an exaggeration, but it is no such thing. I delight in dwelling upon my reluctant approach to the land that I was to love so fondly.

Next day my miseries were alleviated by the enchanting beauties of the Welsh country through which we passed ; and my regard for Mr. D. greatly increased by the compassionate care he took of a poor sickly woman and her ragged infant, whom he descried on the top of the coach, and first threw his large cloak to them, then, with my cordial assent, took them inside, and watched them most kindly until he fell asleep. I peeped into his kind benevolent face, and inwardly confessed there might be some nice people in Ireland.

At the inn where we dined, I made another acquaintance. A younger, but middle-aged man, whose vivacity, combined with Welch mutton and ale, quite raised my spirits. Hearing from Mr. D. with what enthusiasm I had admired the scenery of Langollen, he volunteered to hand me in at the coach window, a note of every remarkable place we should approach during the rest of the journey ; adding, " I know the road pretty well, having traversed it at least twice a year for sixteen years, passing to and from my Irish home." He was a legal man, a finished gentleman, and another sad drawback on my perverse prejudices. Mr. F. proved an excellent descriptive guide, punctually reaching to me from the roof of the coach his little memoranda, in time for me to take a survey of the object concerned

and also most assiduously aiding in the care of my luggage and dog when we were all put in the ferry-boat.

There was then no bridge over the Menai, and I being in total ignorance of the route was not a little dismayed at the embarkation, forgetting that Holyhead was on Anglesea, and that Anglesea was an island. At last, when the boat pushed off, the opposite shore being hidden under the mist of deepening twilight, I addressed the ferryman in a tone of remonstrance that infinitely diverted the whole party, "Surely you are not going to take me over in this way to Ireland!"

"No, no," said Mr. F. you shall have a good night's rest, and a better sea-boat, before we start for the dear green isle."

Steamers were not then upon the packet station, and the wind being unfavourable, we had a passage of seventeen hours, not landing until two in the morning of Easter Sunday. Nothing could exceed my discomfort, as you may suppose, when I tell you that after paying my bill at Holyhead, I, in a fit of abstraction, deposited it very safely in my purse, and in its stead threw away my last bank-note. The mistake was not suspected until, in mid voyage, I examined the state of my finances, and found the sum total to amount to one shilling. This was an awful discovery; my passage was paid, but how to reach Dublin was a mystery, and such was the untamed pride of my character that I would sooner have walked there than confessed the fact, which might have been doubted, and laid myself under the obligation of a loan, which I was sure of repaying in a few hours, even to good old Mr. D. When I stepped from the

deck of the packet upon the plank that rested against the pier of Howth, I had not one single halfpenny in my pocket, and I experienced, without the slightest emotion, one of the most hair-breadth escapes of my life.

The water was very low; the plank, of course, sloped greatly, and, as soon as I set my foot on it, began to slide down. In another second I should have been plunged between the vessel's side and the stone pier, without any human possibility of rescue; and already I had lost my balance, when a sailor, springing on the bulwarks, caught me round the knees, and at the same instant Mr. F. throwing himself on the ground, seized and steadied the plank, until I recovered my footing and ran up. I shudder to recall the hardened indifference of my own spirit, while the kind, warm-hearted Irishmen were agitated with strong emotion, and all around me thanking God for my escape. Each of my friends thought I had landed under the care of the other; while one had my dog, and the other my portmanteau. I received their fervent 'cead-mille-failthe' with cold politeness, and trod with feelings of disgust on the dear little green shamrocks that I now prize so fondly.

We went to the hotel, and Mr. D. proposed my retiring to a chamber until the coach started; but my empty purse would not allow of that, so I said I preferred sitting where I was. Refreshments were ordered; but though in a state of ravenous hunger, I steadily refused to touch them; for I would not have allowed another person to pay for me, and was resolved to conceal my loss as long as I could. I was excused, on the presumption of a qualmishness resulting from it

tossing of the ship; and most melancholy, morn lorn were the feelings with which I watched t the large window the fading moonbeams and th ing day. To my unspeakable joy, the two ge proposed taking a post-chaise with me to the expense being no more and the comfor greater than going by coach; and having re Mr. F. to keep an exact account of my share charges, I took my seat beside them with a far heart; my dog being on the foot-board in fron carriage.

Away we drove, our horses being young, fre in high condition. It was a glorious morni vainly did I strive not to admire the scenery, after another of the beautiful villas that ad Howth road gleamed out in the snowy whitene characterizes the houses there; generally embos trees, and surrounded by gardens, on the rising g We were descending the hilly road very rapidly by some means the horses took fright, and bro a full gallop, crossing and recrossing the ro fearful manner. The driver was thrown on th board, poor Tajo hung by his chain against the legs, and our situation was most critical. I h fered from one upset in America, and resolved encounter another; so, quietly gathering m riding habit about me with one hand, and putt other out at the window, I opened the door, and v active spring flung myself out. You know treme peril, the almost certain destruction of *leap from a carriage at full speed; I did not, or as I would not have taken it. However, at th*

instant of time, the horses made a dead stop ; and the chaise remained stationary only a few paces in advance of me.

Was not the hand of God here ? Oh, surely it was, in the most marked and wonderful manner. No cause could be assigned for the arrest of the animals ; the driver had lost the reins, and no one was near. I had fallen flat on the road-side, just grazing my gloves with the gravel, and getting a good mouthful of the soil, with which my face was brought into contact. In a moment I sprang to my feet, and blowing it out exclaimed with a laugh, ‘ Oh, well ! I suppose I am to love this country after all ; for I have kissed it in spite of me.’ I then ran to help my dog out of his disagreeable state of suspension, and returned to my friends, who were frightened and angry too, and who refused to let me into the chaise unless I positively promised not to jump out any more. To shorten the tale, I reached the Hibernian hotel, where my husband was, seized some money, and paid my expenses without any one having discovered that I was a complete bankrupt up to that minute.

I have been very prolix here ; for I cannot overlook a single incident connected with this eventful journey. Never did any one less anticipate a blessing, or look for happiness than I in visiting Ireland. I cannot enter into more particulars, because it would involve the names of friends who might not wish to figure in print ; but if these pages ever meet the eyes of any who gave me the first day’s welcome in Dublin, let them be assured that the remembrance of their tender kindness, glowing warmth of their open hospitality, and their solicitude

to make the poor-stranger happy among them, broke through the ice of a heart that had frozen itself up most unnatural reserve, and gave life to the first pulse that played within it, of the love that soon pervaded every vein—the love of dear generous Ireland.

My first journey into the interior was to the King's county, where I passed some weeks in a house most curiously situated, with an open prospect of ten miles pure bog in front of it. Being newly built, nothing had yet had time to grow; but its owner, one of the most delightful old gentlemen I ever met with, had spared no cost to render it commodious and handsome. He was a fine specimen, of the hospitable Irish gentlemen, and took great pleasure in bringing me acquainted with the customs of a people and the features of a place so new to me. Indeed, it was my first introduction to what was really Irish, for Dublin is too much of a capital city to afford many specimens of distinct nationality. On that great festival of the peasantry, St. John's eve, Mr. C. resolved on giving his tenants and neighbours a treat that should also enlighten me on one of their most singular relics of paganism. It is the custom at sunset on that evening to kindle numerous immense fires throughout the country, built like our bonfires, to a great height, the pile being composed of turf, bog-wood, and such other combustibles as they can gather. The turf yields a steady, substantial body of fire, the bog-wood a most brilliant flame: and the effect of these great beacons blazing on every hill, sending up volumes of smoke from every point of the horizon, is very remarkable. Ours was a magnificent one, being provided by the landlord as a compliment to his people, and was

built on the lawn, as close beside the house as safety would admit.

Early in the evening the peasants began to assemble, all habited in their best array, glowing with health, every countenance full of that sparkling animation and excess of enjoyment that characterizes the enthusiastic people of the land. I had never seen anything resembling it, and was exceedingly delighted with their handsome, intelligent, merry faces, the bold bearing of the men, and the playful, but really modest, deportment of the maidens; the vivacity of the aged people, and the wild glee of the children. The fire being kindled, a blaze shot up, and for a while they stood contemplating it, with faces strangely disfigured by the peculiar light first emitted when bogwood is thrown on; after a short pause, the ground was cleared in front of an old blind piper, the very *beau-ideal* of energy, drollery, and shrewdness, who, seated on a low chair, with a well plenished jug within his reach, screwed his pipes to the liveliest tunes, and the endless jig began.

An Irish jig is interminable, so long as the party holds together; for when one of the dancers becomes fatigued, a fresh individual is ready to step into the vacated place quick as thought; so that the other does not pause, until in like manner obliged to give place to a successor. They continue footing it, and setting to one another, occasionally moving in a figure, and changing places, with extraordinary rapidity, spirit, and grace. Few indeed among even the very lowest of the most impoverished class have grown into youth without obtaining some lessons in this accomplishment from the travelling dancing-masters of their district.

and certainly in the way they use it, many would be disposed to grant a dispensation to the young peasant which they would withhold from the young peer. It is, however, sadly abused among them, to Sabbath-breaking, revellings, and the most immoral scenes, where they are congregated and kept together under its influence; and the same scene, enacted a year afterwards, would have awoke in my mind very different feelings from those with which I regarded this first spectacle of Irish hilarity, when I could hardly be restrained by the laughing remonstrances of the 'quality' from throwing myself into the midst of the joyous group, and dancing with them.

But something was to follow that puzzled me not a little; when the fire had burned for some hours, and got low, an indispensable part of the ceremony commenced. Every one present of the peasantry, passed through it, and several children were thrown across the sparkling embers; while a wooden frame of some eight feet long, with a horse's head fixed to one end, and a large white sheet thrown over it, concealing the wood and the man on whose head it was carried, made its appearance. This was greeted with loud shouts as the "white horse;" and having been safely carried by the skill of its bearer several times through the fire with a bold leap, it pursued the people, who ran screaming and laughing in every direction. I asked what the horse was meant for, and was told it represented all cattle. Here was the old pagan worship of Baal, if not of Moloch too, carried on openly and universally in the heart of a nominally Christian country, and by millions professing the Christian name! I was confounded, for

did not then know that Popery is only a crafty adaptation of pagan idolatries to its own scheme ; and while I looked upon the now wildly excited people, with their children and, in a figure, all their cattle passing again and again through the fire, I almost questioned in my own mind the lawfulness of the spectacle, considered in the light that the Bible must, even to the natural heart, exhibit it in to those who confess the true God. There was no one to whom I could breathe such thoughts, and they soon faded from my mind : not so the impression made on it by this fair specimen of a population whom I had long classed with the savage inhabitants of barbarous lands, picturing them to myself as dark, ferocious, discontented, and malignant. That such was the reverse of their natural character I now began to feel convinced ; and from that evening my heart gradually warmed towards a race whom I found to be frank, warm, and affectionate beyond any I had ever met with.

My interest in them, however, was soon to be placed on another and a firmer basis. I took up my permanent abode in a neighbouring county ; and within six months after that celebration of St. John's eve I experienced the mighty power of God in a way truly marvellous. Great and marvellous are *all* his works : in creating, in sustaining, in governing this world of wonderful creatures ; but oh, how surprisingly marvellous and great in redeeming lost sinners, in taking away the heart of stone, and giving a heart of flesh, and making his people willing in the day of his power ! I have carefully abstained from any particulars respecting myself that could either cast a reproach on the dead or give a

to the living: I shall do so still, and merely remark that as far as this world was concerned my lot had no happiness mingled in it, and that my only solace under many grievous trials consisted in two things: one was a careful concealment of whatever might subject my proud spirit to the mortification of being pitied when I desired rather to be envied; and the other a confident assurance that in suffering afflictions silently, unresistingly, and uncomplainingly, I was making God my debtor to a large amount. What desperate wickedness of a deceived and deceitful heart was this! The very thing in which I so arrogantly vaunted myself before God was the direct result of personal pride, in itself a great sin; and thus I truly gloried in my shame; I never looked beyond the rod to Him who had appointed it; but satisfying myself that I had not merited, from man, any severity, my demerits at the hand of the Most High were wholly put out of the calculation. Thus, of course, every stroke drove me further from the only Rock of refuge, and deeper into the fastness of my own vain conceits. Added to this I was wholly shut out from all the ordinary means by which the Lord usually calls sinners to himself. There was no gospel ministry then within my reach; nor could I, if it were provided, have profited by it, owing to my infirmity. Into Christian society I had never entered; nor had the least glimmer of spiritual light shone into my mind. My religion was that of a pharisee, and my addresses to God included, like his, an acknowledgment that it was by divine favor I was so much better *than my neighbours*. Reality had so far chased away *romance*, that my own favorite authors had little power

to charm me; and the hollowness of my affected gayety and ease made society a very sickening thing. Besides, at my first coming to the very aristocratical little town where I then resided, I was neglected in a manner very mortifying to one who had been accustomed to find her level in society even a grade higher than that; and this was most mercifully ordered, not only to humble my intolerable pride, but to smooth the way for that separation from worldly associates which was soon to become the desire of my heart, and to aid me in afterwards withstanding the temptation of most earnest and affectionate attentions from all around me, when, by means of an old friend very high indeed in military command, my real standing in society became better known to them.

At the time I am now to speak of, I was living in perfect seclusion, and uninterrupted solitude. Captain——was always in Dublin, and my chief occupation was in hunting out, and transcribing and arranging matter for the professional gentlemen conducting the law-suit, from a mass of confused family papers and documents. Our property consisted of a large number of poor cabins, with their adjoining land, forming a complete street on the outskirts of the town, which was greatly in arrear to the head landlords, and a periodical "distress" took place. On these occasions a keeper was set over the property; some legal papers were served, and the household goods, consisting of iron kettles, wooden stools, broken tables, a ragged blanket or two, and the little store of potatoes, the sole support of the wretched inhabitants, were brought out, piled in a long row down the street, and 'canted,' the

is, put up to sale, for the payment of, perhaps, one or two per cent of the arrears. This horrified me beyond measure: I was ashamed to be seen among the people who were called our tenants, though this proceeding did not emanate from their immediate landlord; and every thing combined to render the seclusion of my own garden more congenial to me than any wider range.

It was then that I came to the resolution of being a perfect devotee in religion: I thought myself marvelously good; but something of monastic mania seized me. I determined to emulate the recluses of whom I had often read; to become a sort of Protestant nun; and to fancy my garden, with its high stone walls, and little thicket of apple-trees, a convent enclosure; I also settled it with myself to pray three or four times every day, instead of twice; and with great alacrity entered upon this new routine of devotion.

Here God met, and arrested me. When I kneeled down to pray, the strangest alarms took hold of my mind. He to whom I had been accustomed to prate with flippant volubility in a set form of heartless words, seemed to my startled mind so exceedingly terrible in unapproachable majesty, and so very angry with me in particular, that I became paralyzed with fear. I strove against this with characteristic pertinacity; I called to mind all the common-place assurances respecting the sufficiency of a good intention, and magnified alike my doings and my sufferings. I persuaded myself it was only a holy awe, the effect of distinguished piety and rare humility, and that I was really an *object of the divine complacency* in no ordinary degree. Again I essayed to pray, but in vain; I dared not

Then I attributed it to a nervous state of feeling that would wear away by a little abstraction from the subject; but this would not do. To leave off praying was impossible, yet to pray seemed equally so. I well remember that the character in which I chiefly viewed the Lord God was that of an Avenger, going forth to smite the first-born of Egypt; and I some how identified myself with the condemned number. Often, after kneeling a long time, I have laid my face upon my arms, and wept most bitterly because I could not, dared not pray.

It was not in my nature to be driven back easily from any path I had entered on, and here the Lord wrought on me to persevere resolutely. I began to examine myself, in order to discover *why* I was afraid, and taking as my rule the ten commandments, I found myself sadly deficient on some points. The tenth affected me as it never had done before. "I had not known lust," because I had not understood the law when it said "Thou shalt not covet." A casual glance at the declaration of St. James, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," alarmed me exceedingly; and on a sudden it occurred to me that not only the ten commandments, but all the precepts of the New Testament were binding on a Christian; and I trembled more than ever.

What was to be done? To reform myself, certainly, and become obedient to the whole law. Accordingly I went to work, transcribed all the commands that I felt myself most in the habit of neglecting, and pinned up a dozen or two texts around my room. It required no small effort to enter this apartment and walk round

it, reading my mementoes. That active schoolmaster, the law, had got me fairly under his rod, and dreadful were the writhings of the convicted culprit! I soon, took down my texts, fearing lest any one else might see them, and not knowing they were for myself, be exasperated. I then made a little book, wrote down a list of offences, and commenced making a dot over against each, whenever I detected myself in the commission of one. I had become very watchful over my thoughts, and was honest in recording all evil; so my book became a mass of black dots; and the reflection that occurred to me of omissions being sins too, completed the panic of my mind. I flung away my book into the fire, and myself into an abyss of gloomy despair.

How long this miserable state of mind lasted, I do not exactly remember; I think about two weeks. I could not pray. I dared not read the Bible, it bore so very hard upon me. Outwardly I was calm and even cheerful, but within reigned the very blackness of darkness. Death, with which I had so often sported, appeared in my eyes so terrible that the slightest feeling of illness filled my soul with dismay. I saw no way of escape: I had God's perfect law before my eyes, and a full conviction of my own past sinfulness and present helplessness, leaving me wholly without hope. Hitherto I had never known a day's illness for years; one of God's richest mercies to me consisted in uninterrupted health, and a wonderful freedom from all *nervous* affections. I knew almost as little of the *sensation* of a head-ache as I did of that of tight-lacing and now a violent cold, with sore throat, aggravated

into fever by the state of my mind, completely prostrated me. I laid myself down on the sofa one morning and waited to see how my earthly miseries would terminate; too well knowing what must follow the close of a sinner's life.

I had not lain long, when a neighbour hearing I was ill, sent me some books, just received from Dublin, as a loan, hoping I might find some amusement in them. Listlessly, wretchedly, mechanically I opened one—it was the memoir of a departed son, written by his father. I read a page, describing the approach of death, and was arrested by the youth's expressions of self-condemnation, his humble acknowledgement of having deserved at the Lord's hand nothing but eternal death. 'Ah, poor fellow,' said I, 'he was like me. How dreadful his end must have been! I will see what he said at last, when on the very brink of the bottomless pit.' I resumed the book; and found him in continuation glorifying God that though *he* was so guilty and so vile, there was one able to save to the uttermost, who had borne his sins, satisfied divine justice for him, opened the gates of heaven, and now waited to receive his ransomed soul.

The book dropped from my hands. 'Oh, what is this? This is what I want: this would save me. Who did this for him? Jesus Christ, certainly; and it must be written in the New Testament. I tried to jump up and reach my Bible, but was overpowered by the emotion of my mind. I clasped my hands over my eyes, and then the blessed effects of having even a literal knowledge of scripture was apparent. Memory brought before me, as the Holy Spirit directed it, no

here and there a detached text, but whole chapters, as they had long been committed to its safe but hitherto unprofitable keeping. The veil was removed from my heart, and Jesus Christ, as the Alpha and Omega, the sum and substance of everything, shone out upon me just as He is set forth in the everlasting gospel. It was the same as if I had been reading, because I knew it so well by rote, only much more rapid, as thought always is. In this there was nothing uncommon; but in the *opening of the understanding, that I might UNDERSTAND the scriptures*, was the mighty miracle of grace and truth. There I lay, still as death, my hands still folded over my eyes, my very soul basking in the pure, calm, holy light that streamed into it through the appointed channel of God's word. Rapture was not what I felt; excitement, enthusiasm, agitation, there was none. I was like a person long enclosed in a dark dungeon, the walls of which had now fallen down, and I looked round on a sunny landscape of calm and glorious beauty. I well remember that the Lord Jesus, in the character of a shepherd, of a star, and, above all, as the pearl of great price, seemed revealed to me most beautifully; that he could save everybody I at once saw; that he would save me, never even took the form of a question. Those who received the gospel by man's preaching may doubt and cavil: I took it simply from the Bible, in the words that God's wisdom teacheth, and I thus argued:—'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: I am a sinner: I want to be saved: he will save me.' There is no presumption in taking God at his word: not to do so is very impertinent: I did it, and I was happy.

After some time I rose from the sofa, and walked about; my feelings were delicious. I had found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets, did write; I had found the very Paschal Lamb, whose blood would be my safeguard from the destroying angel. Oh, how delicious was that particular thought to me! It was one of the first that occurred, and I laughed with gladness. Indeed my feeling was very joyous, and I only wanted somebody to tell it to. I had two servants, one a young woman, the other a little girl, both papists, both loving me with Irish warmth. They were delighted to see me so well and happy on a sudden; and in the evening I bade them come to my room, for I was going to read a beautiful book, and would read it aloud. I began the gospel of St. Matthew, and read nine chapters to them, their wonder and delight increasing my joy. Whenever I proposed leaving off, they begged for more; and only for my poor throat I think we should have gone on till day. I prayed with them, and what a night's rest I had! Sleep so sweet, a waking so happy, and a joy so unclouded through the day, what but the gospel could bestow? Few, very few have been so privileged as I was, to be left alone with the infallible teaching of God the Holy Ghost, by means of the written word, for many weeks, and so to get a thorough knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation, unclouded by man's vain wisdom. I knew not that in the world there were any who had made the same discovery with myself. Of all schemes of doctrine I was wholly ignorant, and the only system of theology open to me was God's own. All the faculties of my mind were

roused and brightened for the work. I put
out ceasing, for divine instruction; and too
cavilling, what was vouchsafed. On this
must enter more largely, for it is one of im-
portance.

LETTER VI.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

I AM standing before you now in the character of one who having been brought under conviction of sin into utter self-despair, had found in Christ Jesus a refuge from the storm of God's anger. I felt myself safe in Him; but as the revelation which God had made to man was not confined to the alone point of a satisfaction for the sins of men, I felt it my bounden duty to search for all that the Most High had seen good to acquaint his people with. At the same time I found myself a member of a church, calling itself Christian; but I, too, had called myself a Christian, while as yet wholly ignorant of Christ, therefore I could not depend upon a name. I knew that there were other churches, each putting in a claim to a higher and purer standard than its neighbours, and it behooved me to know which of them all was in the right. I had no books of a religious character; not one: no clergyman among my acquaintance, no means of inquiry, save as regarded my own church, whose Liturgy and Articles lay before me. I resolved to bring them first to the test of scripture; and if they failed, to look out for a better.

How I commenced the work, and perused it, I do

not state. I tried everything, as well as I could, by the Bible; and my satisfaction was great to find the purest, clearest strain of evangelical truth breathing through the book which I had used all my life long, as I did the Bible, without entering into its real meaning. How could I possibly escape seeing the doctrines of faith, regeneration, and the rest of God's revelation in them both, was strange to me; but I understood that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, and mourned over the darkness that I supposed universal.

I found it distinctly stated by our Lord, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and this served as a key to many passages in the Epistles, and other parts of scripture illustrative of the same solemn truth. I had never understood, never thought of this. Did my church hold it? Yes; it was not only laid down as a fundamental doctrine in her Articles, but constantly put into the mouths of her congregation, either expressed or clearly implied. Again, I found that not by works but by faith I was to be justified before God; and this also ran through the prayer-book, with unvarying distinctness—though with that book in my hand, and its contents on my lips, I had been hitherto attempting to scale heaven by a ladder of my own forming. I then tried the creeds by scripture, which would have been a very laborious work, unassisted as I was by any exposition or references, had not my memory been well stored with the word of God, while, as I humbly hope, the *Holy Spirit* took of the things of Christ, and showed *them unto me*. The only clause in the creeds &

startled me was that of our Lord's descent into hell; that he ever visited the place of the condemned spirits I could not believe, nor do I now believe it, nor ever for a moment gave credit to the monstrous assertion since that period. If by hell is meant the place of separated souls, as I was afterwards told, why not call it by a less ambiguous name? However, I would not for one uncertain phrase, which I then suspected and now know to be a modern interpolation, reject a whole system. I contented myself with refraining from making that confession; and on all occasions substituting when I could the beautiful Nicene creed for the other. Of course, this declaration will bring on me a storm of censure from some quarters: so be it. I am relating facts; and happy would it be for the church and country if all who in some minor matters hesitate at using expressions made choice of by the fallible compilers of mere human compositions, would allow themselves the same liberty, instead of falling into schism and swelling the ranks of dissent.

The Athanasian creed brought to my recollection a circumstance that had occurred a few years before; the importance of which had never been known to me until I was brought acquainted with the saving truths of the gospel. I now looked back upon it with trembling joy and gratitude to Him who had preserved me from a snare into which the pride of intellect, joined to spiritual ignorance, would have been sure to lead me, but for the watchful care of my heavenly Father, still working by means of my blind but sincere reverence for his word. I have mentioned that in my native town Socinianism flourished to a fearful extent

it has long been a very hot-bed of that fatal heresy; the holders of which are found among many leading characters of wealth, influence, and high attainments. I knew no more of it than that it was one of the many forms of dissent, with which I had nothing to do; I was acquainted with several of its disciples; but as religion formed no part of our social intercourse, its peculiarities were wholly unknown to me.

Not long before my trip to America, I had been staying in Norwich, in the same house with a most clever, intelligent, and amiable woman, of whom I was very fond. I knew her to be a Dissenter, and that was all. One evening she drew me into a conversation, the commencement of which I forget, but it soon arrived at a denial, on her part, of the Godhead of Christ; which exceedingly astonished me, for I never supposed that could be called in question. I ran for the Bible, saying I would soon show her that it was not disputed; and she in return asserted that I could not prove it out of the *inspired scriptures*. After pondering for awhile I recollected the first chapter of Revelation, which for its sublimity I ranked among the highest of my poetical gems, and that it unequivocally proclaimed the divinity of our glorious Lord. I opened at it, on which she burst into a laugh, saying, 'You are not so weak as to fancy that book of riddles any part of God's word?' 'Why, it is in the Bible, you see,' replied I, half indignantly. 'And who put it there? Come, you are a person of too much sense to believe that the binding up of certain leaves between the two covers of the Bible makes them a part of it. You must exercise the

reason that God has given you; and in so doing you will discover so many interpolations and deceptions in that version of yours, that you will be glad to find a more accurate one.'

She continued in the same strain for some time. I was greatly agitated: I closed the great Bible, and leaning on it, with folded arms, my heart beating violently against the bright red cover, I gave heed to all she said. My love of novelty, passion for investigation, and the metaphysical turn that had sometimes made my father quite uneasy about me, when he saw me at eight years old poring over abstruse reasonings with the zest of an old philosopher, were all in her favour. I felt as if the foundation of my faith was giving way, and I was being launched on a sea of strange uncertainty. When she concluded, I laid my forehead on the book, in most deep and anxious thought. I did not pray: God was found of one who sought him not; for surely he alone dictated my answer. I started up, and with the greatest vivacity said, 'Mrs. —, if you can persuade me that the book of Revelation is not inspired, another person may do the same with regard to the book of Genesis; and so of all that lie between them, till the whole Bible is taken away from me. That will never do; I cannot part with my dear Bible. I believe it all, every word of it; and I am sure I should be miserable if I did not.' Then, kissing the precious volume with the affection one feels for what is in danger of being lost to us, I carried it back to its shelf, and declined any further discussion on the subject. She told some one else she was sure of having me yet: but the

good providence of God interposed to remove me from the scene of danger.

That metaphysical turn I omitted to mention among my early snares: my father checked it although it was a great hobby of his own. He had seen its fearful abuse in the origin of the French revolution, and regarded it as one of the evil spirits of the age. I recollect the mixture of mirth and vexation depicted in his face one morning, when, on remarking that I did not look well, and inquiring if any thing ailed me, I replied, 'No, but I could not get any sleep.'

'What prevented your sleeping?'

'I was thinking, papa, of "*Cogito, ergo sum*," and I lay awake, trying to find out all about it.'

'"*Cogito, ergo sum*!"' repeated my father, laughing and frowning at the same time, 'what will you be at twenty, if you dabble in metaphysics before you are ten? Come, I must set you to study Euclid: that will sober your wild head a little.' I took the book with great glee, delighted to have a new field of inquiry; but soon threw it aside. Mathematics and I could never agree. Speculative and imaginative in an extraordinary degree, carrying much sail with scarcely any ballast, what but the ever-watchful care of Him who sitteth upon the circle of the earth could have preserved from fatal wrecking a vessel so frail, while yet without pilot, helm or chart!

It was the recollection of my short encounter with the Socinian that satisfied me respecting the Athanasian creed. I felt that had I taken up its bold assertions, and established every one of them, as now I did, by *Scripture*, no sophistry could have staggered my faith

though it had been but a reasoning, not a saving faith, in that high doctrine of the co-existent co-equal Trinity. I did not then know,—for of all Church history I was ignorant,—that its original object was not so much to establish a truth, as to detect and defeat a falsehood. The damnatory clauses, as they are called, did not startle me. I saw clearly the fact that God had made a revelation of Himself to man, which revelation man was not at liberty to receive or to reject; and as without faith it is impossible to please God, and that alone is faith which implicitly believes the record that he hath given of his Son, the deductions in question were perfectly fair and orthodox. I frequently wondered, when subsequently brought into the arena of various controversies, at the ease with which, aided by the Bible alone, I settled so many disputed points; and as it really was by the Bible I settled them, man's teaching has never yet on any subject altered my views.

The only serious difficulty that I met, was in trying to receive the doctrine of Election. I read the seventeenth article, where I, at least, found it most palpably insisted on; and I remembered having, in childhood, heard many hot disputes on that subject. My grandmother held it, but she was nearly alone in her opinion; and I was accustomed to hear it very much denounced, which no doubt left a prejudice on my mind. I resolved to search it out most diligently: but wishing first to be thoroughly grounded in the vital points of the co-equality of the three persons in the Godhead, I read the book of the Acts with an express view to the latter. In so doing, I became fully and undesignedly convinced on that of Election as held by those ~~call~~

Calvinistic divines, not one of whom, to my ledge, had I ever met with. After this I trace every part of the Scriptures, running like a thread through the whole Bible. I have been pressed by its opponents on more than one occasion and urged to read treatises on the subject; but no treatises have I read: man can tell me no more that God has clearly revealed it, therefore man strengthen a belief founded on the sure word of God or if he tells me it is not revealed, I know that because I have found it so, and relinquish it can.

Whether it be regarded as presumptuous or must thankfully avow that during the weeks I was left alone with my Bible, I obtained a view of the whole scheme of redemption, and God's dealing with man, which to this hour I have never found reason to alter any one respect, save as greater light has occasionally broken in on each branch of the subject, strengthening, not changing those views. You will see from the progress of my sketch, how complete a bulwark against error in numberless shapes I have found in this adherence to the plain word of truth; this bringing every proposition "to the law and to the testimony;" fully persuaded that "if they speak according to this word, it is because there is life in them.

I now proceed to an interesting epoch in the commencement of my literary labours in the cause. It marks very strongly the overruling of *Him* who was working all things after the counsel of *his own will*; and I will give it you without

ment, together with my introduction, through it, to the Christian community of the land.

My life, as I told you, was solitary and retired ; my time chiefly passed in writing out documentary matters for the lawyers. The law-suit, concerning a property not worth litigating, had already been carried into three courts, Chancery, King's Bench, and Prerogative, and the labour devolving on me was most irksome. The circumstance of my using the pen so incessantly became known, and I was looked on as a literary recluse. One day a lady, personally unknown to me, but whose indefatigable zeal was always seeking the good of others, sent me a parcel of tracts. With equal wonder and delight I opened one of them, a simple, spiritual little production ; and the next that I took up was an inducement to distribute tracts among the poor. From this I learned that some excellent people were engaged in a work quite new to me ; and, with a sigh, I wished I had the means of contributing to their funds. Presently the thought flashed upon me, ' Since I cannot give them money, may I not write something to be useful in the same way ? ' I had just then no work before me ; and a long winter evening at command. I ordered large candles, told the servants not to interrupt me, and sat down to my novel task. I began about seven o'clock, and wrote till three in the morning ; when I found I had produced a complete little story, in the progress of which I had been enabled so to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, that on reading it over I was amazed at the statement I had made of scriptural truth, and sunk on my knees in thankfulness to God. Next morning I awoke, full of joy, but much puzzled

as to what I should do with my tract. At length the simplicity of my heart, I resolved to send it to Bishop of Norwich, and busied myself, at the breakfast-table, in computing how many franks it would cost. While thus employed, a note was put into my hands from Miss D., apologizing for the liberty taken, saying she had sent me, the day before, some tracts, and as she heard I was much occupied with the pen, it had occurred to her that I might be led to write something myself, in the possibility of which she now enclosed the address of the Secretary to the Dublin Tract Society, to whom such aid would be most welcome.

I was absolutely awe-struck by this very striking incident. I saw in it a gracious acceptance of my free-will offering at His hands to whom it had been prayerfully dedicated: and in two hours the manuscript was on its way to Dublin, with a very simple letter to the Secretary. A cordial answer, commendatory of my tract, and earnestly entreating a continuance of such aid soon reached me, with some remarks, and questions that required a fuller communication of my circumstances and feelings. He had recommended frequent intercourse with the peasantry, of whose habits and modes of expression I was evidently ignorant, and I then mentioned my loss of hearing as a bar to this branch of usefulness. His rejoinder was the overflowing of a truly Christian heart, very much touched by an artless account of the Lord's dealings with me; and greatly did my spirit rejoice at having found a brother in the faith thus to cheer and strengthen me.

But alas! a few days afterwards, Miss D. whom I had still never seen, wrote to apprise me that this ex-

cellent man had ruptured a blood-vessel and was dying. Still he did not forget me, but after lingering for some weeks, on his death-bed, commended me to the friendship of his brother, who from that period proved a true and valuable helper to me.

Meanwhile I was beginning to take a view of Popery, under the light of the gospel. As yet, I knew nothing of it spiritually; and my retired life kept me from observing how it worked among the people around. My attention was first directed to it by a conversation with the younger of my two servants: she slept in my apartment, and I remarked that while kneeling at her devotions she not only uttered them with amazing rapidity, but carried on all the while the operation of undressing, with perfect inattention to what she was saying. I asked her the purport of her prayers; she told me she said the "Our Father," and then the "Hail Mary:" at my request she repeated the latter, and I gave her a gentle lecture on the irreverence of chattering to God so volubly, and of employing herself about her clothes at the same time; adding that she should be devout, deliberate, and quiet while speaking to God; but as for the Virgin Mary it was no matter how she addressed her, if address her she would, for being only a dead woman she could know nothing about it. This, I am ashamed to say, was the extent of my actual protest at that time. The girl took it all very readily, and ever after, during her addresses to God she knelt with her hands joined, repeating the words slowly and seriously; but the moment she commenced the "Hail Mary," to make up for lost time she prattled it so rapidly, and tore open the fastenings of her dress with

such bustling speed, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing. A little reflection, however, convinced me it was an act of idolatry, and no laughing matter; and from that time I enquired as deeply as I could into their faith and practice; constantly showing them from the Scriptures how contrary their religion was to that of the gospel. Still it was but a very partial and superficial view that I could as yet obtain of the great mystery of iniquity through these ignorant and thoughtless girls; and to this must be attributed my sad failure in not warning them more distinctly to come out of Babylon. I rather tried to patch up the old, decayed, tattered garment with the new piece of the gospel, as many more have done; and so to make the rent worse instead of replacing the vile article with one of God's providing.

One of the most interesting and delightful subjects opened to me by my study of the Scriptures during this happy period was that of the Jews. I had always felt deeply interested for them, and looked forward to their conversion, individually, to Christ; but nationally I was still in the dark about them. Now I plainly saw the nature and extent of God's covenanted pledge to Abraham, and became fully convinced that their national restoration was a revealed truth, and that the church would never attain to any triumph on earth in which the Jews, as Jews, did not bear a very prominent part. Happily untaught in the spiritualizing process by which the divine promises to Israel are wrested from their evident, literal sense, I took all that I read as primarily applicable to those who were distinctly addressed by name, though plainly seeing that the

was an allowable adaptation of them to the Gentile church. Many a time have I knelt down, with the ninth chapter of Daniel spread before me, fervently and with tears pleading in his words for his people. It was not until long afterwards that, on urging upon a pious clergyman the duty of combining in some great effort for the conversion of the Jews, I learnt to my surprise and delight of the existence of such a society. I need not tell you that the impression made on my mind by the Bible when I had no other teacher, has been continually deepened for twenty years; and that nothing which man could say or write ever for a moment shook my conviction on the subject. I laid hold on the word of promise, and urged it on all within my reach, from my very first intercourse with Christians; and I have watched with joy the rapid unfolding of God's purposes towards the Jews, both in disposing the hearts of Gentiles towards their course, and in evidently preparing the way for their speedy restoration.

When that excellent man, Mr. D. was committed to the grave, his younger brother visited me on his way back to Dublin. That interview I shall never forget; he talked to me out of the overflowings of a heart devoted to Christ, and left me pining for more extended enjoyment of Christian society. I was not long ungratified; within three days an unexpected summons took me to Dublin, and on the very evening of my arrival Mr. D. introduced me to a party of about thirty pious friends, assembled to meet a missionary just returned from Russia. Remember, these were the frank, unrestrained, warm-hearted Irish, of all people the mo

ready at expressing their zealous and generous feelings; and imagine, if you can, my enjoyment, *after* such a long season of comparative loneliness, when they came about me with the affectionate welcome that none can utter and look so eloquently as they can! I thought it a foretaste of heavenly blessedness; and yet I often longed for those seasons when I had none but my God to commune with, and poured out to Him all that now I found it delightful to utter to my fellow-creatures. Then, my tabernacle was indeed pitched in the wilderness, and the candle of the Lord shone brightly upon it; now, the blending of many inferior lights distracted my mind from its one object of contemplation, and broke the harmony that was so sweet in its singleness.

A few months after this, the law-suit being ended, my husband was ordered abroad. I declined to cross the Atlantic a second time, and from this period I became chiefly dependent on my own exertions. My mother had joined me in Ireland, having been made a partaker in the like precious faith and hope with myself. The next event to which I shall advert is a strong temptation to separate from the established church, under circumstances that have led very many to forsake the pale of her communion. I have observed that at the time in question there was no gospel preached in the pulpits of the establishment near me; I, however, a year after my reception of the truth, became acquainted with a most godly, zealous, and truly *able minister* who officiated in the Independent chapel. *We found that he had to travel late at night or to put up at an inn, as his regular charge was at some distance.*

and we freely offered him such hospitality as our house would afford. He took no unfair advantage to urge us into his own communion; the contrast of his character and deportment to those of the pleasure-loving divines to whom we had long been accustomed; the spirituality of his conversation, the excellency of his preaching, and the privilege of his domestic ministry in our little household at his weekly visit, all wrought to predispose me when, in the way of equal communication, we came to discuss the grounds of his dissent. Had I not already brought my prayer-book to the test, in the way related, before any basis could disturb my mind, I really think I should have been overcome in an argument where the odds were so strong against me; but thus prepared I could repel all charges on fundamental points; and in matters indifferent, I refused to recognise a sufficient excuse for separation from what in its constitution was decidedly scriptural and good. My church was taxed with being essentially popish, and in rebutting this I became better acquainted with her essential Protestantism. She was denounced as a worldly, secular system, opposed to the declaration of our Lord that his kingdom is not of this world; but I had sense enough to see, and to point out the total irrelevancy of that hackneyed quotation to the subject of ecclesiastical establishments. The unholy lives of too many of her clergy, with their shameful neglect of the souls committed to them, I could not deny: but already a great revival had taken place among the Irish parochial clergy; it was proceeding rapidly; and while this evidenced that God was still with her I could also point to the ordination &c

and show that, it was to the wickedness of individuals in breaking the most solemn engagements, not to any defect in the system, or any lack of strong injunctions to zeal, diligence, and devotion, we must attribute the acknowledged evils existing among others. My friend, too, always mild, kind, and charitable on other subjects, generally laid aside these characteristics when on this, and assailed the established church with weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, scorn, and bitterness, which certainly produced on me the contrary effect to what was intended. He seemed to pay little attention to the spiritual wants of the poor deluded Romanists, rather seeking to convert Episcopalians into Dissenters, than Papists into Christians. Measuring all things by the standard of the written word, I became more fully convinced, the more I examined the matter, that there was no just cause why a believer should quit the communion of a church clearly built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles; and even under the disadvantages of such a location as I have described, I continued firm in my attachments to her. Some people told me I ought to take higher ground in upholding the episcopal establishment of this country. If they will point out to me any ground higher than the top of the rock whereon I believe her to stand, that rock being Christ, I will take it; but none, none so high, none so sure can be found. Apostolical succession in office is a good thing when the succession in doctrine is equally clear; otherwise they who now officiate *in the mosque of Omar*, standing on the site of the *temple in Jerusalem*, and he who sits supreme in the *see of Rome*, the man of sin, and son of perdition, may

respectively claim succession to the Aaronic priesthood and the apostolic ministry. I do not deny that a regular succession exists in the British churches, derived from an apostolic mission, long before Augustine or any other Romish emissary set foot on our soil to pollute the stream; but I should never for a moment dream of adducing that as an argument against one who calls in question the scripturality of our church, since in so doing I might admit the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth to a participation in the privileges which none but the lamb's pure wife has any claim to. For my own part, I had never heard of such a thing, when God enabled me to stand firm as a member of this maligned church of England; and it is one of the many cases in which I had nothing to unlearn, just because man had taught me nothing; but all I knew was drawn from the clear fountain of eternal truth, opened in the pages of that precious volume, for the gift of which all praise and glory be to God, through Christ Jesus, now and forever

LETTER VII.

KILKENNY.

I AM now to bring you into the stirring scenes of that time and place where the rebellious spirit of Popish agitation had just broken out afresh in Ireland. An invitation to pass some weeks in the county of Kilkenny led us to it as guests ; and inducements that it was not easy to resist fixed us there as residents for three years. In this part of my narrative no disguise is needful : the facts are before the world, and the estimable man who was made the first victim of this atrocious conspiracy is gone to his rest, after patiently enduring years of persecution, of exile, and of bodily and mental suffering induced by the scenes he was compelled to pass through.

Vicarsfield, the beautiful parsonage of Dr. Hamilton, is in the county, ten Irish miles from the town of Kilkenny. Knoctopher is the parish ; and at that time the old church was standing, about half a mile from the vicarage, which stood secluded, withdrawn from the public road, nestled in the rich foliage of many fine trees, and adorned with lovely pleasure-grounds. It was the happy privilege of that truly pious minister to originate the clerical meetings which *were so eminently, so extensively blessed to the clergy*

of that diocese, over which his father had presided as bishop. For many years they were held at his house, and truly rich were these seasons to all who inhabited it! Dr. Hamilton was a man of fine mind, deep erudition, unbounded benevolence, and Christian sweetness that endeared him to every one. His income was considerable; and while exercising the rites of a truly Irish hospitality on a noble scale, he expended a large proportion of that income in works of charity equally judicious, liberal, and impartial. He had under his roof thirteen poor girls, who were educated, maintained, taught, in all the requisites of good household servants, and finally placed out in the families of his friends. Mrs. Hamilton seemed to have her heart in this school, over which a very competent mistress presided, and a more beautifully ordered little nursery of valuable domestics I never saw. Besides this, large benefactions were distributed, in clothing, fuel, and other necessities, among the poor of the parish, without any regard to religious distinction; and as the Romanists amounted to about twelve hundred, while the Protestants could not muster one, and the former were infinitely more necessitous than the latter, of course nearly all went to them. I dwell upon these things and upon the exceeding kind-heartedness of the good clergyman and his affectionate partner towards their poor neighbours, because it throws additional light on the real origin of those acts which the English people were made to believe resulted from oppression on the part of the Protestant clergy.

When first I went to Knocktopher in the summer of 1821, no open act of violence had been committed, or

publicly threatened, in its immediate vicinity, but already the name of Captain Rock was becoming formidable. The place borders on Tipperary, from whence came nocturnal parties, scouring the country and alarming the inhabitants on a small scale, while the prelude to much darker scenes was to be traced in the wide circulation of what were called the prophecies of Pastorini. A Dr. Walmsley, a popish priest, had written a commentary on the book of Revelation, under that name, wherein he explained the ascent of the locusts out of the bottomless pit to prefigure the rise of Protestantism with Luther at its head; — calculating the date of their continuance from 1525, and fixing its termination in 1825. Extracts from this impudently mischievous work were disseminated in every possible form among the Romanists; they were translated into Irish, sent in large numbers to every district to be circulated by careful agents: published in handbills, exhibited in placards, and sung in doggerel rhyme through the streets. There was no article of their faith more devoutly believed by the besotted people than that in 1825 the Protestants of Ireland and of every other country were, by divine appointment to be put to death, except such as should recant; and while the lower orders prepared with terrible alacrity to execute the will of God by a general massacre of their unoffending neighbours, those of higher rank and gentler spirits applied themselves to the work of converting their Protestant friends.

Tokens of the rising storm were visible to those who watched for them; the peasantry began to exchange their courteous, respectful demeanour toward

the Protestant gentry for a bearing that bespoke either defiance or lurking malignity. Threatening notices poured in upon the landlords who presumed to dispose of their property as they chose, and upon the clergy who, in default of payment were obliged to serve processes for the tithe. Proctors were waylaid, process servers cruelly murdered: and the organization or hostile bodies became daily more apparent. As yet, however, we dwelt in comparative security; Dr. Hamilton often rode out with me to the very verge of the dreadful Tipperary; and his lady drove my mother in her little phaeton to the boundaries of Waterford. No unusual precautions were taken in the way of bolts and bars; and when the good Doctor calmly put into his pocket some of the many letters delivered at the breakfast table, after a slight glance at their contents, none of us suspected that they were Rockite notices, fiercely threatening his life, and signed in blood. He applied privately, for a body of police, who were stationed at an old mansion, midway between Vicarsfield and the Tipperary pass, called Castle Morris; and when committing his household to the Lord's keeping, at our evening worship, the deep earnestness of his manner, and resigned look, a slight tremor of his frame awoke no suspicions in us. We saw him "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;" and attributed to the pressure of bodily indisposition under which he generally laboured, what was indeed referable to the solicitude of a mind that preferred to bear its burden alone rather than hasten the time of our painful participation in the terrors that flesh must needs feel.

At the end of our prolonged visit, we were led to

take up our abode in the town of Kilkenny, so richly blessed with gospel privileges, and so far removed from the annoyances to which I was exposed while trying to fulfil the landlord's part over a property inextricably involved, and now also placed in the hands of trustees. I had sought the maintenance of that character for the sake of the poor tenants, whose affection for me was very great, and among whom I had of late been frequently allowed to read the Scriptures. The necessity, however, of providing for myself, and the hopeless perplexities of my nominal office, between head-landlords, under-tenants, trustees, a receiver, and all the endless machinery of an embarrassed little Irish estate, compelled me to seek a more quiet sphere, and in Kilkenny I found all that could combine to encourage me in the pursuit of honest independence, in the way of usefulness. I finished "Osric," which formed a good-sized volume, and commenced the pleasant task of writing penny and twopenny books for the Dublin Tract Society, who paid me liberally, and cheered me on my path with all the warmth of Christian affection. It was indeed a delightful task, and God had raised up to me also a friend to whose truly paternal kindness I owe more than ever can be told, Mr. George Sandford, now Lord Mountsandford, who, from our first acquaintance, entered with a father's interest into all that concerned me. Thus encouraged, I held on my way, and tasted the sweets that I hope to enjoy to the end of my days—those of the original curse brightened by the irreversible blessing. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—"Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch

as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

I have already told you of my escape from the snare of Socinianism. I have noticed the grounds on which I declined to separate from the Established Church; and now I am to narrate a trial of faith and doctrine, which by the mercy of God produced effects just the reverse of what was intended. This was no less than a vigorous attempt to convert me to Popery! I had not bestowed any great attention on the details of that abominable device, but was most fully persuaded of its being a system of idolatrous delusion, the working of which was strikingly manifested in the wretchedness, the immorality, the turbulence and degrading superstitions of the poor creatures around me. It never had been my practice to tamper or to compromise with what I knew to be wrong; therefore I had not suffered curiosity to lead me within the walls of a mass-house, nor in any way to put on the semblance of an agreement which cannot really exist between the temple of God and idols. I believed Popery to be the Babylon of Apocalypse, and I longed for resolution to proclaim to the deluded victims, "Come out of her my people." This I had never done, but on the contrary fell cheerfully in with the then cautious policy of my friends, and so framed my little books and tracts as to leave it doubtful whether they were written by a Protestant or not. Paul to the Jews became as a Jew that he might gain the Jews: I, by a false process of reason, thought it allowable to become as an idolator to the idolators that I might gain the idolators. An awful presumption

sin! The Jew possesses the fair blossom of gospel truth, which by kindly fostering is to be expanded and ripened into the rich fruit: the Papist holds in his hand an apple of Sodom, beneath the painted rind of which is a mass of ashes and corruption. He must be induced to fling it away, and to pluck from the tree of life a wholly different thing.

My Protestant principles, such as they were, withheld me from visiting the convent which formed a principal attraction to the military and other strangers in Kilkenny. Many sought to draw me thither, adducing the examples of Christian ministers and other spiritual people, who did not scruple to go; but in vain. At length a lady came to me with an earnest request from the 'most interesting nun in the establishment' to give her some information on the best mode of conveying instruction to a poor little girl in their school, deaf and dumb. Here was a call of duty. I knew it could not be effectually done unless in person; and to the surprise of my friend I volunteered to accompany her to the convent.

The nun was indeed a most engaging young lady: in personal appearance, in manner, in feeling, realizing the visions of my girlish romance when reading idle stories in novels on such topics. She had, moreover, all the animated warmth of a genuine Irishwoman, and her fine countenance beaming with benevolent joy at our successful beginning, and with affectionate gratitude for my services, quite won my heart. I promised to repeat the visit shortly, and on doing so accompanied her to walk round the garden, at the other extremity of which stood a building which I took for

their school, and unhesitatingly mounted the stairs with my sweet conductor. Judge what was my dismay when, on passing the folding doors, I found myself in a splendid Popish chapel, opposite the altar, over which shone a richly gilt cross, while my poor nun was prostrated in the lowliest adoration, touching the ground with her forehead before the senseless Idol!

I was confounded, and unable to say anything; but after a hasty glance at the fine trappings, left the place, secretly praying for grace and strength to protest openly against the abomination from which my soul revolted with unspeakable horror from the moment of my witnessing the act of idolatrous homage rendered to a thing of wood and stone. On leaving the convent, I met a person who informed me that my poor nun was a Protestant lady of high respectability, sprung from one of those iniquitous mixed marriages, her mother belonging to the Established Church, her father a Romanist, who, however, honestly adhered to the terms of the wicked covenant by which the sons were to be educated in his, the latter in her persuasion. A family of daughters were born to them, who with their mother continued nominally Protestant; but after his death, when the house was filled with Romish priests, performing for a week together their mummeries over the corpse, these poor females had become a prey to the subtle perversions of the ecclesiastics, and had openly apostatized—all save my new friend, who with a better informed mind and more scriptural knowledge withstood their sophistries, until sundry mock miracles performed by means of saintly relics, and a well-

trived nocturnal visitation from the ghost of her father whom she fondly loved, had so unnerved and frightened her that she too fell a prey to the delusion. They ended by admitting her into the sisterhood of this convent, excusing the payment of the large sum usually demanded; and as her darkness was now great in proportion to the measure of light against which she had sinned, they found her a valuable decoy bird to draw others into the snare. I did not learn all these particulars at the time, nor until after her decease, when I met with a near family connexion of hers who told them to me; I simply gleaned the fact of her apostacy, with that of her unbounding zeal in the antichristian cause.

With all my heart I loved the gentle, affectionate, elegant nun, and earnestly did I pray for help in bringing her back, as I was resolved to do, from the path of destruction; and while I deliberated on the best means of commencing the work, the difficulty was removed by her openly attempting to convert me. To this end she urged on me a strict inquiry into the real doctrines and tenets of her church, for myself and by myself, promising to lend me books of the most candid character, if I would engage to read them. I agreed, stipulating that I was freely to write out my remarks on them for her consideration; and with this mutual understanding, I brought home from the convent the precious loan of Dr. Milner's "*End of Controversy*," furnished for my especial benefit by a seminary of Jesuit priests, located near the town: and thus was I become the object of a combined attack from the forces of *Great Babylon*.

True to what I considered a tacit engagement to study the matter alone, I read the book. Never shall I forget the effect it produced on me. I seemed to be holding communion with Satan himself, robed as an angel of light, the transparent drapery revealing his hideous form, but baffling my endeavours to rend it away. Such sophistry, such impudence of unsupported assertion, such distortion of truth, and gilding of gross falsehood, I never met with. I tried in vain to find an answer to things that I saw and felt to be anti-scriptural and destructive: but this "End" was the beginning of my controversy, for I was wholly new to it, and ignorant of the historical and other facts necessary to disprove the reverend author's bold assumptions. At last I burst into tears, and kneeling down, exclaimed, "O Lord I cannot unravel this web of iniquity: enable me to cut it in twain!" I was answered: for after a little more thought, a broad view of the whole scheme of man's salvation as revealed in the Holy Scriptures appeared to me the best antidote for this insidious poison. I read through the New Testament with increased enjoyment, and casting from me the wretched fabric of lies, with all its flimsy pretences, I resolved, instead of attempting to reply to what I saw to be falsehood, to set forth a plain statement of what I knew to be truth. Indeed it is indescribable how disgusting the painted face, the gaudy trappings, and the arrogant assumptions of the Great Harlot appeared in my eyes, when thus contrasted with the sublime simplicity, purity, and modesty of the chaste Spouse of Christ.

I wrote ; and in reply got another and a smaller

book, containing the pretended reasons of a Protestant for embracing Popery. They were, of course, artfully put, and made a formidable exhibition of the peril of heresy. I thought I could not do better in return while writing my dissent, to enclose some small books of my own to the nun, inviting her comments thereon. This brought a letter which was probably written by stealth, though so cautiously worded as to be safe if intercepted. She said she did not wish to leave me under a wrong impression, and therefore told me that she was not permitted to read any of my letters, or the little books I had sent; as those who watched over her spiritual interests, and whom she was bound to obey, thought it wrong to unsettle her mind by reading anything contrary to the true faith which she held. Here was a pretty exposure of one-sided honesty! I thanked God for the further insight given me into the Mystery of Iniquity, and from that day devoted all my powers to the investigation of that against which I had become a staunch Protester.

In the midst of our proceedings, a nun had taken the veil at the convent. Every body, almost, to their shame be it spoken, was trying for tickets to the unhallowed show. My poor friend sent us two, informed me that two of the best front seats would be reserved for us, and accompanied her kind note with a programme of the ceremony, and a translation, or transcription, of the service, all in her own hand writing. I felt deeply the pain of hurting her, and perhaps for a moment the workings of a natural curiosity, but the hesitation was short. I sent back both books and tickets, with a grateful but decided refusal to be present.

In all Kilkenny I did not find a person who could go along with me in my objections; but it is a matter of great joy to me to this hour, that I kept myself wholly unpolluted by any participation in these idolatrous doings; and I do believe that a double blessing has attended my efforts against Popery in consequence of it.

Before I take you on a second and very different visit to Vicarsfield, I will anticipate a little, and tell you of a subsequent attack made on my faith from a quarter far unlike the former. The affair of the little deaf mute at the convent led me to turn my attention to some poor children similarly circumstanced in the streets of Kilkenny; and while prosecuting that work the Lord brought to me that dear dumb boy whom you well remember as the brightest, most lovely of Christian characters. He was then very little, and had a brother of sixteen, one of the most genuine Paddies I ever beheld. This lad was living very idly: a fine, sensible, shrewd fellow, who could read and write, and very soon made a great proficiency in the finger language by helping me to instruct Jack. No one above Pat's own rank had ever taken an interest in him; I did, a strong one, and as he was much with me, and of a character most intensely Irish, he became attached to me with a warmth of devotion rarely met with among any other people.

One day Pat made his appearance with an important look, his brogues stamping the carpet with unwonted energy, his fine bare throat stiffened into a sort of dignified hauteur, and his very keen hazel eyes sparkling under the bushy luxuriance of chestnut or

that clustered about his face and fell on his neck. The very beau ideal of a wild Irish youth was my friend Pat. Seating himself as usual, he began—and here I must observe that my chief knowledge of the phraseology and turn of thought so peculiar to the Irish peasant was derived from this source. Whenever Pat came ‘to discourse me’ I got rich lessons in the very brogue itself from the fidelity with which his spelling followed the pronunciation of his words.—‘I wouldn’t like,’ said he, ‘that you would go to hell.’

‘Nor I either, Pat.’

‘But you are out of the thrue church, and you won’t be saved, and I must convart ye.’

‘That is very kind of you, my good lad: if I am wrong you cannot do better than set me right.’

‘Sure and I will.’

‘But how?’

‘With this,’ said he, pulling out a small pamphlet nothing the cleaner for wear. ‘You must learn my catechism, and it’s you that will be the good Catholic.’

Delighted with the boy’s honest zeal, I asked him where I should begin; and he no less pleased at my docility, desired me to read it all, and then get it all by heart. I promised to do the first at any rate; and oh what a tissue of falsehood and blasphemy that “Butler’s Catechism” was! Next morning my teacher came early; ‘Well Pat, I have found out what makes you anxious about me: here it is said *that* none can be saved out of the true Church.’

‘That’s it, sure enough.’

‘But I do belong to the true Church, and I’ll show

you what it is'—so I pointed out to him two passages, and added, 'Now I do love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and therefore I am one of those to whom St. Paul wishes grace and peace; and do you think an apostle would send his blessing to any body who was not of the true Church?'

Pat shook his head: 'That's *your* catechism, not mine.'

'Very true: Dr. Butler wrote yours, and God wrote mine,' holding up the Bible; 'which is best?'

'That is not the real Bible,' persisted Pat, 'my priest has the true Bible.'

'Then ask him to lend you his.'

'I wouldn't get my ears pulled, would I?' said he smiling: 'but if he lent me his Bible he must lend me a cart to bring it home in, for its as big as this table. Yours is too little, and doesn't hold half the truth. That is why you are so ignorant.'

I soon proved, by shewing him Matthew Henry's Commentary, that the word of God would lie in a very small compass, the great bulk of the book being man's work. I also urged on him the absolute necessity of reading what God had given for our learning, and the danger of resting on man's assertion. Pat stood his ground most manfully, astonishing me by the adroitness with which he parried my attacks, while pursuing as he hoped, the good work of my conversion. For many a day was the controversy carried on; Butler *versus* the Bible, without any other effect than that of bringing Pat to read the sacred book for himself; but it opened to me the awful wiles of darkness by which the poor and ignorant are blinded, while

the more educated class such polished sophistry as Milner's is carefully prepared. I reaped the fruit, however, six years afterwards, when in a little English church Pat kneeled beside me and his brother, a thankful communicant, at the Lord's table.

Our next visit to Vicarsfield displayed a melancholy change indeed in that sweet spot. There were iron bars, and chains, and double bolts superadded to the hospital hall-door; the large window in the dining-room, from which we were wont to step out upon a rising lawn, was blocked up by an immense piece of wood, half a foot in thickness, fixed on the inside, to support which a solid beam pressing against it, was built into the floor of the room with mortar, resting just behind the chair where the lady of the house did the honours of the table; the servants being obliged to stride over it when waiting on her. Every panel of every shutter, above and below, had an alarm-bell attached, besides the strongest fastenings that could be contrived. All the plate, save that required for daily use, was taken to Lord Carrick's, who had made his noble mansion, Mount Juliet, a strong-hold, where were deposited the arms and valuables of his worst fortified neighbours. At sunset, every door was barricaded, every window closed, and no Romanist allowed, on any pretext, to enter the house. The only person of that persuasion attached to the establishment was the gardener, of whose personal fidelity they had no doubt; but his wife was a devotee, and they well knew that every tie of affection and gratitude must give way before the stern despotism of the merciless creed. Some dreadful

murders had lately been perpetrated very near; a barrack was burned, and several police-men butchered in a surprise. Dr. Hamilton had been openly and fiercely threatened: his Proctor was way-laid, and narrowly escaped assassination: and to realize more awfully what had otherwise been but matter of report, I was shown from the window of the drawing-room at noonday, a body of Rockites to the number of forty, well-mounted, formidably armed, with cross-belts and cartouche-boxes, leisurely walking their horses within less than a quarter of a mile from the house for the purpose of intimidation. It was close by the *bohreen*, or narrow lane where, a few years afterwards, the dreadful massacre of Carrickshock took place, which finally drove my persecuted friends from their home and country.

These were the days of Captain Rock's terrible rule, of which a record is left in the heart's-blood of many an Irishman. A vile book from the pen of Mr. Moore, under that title, helped forward the work among a rank who were well known to take the lead in this rebellious movement; for although the executioners of decrees pronounced by the invisible tribunal were found to be of a class peculiarly ignorant and lawless, it was not by such hands the main body was organized and its ramifications directed, nor by such hands that the various missives were penned. The work undertaken was to level that great constitutional breakwater which breasted the tumultuous waves as they raged without, affording a smooth haven of security within its boundaries; and the argument used was any thing but complimentary to the common ser

of those whom it addressed; being, in fact, that the external violence was wholly occasioned by the aforesaid breakwater, not by the natural constitution of the conflicting elements engaged in it;—level the barrier, the waves will subside, and flow evenly to the quiet shore. Wherefore, then, was the rampart-stone placed there? What induced the men of a preceding generation to present such a front to the stormy ocean? Winds and waves, it was again replied, were different in former days from what they now are: the idle prejudice is exploded, that invested nature's laws with unchangeableness, and billows are not now what they were three centuries ago. To urge home this powerful logic alike to the hopes and fears of man, if it failed to reach their understandings, was the object held in view by the entire confederacy of Rome, who had at heart the supremacy in Ireland of that system whereof Doyle was the Priest, O'Connell the Politician, and Moore the Poet and Historian. To the work of the two former, due praise on the one hand, due execration on the other, was accorded: to the latter not. The nobleman who boasted that he sang the last of the Stuarts out of three kingdoms with his "Lillibulero" song was forgotten: the demagogues who said to a fallen constitutional opponent, 'Do you direct the literature of a nation, and let me write their ballads,' was forgotten too: while the rhymers of the Propaganda guided the serpent of rebellion to its mark under the flowery covert of his loose poetry, gaining to himself a name as the laureate of voluptuousness, that should the better mask his object when launching forth in sober prose on the wild sea of politics. I read that

pernicious book amid the terrors, the desolations, and afflictions that it was purposely framed to help forward; and when closing the insidious page, I looked forward to the proceedings of a higher and a juster tribunal than that which awards so unequal a retribution to him who singly murders with a pike, and him who by wholesale murders with a pen: that dooms the poor, ignorant, untaught, deluded peasant to infamy, and a halter, while it recompenses the intellectual refined deluding Poet with fame and a pension.

LETTER VIII

THE WORKINGS OF POPERY.

ALTHOUGH, perhaps, too late to be instructive generation, it is painfully interesting to look back at the subtlety and skill that wove a snare for our diency-loving rulers. Man may meet man in his strength, moral or physical; but when Satan be on his infernal weapons wherewith to assail the dual or national allegiance of those who can preserve God, nothing but the shield of faith can him. That shield had been upheld during the our believing king: but now he was gone, and justly did the enemy calculate on the advantage afforded to him by a relaxed and powerless grasp. the symbolical Britannia of our coinage, we rest on the shield, more as a matter of display than of use, and so left the bosom bare to every shaft.

Our enemies know well, though we do not admit it, that the insuperable barrier to the destruction of Popery in these realms is the Establishment of Church, so long as its ministers hold the pure, high trines of uncompromising Protestantism, set forth all her creeds and formularies. As yet, it has not occurred to the invisible head of the antichristian confederacy to make good a lodgment within the

es ; or rather I ought to say he had not permission to do until the Church, represented in the legislature by her chief pastors, and out of it by a number of her officiating ministers, had acquiesced in the abominable act of national apostacy. The Church of Ireland was no less guilty in this matter than that of England : among her really spiritual clergy I do not think she numbered three Emancipators : and let it ever be remembered how the beloved archbishop — the last of Duam's archbishops — even to the fatal day of that surrender, lifted a solemn protesting voice among the Peers. At the time of which I now write, the increasing spirituality of the Irish clergy, bearing its natural fruit in increased love for the souls of men and zeal for Christ's cause, presented an alarming obstacle in the way of those who might fearlessly have advanced through a host of "dumb dogs," sleeping at their posts, as the predecessors of this generation too commonly did. Hitherto they had found only the name and form of a Protestant Church to oppose them ; now the living reality started up in the path, and they must remove it ere success could be hoped for. Hence the anti-tithe war, the first alarm of which was openly sounded in the parish, and the first sanguinary onset menaced against the house, wherein I was a guest. What a contemptuous, yet alas ! what a just estimate must the earthly leaders of this evil work have formed of the blind infatuation possessing the rulers of our political destinies ! Regarding them as ready-made fools, they proceeded accordingly to take advantage of their folly ; and for this we can only account by remembering that the whole movement was directed by one who has h

six thousand years' experience in such matters, and who knows when the kings of earth, from Adam downwards, cast off the bond of obedience to the King of kings, ruin to themselves and to all that appertains to them will surely follow. He saw that hallowed bond loosening, until a touch might sever it : then he, who believes and trembles, took a devilish advantage of those who believed not and were fearless.

Against the established Church a violent outcry was raised, a furious onslaught conducted, by those who avowedly aimed at revolutionizing every thing : *therefore* and *thereby* they whose object it was to avert such revolution were to be convinced that the outpost so fiercely attacked was a hindrance, not in the way of the assailants, but of the defenders of the citadel! Would any human intellect have grasped at such an enterprise unaided by Satan himself in the plentitude of his infernal sagacity? I think not. Yet it did succeed, so far as man was concerned. The means of defence extended to the clergy were wholly inadequate from the beginning of the fray; and as it advanced, those means were by all possible contrivances curtailed and withdrawn. Knocktopher was the known point of attack, and how was it guarded? A handful of policemen occupied a retired post nearly two miles distant; and when the hostile demonstrations became incessant, and much blood had been shed, a small detachment of military was stationed somewhat nearer. Kilkenny contained 24,000 most devoted Romanists with about 800 Protestants, many of them so only in name; the *spirit* manifested there was most turbulent, and many *daring* outrages were perpetrated; yet to garrison

this important town, and to protect the whole country round, from hosts of armed and disciplined rebels, that invaluable officer Colonel Lindsay had only his gallant Highland regiment, the 78th, on its peace establishment. Little note is now-a-days taken of such services as Colonel Lindsay rendered ; but the poor hunted Protestants of that country will not soon forget his wisdom, vigilance, and zeal on their behalf. He disposed his small force with admirable judgment, so far as it could possibly be made to extend ; and often did he take his departure from head-quarters, carelessly saying he was going to pass a day or two at Desart, at Mount-Juliet, or other neighbouring seats where he was ever a welcome visitant ; when few besides those who met him on his rounds suspected that the gallant soldier passed his nights in the saddle, scouring the perilous country, and keeping watch over those who were marked for destruction. I have no doubt on my mind that Colonel Lindsay was personally, in a very high degree, instrumental in checking the operation of those who, watchful for harm as he was for good, knew his proceedings and shrank from his detecting eye. I well remember that when Sir Dennis Packe was brought for interment to the cathedral of his native Kilkenny, we all supposed the regiment had nearly his full complement of Highlanders in barrack ; and Colonel Lindsay confessed to me he was dreadfully at a loss, being unable to turn out above eighty men for an occasion demanding the fullest display he could afford. It required no small measure of military finesse to make us feel that we were protected, and the enemy, that he was held in check, over so extensive a ground

while in reality the disposable force was wholly inadequate to do either.

But I must not yet leave Vicarsfield ; we lived, as I said, within a moving circle of enemies, who delighted to parade their formidable force ; and our only earthly means of defence lay in the public knowledge of our being wholly unarmed, and without valuables in the house. The latter, indeed, were rarely sought ; for it was a part of the system to prove to us that our lives not our possessions, were the things thirsted after. Of this I will presently give a striking instance that occurred in the house of another clerical friend.

The family party consisted of Dr. Hamilton, whose health was greatly affected by what he nevertheless endured with most uncomplaining meekness ; Mrs. Hamilton, struggling against her own strong feelings, and devoted to her husband and his guests ; the curate, a most estimable young man ; an aged field officer of cavalry, whose military fire seemed to rekindle under the influence of the passing scene ; a young lady, resident in the house with my mother and myself. A large establishment of domestics, male and female, and the thirteen girls of the school, with a superannuated serving man who had seen two generations pass away, and whose eccentricities chiefly hinged on the most ardent orangeism imaginable, completed the garrison. Only three of the men, besides " Old John," viz ; the coachman, butler, and footman, were quartered within doors, during the night, as being perfectly trustworthy ; and no weapons, so far as we knew, did our little fortress contain, while it echoed to the shots fired in all directions by the marauding Rockites, the loud tramp

of whose horses was likewise frequently audible through the stillness of night. One instance I will give of the alarms to which we were subject.

We were all seated in the spacious drawing-room, on the splendid organ of which Mrs. Hamilton had been performing some of the finest of Handel's sublime compositions, until summoned to preside at the tea-table. It was the middle of February, and what with the elevating music, the cheerful blaze of a good fire, and the conversation that always enlivened that pleasant hour, we were losing all recollection of our peculiar circumstances, when suddenly, the loud jingle of an alarm-bell sent a thrill to each heart not easily to be conceived by such as never dwelt in the midst of sanguinary foes. A momentary pause of dead silence marked the effect of that terrific note; the silence was unbroken, but immediately after, the old Colonel, starting up seized a large cane as though it had been a sword, and with energetic determination stamped on his countenance marched to the door. The curate passed after him; and Dr. Hamilton with one look of stifled anguish cast on us, then upturned to heaven, immediately followed. We sate like statues awe-struck and mute, nor do I think we should have attempted to move under anything that might have ensued; but to our infinite relief, one of the servants came up to express his regret that in bearing down the large tea-tray he had inadvertently jarred one of the bells on the staircase window-shutter. The incident, however, taught us to realize what before we had only imagined of our feelings under an actual attack, and drew us nearer to Him who alone is a sure refuge

in the day of calamity. We descended to the hall for family worship, where at a central point, Dr. Hilton was seated, with a little table before him, the family being ranged along one division of the side-secuting passages, the rest of the household in the hall. He read, expounded and prayed; and very touching was the silent good night *looked* between the two divisions of the establishment. The respectful obedience of the faithful domestics, the kind recognition of to whom a fellowship in peril and in patience encouraged them, spoke much to all our hearts. Slowly and solemnly the young girls filed off, conscious that the eyes of their friends were even then lying at the men and those who were sworn to show no mercy; and the devotion of that little flock, all devoted to destruction, gave to my heart as it never was moved under any other circumstances. Gladly would I undergo a repetition of the agony an aggravation of all that then oppressed us, to recover once more the hallowed feelings of that time, with no help but what was unseen, no hope but in the God of the martyrs, we trod on the very verge of martyrdom in the pathway trodden by them.

Martyrdom indeed it was likely to be; for at that time accounts reached us of several in our part of the island having escaped death by their expertness in dissimulating themselves, as it is called. This consisted in making the sign of the cross with such rapidity and precision in the established method, as practice could enable a person to use. This test was sometimes applied to distinguish any Romanist who might be in danger of suffering among Protestants, and none had accepted it from some of the latter as a test.

recantation. At breakfast, the next morning after our alarm, one of the party suggested sending for the gardener's wife to teach us the exact form of blessing ourselves after the Popish fashion, but I protested against it, as preparing a temptation that might overcome our constancy if called on to suffer for the truth. At first I was quite unsupported in the view; the rest saw nothing of recantation in making a sign to save our lives, which none of us scruple to make as a matter of indifference. I could not yield the point; and the discussion that followed was on a question of life and death, impending directly over us. Scripture was mutually appealed to: Dr. Hamilton referred me to 1 Cor. viii. and I told him that I was ready to let my argument stand or fall by that very chapter, as it proved the sin did not consist in the act itself, but in the effect produced on weak brethren or unbelievers; that my making this sign at the demand of ignorant men, who would regard it as a real surrender of my faith, was as virtual an apostacy as if I signed a deed of recantation in the presence of the conclave. He seemed much startled, said he would take that subject into his study with him; and at the end of two hours I received a little note, written in a trembling hand, telling me that since I had led him to an investigation which had terminated in a full persuasion of mine being the right view of scripture on this point, he hoped I would pray to the Lord to strengthen him and all of us that we might be found faithful unto death, resisting even the semblance of compromise. He added that he had *studied the matter on his knees, and was then writing on his knees too.* I was deeply affected on readi

this: It was an awful thought that I stood responsible, in a measure, for the life blood of my brethren; but the more I reflected the clearer was my view of the subject, and to this day it remains unchanged.

The next night one of the ladies was awakened by a loud and startling noise in the stables, which adjoined the house. An alarm was given to the servants, and one gallant young fellow, a footman, the Christian son of a truly Christianized convert from Popery, throwing on his great coat and taking a lantern, darted out of the house alone, closing the door after him, which he could not have re-entered if attacked. The probability was that the horses were being abstracted for the service of Captain Rock, if nothing worse was going on; but it proved to be no more than the vicious gambols of a mule that had slipped the halter, and was invading the stalls of its quieter companions. You may suppose all this was trying enough, when accompanied by the echo of those shots that the midnight legislators systematically fired from all quarters to intimate their numbers and activity; yet if I were to declare at what period of my life I felt most calmly and happily resting on the arm of the Lord, I must say it was when laying my head on the nightly pillow that I expected would be steeped ere morning in my heart's blood. I could at any hour have returned to the comparative security of the populous town where I had a comfortable home, but the wish to avoid sharing the perils of those who had freely shared with me the sweets of their more prosperous hours, did not arise in my mind. One thing perplexed me greatly: in proportion as the native Irish became more terrible, as sanguinary big

thirsting for our lives, so did my love for them increase. My Irish predilections had hitherto been merely confined to the higher classes; now they embraced every grade in society, and above all the miserable victims of Popish delusion excited my tenderest concern.

This was partly owing, no doubt, to a deeper insight into the infernal net that inclosed their ends. The more I learned of Popery, the greater was my abhorrence of that gigantic Lie, and the yearnings of compassion over its unhappy slaves. Another cause may be found in my nearer acquaintance with the character of the people over whom I grieved. I lodged in the house of a rigid Romanist, who, with her family, partook in all the superstitions and prejudices of that system; yet sure I am that my own nearest connections and oldest friends did not love me better, nor would have gone further to prove it, than that humble family. I very well knew that they must do the bidding of their spiritual despots, be it what it might, so far as God permitted; but their warmth of affection, their solicitude for our comfort, and feeling participation of all that touched us, whether of joy or sorrow, won my heart; and what they were I plainly saw to be the general character of their country people.

Thus viewing the Irish as they really are, the most loving and loveable race under the sun, the most strongly inclined to devotedness, sincerity, and zeal in whatever they believe to be truth, and shining most brightly as lights of the world, where what they have embraced is indeed the truth; how could my spirit fail to be stirred within me most earnestly on the

behalf, when I saw from day to day, with my
the dreadful havoc of their bodies and souls
the antichristian enemy who have ensnared
Taught from the cradle to regard as the
their present and eternal destiny, the men
merchandize of them—assured that they
forgive their sins, or bind them irrevocably
souls; could crown their dwelling with a
blast both it and them with a withering curse
open to them the gates of heaven, or plunge
the flames of hell; could transform by a
little unintelligible muttering a cake, perhaps
own making, into the God who made them
them, if he chose, into jackasses and
wooden stools; could send them clean and
the world by daubing them with a spoonful
by withholding it dismiss them to their
a load of mortal sin; could release the soul
wife, child, from a fiery purgatory by his
keep them there as long as he listed, (and
not know that to the fond survivor of a
ject *this* is the most adamant chain of
finally, that to conceal from the aforesaid
thought of the heart, to resist his will in
lar, or to deny him the full measure of
from man to God, is mortal sin;—taught to
this, from the earliest dawn of reason, the
victim cannot deliver himself, nor say “Is
lie in my right hand?” Then, on the
omnipotent priesthood what have we? not
for the spread of the gospel and the good
flocks, but an associated band sworn to

object to the exclusion of all others, and that one the aggrandizement of their order, the supremacy of their Church, the extermination of true Christians, and universal extension of the temporal no less than the ecclesiastical empire of Rome over the whole earth. To the attainment of this end every means must be used: the mind of the disciple being wholly fettered, his hand must be directed to deeds of blood against others, or his heart be pierced to pour forth its own, just as the interests of the great Satanic synagogue may at that moment require. This reads harshly; but it is a poor, weak, imperfect outline of what I have seen and grieved over from day to day, from year to year. I have conversed with these people while they were living in the most abject prostration of body, mind, and spirit, before the merciless idol of their mistaken homage: I have seen the deluded soul passing into an unchangeable state of existence, under that awful malediction "Cursed be he that trusteth in man; that maketh flesh his arm, and departeth from the living God." I have communed with those who by divine grace were delivered from the snare, and received their united testimony alike as to its power and its iniquity; and I have watched their dying beds, and almost always found them spending their last breath in thanksgivings for that mighty deliverance out of the chains of double darkness. I have traced the progress and effects of true religion in the minds of those emancipated children of God, and have marked how mighty for good is the natural, national character which under this dreadful perversion has become so mighty for evil: and to crown all, I have been forced

to recognise the sin of most cruel neglect and wrong on the part of my own country, in thus giving over the Irish race to the domination of present and eternal ruin. Principle and feeling alike plead the cause of poor Ireland: the plea reached my heart at the very time when, as I was told, I was specially marked for destruction among the anticipated victims of 1825, as being more than nominally a Protestant; and the atrocities that have marked the rapid development of plans first brought into operation at the time I have been speaking of only added strength to my convictions; heightening my estimate of those who serve with such steadiness of purpose the work which they, like Saul of Tarsus, ignorantly and in unbelief, consider most acceptable to God; and who, if brought into the way of righteousness, would be found, like Paul, labouring more abundantly in it than any of their brethren.

I cannot describe to you how this growing love for Ireland and the Irish ministered to my happiness. It became one of its chief elements, and the literary labour that I pursued for my own sustenance was perfect luxury, so long as my humble productions were made available for the spiritual good of the people so dear to me. My little books and tracts became popular; because, after some struggle against a plan so numbling to literary pride, I was able to adopt the suggestion of a wise Christian brother, and form a style of such homely simplicity that if, on reading a manuscript to a child of five years old, I found there *was* a single sentence or word above his comprehension, *it was* instantly corrected to suit that lowly standard.

This is an attainment much to be coveted by those who write, preach or expound for general edification : no rational objection can be urged against it : vanity alone can enter a protest. Though our lettered readers or hearers may not find matter to gratify their taste or pamper the pride of intellect, still they cannot fail to understand what is suited to the capacities of their children and servants ; whereas he who makes himself perhaps both intelligible and agreeable to the former, is to the latter a barbarian, speaking in an unknown tongue ; and what account will he give unto his Master of the souls that through his self-conceit or neglectfulness of their peculiar deficiencies remain unfed ? How often has my heart been pained under the eloquent teaching of most gifted ministers, because I knew that many around me were wholly unable to attach a definite meaning to what he said, through the intervention of (to them) hard words and obscure phraseology. Thanks be to God, the translators of our blessed Bible were not of this school.

I had left Vicarsfield with feelings of increased affection for its inmates, and anxious solicitude as to their continued safety. In times of extreme peril, how much easier it appears to trust God with ourselves than with those whom we love ! Personally, I was more than resigned ; like a soldier entering a field of battle, I seemed nerved for the combat with a strength of purpose peculiar to the occasion ; but looking on those who marched beside me, and scanning *their* dangers, fancying *their* sufferings, my courage would falter. This is Paul's meaning, when in reference to a "*juncture*" of peculiar trials just at hand, he seems to dis-

courage the formation of ties which God has, under ordinary circumstances, ordained and blessed. It is not every woman who, like the wives of some of our blessed martyrs, can sit down to make for the beloved partner of her heart and life the garment in which he is to endure a terrible martyrdom: and then with a train of helpless little ones at her heels, meekly present it at the gate of his prison. There must indeed be a full measure of grace conferred on both parties to enable each in the calmness of resigned faith, to look on the sufferings of the other. Such grace may the Lord abundantly dispense to His people, now that a season of terrible trial is surely at hand!

Before closing this letter, I will relate an incident already alluded to, in proof of the assertion, that except on one single point, there was little to dread from the agents of that wily system which aimed at higher objects than mere plunder, or isolated acts of violence. It occurred in a house of a most intimate friend of ours, and I had it from the lady herself who was exposed to that short but terrible alarm. Mr. — had taken his whole family and household to the church of which he was Rector, on the Sunday morning, with the sole exception of his wife's sister and his youngest babe which she remained at home to take care of. Miss — was sitting in the parlour beside the cradle, reading her Bible, when a stir at the door induced her to look round, and to her dismay six or seven men appeared, the foremost of whom had opened the door and was in the act of entering. He seemed to belong to the class of humble farmers, homely, but respectable, and his manner bespoke great determination, softened

with something of the courtesy which an Irishman finds it difficult to lay aside in the presence of those who have not offended him. He advanced to the trembling lady, and asked if there were any fire-arms in the house? She replied, No: that her brother being a clergyman, did not keep any such weapons in his possession. To this the visiter again answered, that he must take the liberty of searching for them, and would trouble her to conduct him over the different parts of the house. Terrified, yet upheld by a firm faith, the lady rose, took the unconscious babe from its pillow, and wrapping her shawl round it, silently led the way through the adjoining apartments, the Rockites eagerly ransacking every corner for arms, but without success. 'Now, Ma'am, be pleased to take us up stairs,' said the leader, and up stairs she went, all following. On entering one of the rooms, she was requested to unlock the chest of drawers; and the chief seeing that she trembled greatly, said in a very decided tone, 'I will not have the lady frightened; back, all of ye except you,' addressing two near him, 'and, Ma'am, don't be alarmed—nobody wishes to hurt or distress you.' The other men retreated, and Miss —— opened every drawer in that and the other rooms, all of which, with the closets, were minutely inspected by the three searchers, who turned over articles of plate, money, and other valuables, without manifesting the slightest desire to appropriate one of them. Their search was rewarded, I think, with no more than an old useless blunderbuss and rusty sword, with which they descended; and when again in the parlour the leader took off his hat, told Miss —— he

was sorry to have alarmed her ; he hoped he had made good his words that no harm was intended to her, and wishing her good morning, with a very polite bow, retreated. She told me that after the first panic she scarcely felt discomposed, so much confidence did this man's manner inspire her with. Assuredly the Lord himself kept that house, while his dear servant was faithfully ministering to a little attached congregation on the mountain's side, and " stayed the rough wind in the day of his east wind " to the kind nurse and the helpless charge ; but there is also something very striking in this conquest of poor and lawless men alike over the cravings of avarice and those of vindictive hatred, with which they are sedulously taught to regard every professor of true Protestantism. They greatly err who attribute to personal hostility the outrages committed in Ireland : they are the deliberate execution of sentences formally passed by a secret Directory, on individuals far removed from the possibility of having excited such animosity in the bosoms of their unknown assassins, who are usually selected from districts the most remote, in order to avoid recognition, and to invest the work of murder with the air of a legal punishment in the eyes of those who commit it.

One more incident occurring within my immediate neighbourhood, I will relate. The victim was not only himself a Romanist, but brother to the person who assumed the title of Roman bishop in that diocese. *This* Mr. Marum was a large farmer, possessing considerable property in land, near Kilkenny ; and feeling more regard for his worldly possessions than interest

in the cause of his religion, he discouraged the Rockite proceedings. Some great outrages having occurred, he represented to government the disturbed state of the Barony, and induced them to send down a body of Peelers, as the Police were termed. This he knew to be an unpardonable offence, and therefore never went abroad unarmed, taking care to have it known that he did not.

One day he was riding with his son-in-law, at noon, and seeing some persons on the road before them he turned round, saying 'I have forgotten my pistols; let us go back for them.' The young man replied, it is not worth while; the distance was so short, and nobody near but a few women. This, with the appearance of the parties, attired in blue cloaks, and caps over which the hood was carelessly thrown, satisfied Marum; they proceeded at an easy pace, and had nearly passed the stragglers at the road-side when a sudden rush was made upon them by the men thus disguised for the purpose, and in a minute or two poor Marum lay on the ground, a murdered corpse. The son-in-law was knocked over senseless by a blow on the head from a stone, into a ditch, where he remained till succour came up. Of course, he was not sentenced or they never would have left the work unfinished. A very great sensation was excited by this: his family connection rendered Marum's murder a startling event to all parties; nor did it end here: he had another brother, a parish priest, who was believed to have aided him in preserving the public peace, and who strove anxiously to discover the murderers. After the inquest a grand wake was held, at which this priest attended

and during his absence some unknown persons got into his small house, demolished all the furniture they could, turned every sod of grass in his field upside down, and carried off his corn. Here was sacrilege with a vengeance! and some simple people argued from it that religion had nothing to do with the political movement. True, in one sense, for Popery is not a religion—it is only a crafty piece of masked atheism, pursuing secular objects with a sanctified face; but Popery no more hesitates in cutting off a priest, or making away with a pope who may fail in working out its arbitrary principles, than it shrinks from dethroning a king, or burning a Christian.

LETTER IX.

THE DUMB BOY.

year 1824 was hailed throughout Ireland as confident hope and active preparation for the event that was to distinguish 1825—Protestant domination. Black Lent was ordered to be kept, *ra* masses celebrated, and especial prayers for destruction of heresy to be daily offered. These were remarkably answered, for Popery never received such a blow in Ireland as followed the appeal raised by the implicit faith placed by the poor Catholic people in their blood-thirsty prognostics, the good waxed bold, and resolved on making head against the encroachments of Christianity. Hitherto, injunction had been laid on their flocks to abstain from entering any place of public meeting, held by agents of the Bible and other religious societies: so that the victim seemed within their grasp they dared to make sport with their captive Samson, and forward themselves, at Carlow and elsewhere, to the Protestant clergymen, stationing a vast crowd of followers in the rooms, well provided with the principal weapon—the stem of a stout young oak or ash to the end of which, where the roots had been cut off, a quantity of molten lead was poured.

making the shillelagh more formidable in such hands than a sword would have been—much harder to parry, and impossible to break. In other places the priests keep aloof, but sent their flocks to try the effect of these weighty arguments upon the heads of their Protestant neighbours. I will repeat the account given me, long afterwards, by a young man who attributed in great measure his subsequent conversion to one of these crusades.

‘On the Sunday before, Father —— spoke to us all from the altar, and said, “Boys, them Bible-men will hold a meeting here on Wednesday. You won’t be going there to make a disturbance? you’ll stay at home like peaceable people, and let them have things their own way. I’ve heard it reported that some of you intend to go and have a scrimmage, but, in course, you have no such thing in your heads.” He spoke in such a sly way, that we all understood it, and laughed; however, if any spies were there, or if any mischief came of it, the entire of us could testify that Father —— had publicly warned his flock against taking part in it. Afterwards he spoke privately to about a dozen resolute Boys, I being one, and told us to take our sticks and be there in good time. “Break their heads if you can,” says he, “but any way drive them out of the town.”

‘Sure enough we went; and I had as good a slip of blackthorn under my coat as you’d desire to see. The gentlemen mustered strong: Lord —— in the chair looked as if he didn’t feel quite at home; for though he *had often seen our faces before*, it was not at Bible meetings. The Reverend Mr. Daly came forward; *we had been recommended to look after him particularly*

and so we would, but somehow he talked in such a way about Jesus Christ and the Bible, and God's love to sinners, that we disremembered every word of our instructions, and stood listening as if we had come there on purpose. By-and-by a bit of a spree *was* got up, but the Boys had little heart to it, and it was easily put down. One thing I know for myself; and that is, that if we had come to blows, not a hair of *their* heads should have been hurt, and I standing by.'

'And what did you do afterwards?'

'I went home and read the Bible.'

Such were the effects of Pastorini's prophecy. It inspired one party with a false confidence that brought them to face the other, to whom God gave a mouth and wisdom such as their adversaries could neither gainsay nor resist. It issued in many conversions, and it gave the people a taste for controversial discussions, than which nothing can be better suited to their keen intellects, ready wit, and pugnacious propensities. At this gap, so inconsiderately made in the curtain, a flood of light streamed in; and the attempt to close it again was abortive. Never does God's providential sovereignty appear so glorious as when he thus makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and the devices of Satan to accomplish His own immutable designs.

In like manner, though on a smaller scale, the attack on my personal Protestantism was overruled to the gathering in of one precious soul to the true fold of Christ, and through him, I trust, very many more have been led to seek the same inestimable blessing. I turned my attention to the deaf and dumb children *whose* situation was deplorable indeed; I took four

out of the streets to instruct them, of whom one proved irreclaimably wild and vicious; two were removed by a priest's order, lest I should infect them with heresy; the fourth was to me a crown of rejoicing, and will be so yet more at 'that day.'

I confess myself very little under the influence of human teachers; my being thrown exclusively on the Bible for a scheme of doctrine not only furnished me with a satisfactory one, but showed me so much of the inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ, and of the Holy Spirit's all-sufficiency to take of those things and show them unto the humble, diligent, prayerful inquirer, that in most cases of difficulty, instead of asking, 'What say the commentators?' or 'What says Mr. so and so?' I put the question, "What says the LORD?" For an answer, I search his written word; and for a commentary upon it I study his visible works. Now, the doctrine of personal election I know to be in the Bible, and I did not need man's confirmation to assure me that I had found it there; but it was delightful to witness such an illustration of that sublime truth as the case of the dumb boy in question afforded. He was the least promising of my little school, apparently the dullest, and certainly not the one on whom I bestowed the most pains; and who, after holding out strong encouragement, by his extraordinary quickness, brilliant talents, and devoted fondness to his instructor, merely served to introduce to me the poor little fellow whom he scarcely regarded as a companion, then forsook his post, cast off all rule, and, I fear, went on frowardly in the way of his own

heart. It was not of him that willed, nor of him that ran, but of God who showed mercy.

John, or Jack as we always called him, was a puny little fellow, of heavy aspect, and wholly destitute of the life and animation that generally characterize that class, who are obliged to use looks and gestures as a substitute for words. He seemed for a long while unable to comprehend my object in placing before him a dissected alphabet, and forming the letters into words, significant of dog, man, hat, and other short monosyllables; and when I guided his little hard hand to trace corresponding characters on the slate it was indeed a work of time and patience to make him draw a single stroke correctly. His unmeaning grin of good-natured acquiescence in whatever I bade him do was more provoking than downright rebellion could have been; and I secretly agreed with my friends that the attempt would prove a complete failure, while impelled, I hardly could tell how, to persevere with redoubled efforts. Jack's uncouth bristly hair fell in a straight mass over one of the finest foreheads ever seen, and concealed it. I happened one day to put aside this mass, for the benefit of his sight, and was so struck with the nobly expansive brow, that I exclaimed to a friend then in the act of dissuading me from the work, 'No, with such a forehead as this, I can never despair of success.' I was then anything but a phrenologist, for I erroneously looked upon it as leading to materialism; but experience had long taught me to regard that lofty feature of man's countenance as the just index of his intellectual capabilities.

It was by a sudden burst that the boy's mind broke

its prison and looked around on every object as though never before beheld. All seemed to appear in so new a light to him; curiosity, in which he had been strangely deficient, became an eagerly active principle, and nothing that was portable did he fail to bring to me, with an inquiring shake of the head, and the word 'what?' spelled by the fingers. It was no easy matter, before we had mastered a dozen common substantives and no other parts of speech, to satisfy his inquisitiveness, which I always endeavoured to do, because it is wrong to repress that indication of dawning reason in a child, and Jack at eleven years old was in the predicament of a mere infant. More especially was I puzzled when his 'what?' was accompanied by a motion pointing first at the dog, then to himself, to learn wherein consisted the difference between two creatures, both of whom, as he intimated, could eat, drink, sleep, and walk about, could be merry or angry, sick or well; neither of whom could talk; and yet that there was a very great difference he felt. The noble nature of man was struggling to assert its preëminence over the irrational brute which he, nevertheless, loved and feared too; for Barrow was a splendid dog, and used to assist me very cleverly in keeping my little wild Irish crew in order. Oh what a magnificent wreck is man! I do love to watch the rapid approach of that glorious time when, the six thousand years of his degradation beneath the reign of Satan being fulfilled, he shall rise again in renovated majesty above the usurper's power, and resume his high station among the *brightest* works of God.

I do not remember exactly how long after his first

coming to me it was that Jack began to inquire so diligently about God. He seemed full of grave, but restless thought, and then approaching me, pointed towards the sun, and by a movement of the hands, as if kneading something, asked me whether I made it? I shook my head. Did my mother?—No. Did Mr. Roe, or Mr. Shaw (the two Protestant clergymen) or the priest? He had a sign to express each of these.—No. Then, ‘What?—what?’ with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience. I pointed upwards with a look of reverential solemnity, and spelled the word ‘God.’ He seemed struck, and asked no more at that time, but next day he overwhelmed me with whats, and seemed determined to know more about it. I told him as well as I could, that He of whom I spoke was great, powerful and kind; and that he was always looking at us. He smiled, informed me he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it, but the moon he thought was like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the table. As for the stars, they were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck into the sky with the end of the thumb. Having thus settled his system of astronomy, he looked very happy, and patted his chest with evident self-applause.

I was amused, but of course not satisfied; my charge was necessarily an Atheist, and what I had told him was a very bare sort of Deism indeed. To communicate more, however, seemed utterly impossible, until we should have accomplished considerable things in the way of education. We had not above a dozen of the commonest words—all names of things—to which he

could attach a meaning ; and our signs were all of his own contriving, which I had to catch, and follow as I might. So said Reason, but Reason is a fool. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live." "For my ways are not your ways, neither are your thoughts my thoughts, saith the Lord." It pleased him to enlighten the mind of the boy ; and instead of that work being dependent on human wisdom, all that human wisdom could do was to creep after it at a modest distance.

Next day, Jack came to me in great wrath, intimating that my tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual mode of accusation where a lie had been told. So I looked innocent and said, 'What?' He reminded me of yesterday's conversation, telling me that he had looked every where for God : he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church-yard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle, walked past the barrack-yard ; and got up in the night to look out at the window. All in vain ; he could not find God. *He saw nobody big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars into the sky.* I was 'bad,' my tongue must be pulled out ; for there was 'God, no.' And he repeated, 'God—no!' so often that it went to my heart.

I considered, prayerfully. My view of the scriptures told me that without divine help none could really seek after God ; and also that when He vouchsafed to give the desire, he would surely increase knowledge. *Here was a poor afflicted boy getting out of his bed to look by night for one whom he had vainly sought all*

the day: here was Satan at work to strengthen unbelief: I was commanded to resist the Devil, and surely there must be some way of resisting him. I sat silent, on the opposite side of the fire, and a plan having struck me, I looked at Jack, shrugged my shoulders, and seemed convicted of a deception. He shook his head at me, frowned, and appeared very much offended at my delinquency. Presently I seized a small pair of bellows, and after puffing at the fire for a while, suddenly directed a rough blast at his little red hand, which hung very near it. He snatched it back, scowled at me, and when again I repeated the operation, expressed great displeasure, shivering, and letting me know he did not like it.

I renewed the puff, saying, 'What?' and looking most unconscious of having done anything; he blew hard, and repeated that it made his hands cold; that I was very bad, and he was very angry. I puffed in all directions, looked very eagerly at the pipe of the bellows, peering on every side, and then, explaining, that I could see nothing, imitated his manner, saying, 'Wind—no!' shaking my head at him, and telling him his tongue must come out, mimicking his looks of rebuke and offended virtue. He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, 'God like wind! God like wind!' He had no word for 'like;' it was signified by holding the two fore fingers out, side by side, as a symbol or perfect resemblance.

Here was a step, a glorious step, out of absolute

atheism into a perfect recognition of the invisible God. An idea, to call it nothing more, new, grand, and absorbing, took possession of his mind. I numbered seven years of incessant care over him from that day; and I will fearlessly assert that in his head and in his heart God reigned unrivalled. Even before he knew Him as God in Christ, the Creator and Preserver were enthroned in his bosom; and every event of the day, every object that met his view, gave rise to some touchingly simple question or remark concerning God. He made me observe that when trying to look at the sun he was forced to shut his eyes, adding, 'God like sun.' An analogy not very traceable, though strictly just; for the glory that dazzled his mind was not visible. He was perpetually engaged in some process of abstract reasoning on every subject, and amazed me by explaining its results; but how he carried it on without the intervention of words, was and is a puzzle to me.

Previously he had been rather teasing to the dog, and other inferior creatures, and had a great desire to fish; but now he became most exquisitely tender towards every living thing, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, 'God made.' At first he excepted the worms from this privilege, remarking that they came up through holes from beneath the earth, while God was above over the sky; therefore they were not made by him: but I set him right, and he agreed that they might be rolled up in the world, *like meat in a pudding*, and bite their way out. *Thenceforth* wo to the angler whom Jack detected *looking for live bait!*

When my first pupil from being irregular in his attendance fell off more and more, until he wholly discontinued coming, and the others were withdrawn for fear of heretical infection, I became more anxious lest this dear boy might also leave me before he had received the knowledge of Jesus Christ. I had, at his earnest entreaty, taken him into the house altogether, his home being some distance; but I knew not how long he might be permitted to stay. The ravages of a dreadful fever among the poor increased my solicitude to see my devout little Deist a Christian. I have, in a small memoir of this 'Happy Mute,' related the manner of his receiving the gospel, but I must not pass it over here. To the glory of God's rich grace it shall be recorded, as one of the most signal mercies ever vouchsafed to me. As before, the boy was led to open the way, and in the faith of the Lord's willingness to reveal himself to an inquiring soul I followed it up.

Jack had noticed the number of funerals passing; he had occasionally seen dead bodies placed in their coffins, and one evening he alluded to it, asking me by significant gestures if they would ever open their eyes again. Considering that he had often been present at the interment of the dead, and had also witnessed the decay of animals cast out to perish, it struck me as a singular question, plainly indicating that the consciousness of immortality is natural to man, and unbelief in a future state foreign to his untaught feelings. On the present occasion, my heart being lifted up in prayer for divine assistance on this very point, I caught at the encouragement, and instantly proceeded.

to improve the opportunity. I sketched on paper a crowd of persons, old and young; near them a pit with flames issuing from it, and told him all those people, among whom were we, had been 'bad' and God would throw us into the fire. When his alarm was greatly excited, I introduced into the picture another individual, who I told him was God's Son, that he came out of heaven, he had not been bad, and was not to go in the pit; but that he allowed himself to be killed; and when he died, God shut up the pit; so the people were spared. This seemed to myself too strange, vague, meagre, to convey any definite idea to the boy's mind; but how effectual does the Lord make our poorest efforts when HE wills to work! After a few moments deep thought, Jack astonished me by an objection that proved he saw the grand doctrine of a substitute for sinners, which I was so hopeless of bringing before him. He told me the rescued people were many; he who died was one, and his earnest 'What?' with the eloquent look that now peculiarly belonged to his once stupid countenance showed his anxiety for a solution of this difficulty.

With unutterable joy in my heart, but great composure of manner, I rose, and taking from a vase a bunch of dead flowers, inadvertently left there, I cut them into small bits, laid them in a heap on the table, and beside them my gold ring: then pointing to each, with the words 'many—one,' I asked which he would rather have? He struck his hand suddenly to his forehead, then clapped both hands, gave a jump as he sat, and with the most rapturous expression of countenance intimated that the one piece of gold was better

than the room full of dead flowers. With great rapidity he applied the symbol, pointing to the picture, to the ring, to himself, to me, and finally to heaven. In the last position he stood up, and paused for some time, and what a picture he would have made! A smile perfectly angelic beaming on his face, his eyes sparkling and dancing with delight, until with a rush of tears, that quite suffused them, he gazed at me, then again raised them to the ceiling, his look softened into an expression of deep awe, and unbounded love, while he gently spelled on his fingers 'good ONE, good ONE!' and ended by asking me his name.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
To a Believer's ear!'

Jack was not to hear that name with his bodily ears until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God should call him from sleeping in the dust of the earth; but he received it into his mind, and the gospel, the glorious everlasting gospel, into his soul, and the Holy Spirit into his heart, without the intervention of that sense. In that hour it was given unto him to believe, and from that hour all things were his—the world, life, death, and a bright immortality. Never but once before had I laid my head on the pillow with such an overwhelming sense of perfect happiness. The Lord had indeed shown me his glory, by causing his goodness to pass before me.

Henceforth I had a Christian brother in my little dumb charge: his love to Jesus Christ was fervent and full; his thoughts about him most beautiful. By *degrees*, I gave him some knowledge of our Lord's

mortal birth, his infancy, work, death, resurrection, and ascension; together with the future advent; which I then believed to be a coming to final judgment at the end of the world; and often was I puzzled by discerning that Jack had an impression on his mind of a coming to make his people happy here. At a time when I had never even heard of a personal reign, and he, to my certain knowledge, had no human teaching whatever, except from me, at that time I am positively certain that his views were those which now I hold; and I cannot account for it without looking higher than man.

Very great indeed was Jack's emotion when he discovered that the Saviour in whom he was rejoicing was the object represented by the image he had been taught to bow down before. He resented it deeply: I was quite alarmed at the sudden and violent turn his feelings took against Popery. Awake as I was to its abominations, I yet temporized sadly in this matter; I had no faith to trust the Lord with his own, and dreading lest any interference with the forms of their idolatrous worship should cause his friends to take him from me, as Pat must have known it immediately, I refrained from approaching the subject, and allowed the poor little fellow to bow down with the rest in a mass-house. If I ever was tempted to believe, which I never am, that God leaves any of his own children in the communion of antichrist, Jack's case would effectually rebuke me; he spurned the whole system from him, in spite of me, as soon as the light of the *gospel* fell upon its deformities.

Returning from the chapel, one day, soon after this,

he came up to me under great excitement: he took up a clothes-brush, set it on one end, and with a ludicrous grimace bowed down before it, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer, and chattering after his fashion; then asking the brush if it could hear him, waiting in an attitude of attention for its reply, and finally knocking it over, and kicking it round the room, saying, 'Bad god, bad god!' I guessed pretty well what it was all about; but as he concluded by snapping his fingers exultingly, and seating himself without further remark, I spoke on other subjects. My feelings were far from enviable.

Next morning, Jack was very animated, and came to me with an evident budget of new thoughts. He told me something very small came out of the ground, pointing in opposite directions; it grew; and then two more points appeared. I found he was describing the growth of a plant, and expecting some question, was all attention; but Jack was come to teach, not to learn. He soon showed that his tree had reached a great height and size; then he made as if shouldering a hatchet, advanced to the tree, and cut it down. Next came a great deal of sawing, chopping, planing, and shaping, until he made me understand he had cut out a crucifix, which he laid by, and proceeded to make a stool, a box, and other small articles; after which he gathered up the chips, flung them on the fire, and seemed to be cheering himself in the blaze. I actually trembled at the proceeding; for where had he, who could not form or understand half a sentence, where *had he learned the Holy Spirit's testimony as recorded in Isaiah?*

The sequel was what I anticipated : he feigned to set up the imaginary crucifix, and preparing to pray before it, checked himself, saying ' No ; ' then with animated seriousness reverted to the springing up of the little seedling, saying, ' God made ; ' and as it grew, he described the fashioning of the trunk, and branches, and leaves, most gracefully, still saying, ' God made ; ' he seemed to dip a pencil in colour, to paint the leaves, repeating, ' God made beautiful ! ' Then that God made his hands too, and he came to the conclusion that the tree which God made, cut out by his hands which God made, could not be God who made them. Then he got very angry, and not satisfied with an insubstantial object for his holy indignation to vent itself upon, he ran for the clothes-brush, and gave it a worse cuffing and kicking than before ; ending with a solemn inquiry, whether I worshipped crosses, &c., when I went to church ?

How guilty I felt ! and still I trembled to give the encouragement I longed to bestow. However I distinctly intimated my detestation of idolatry, and confirmed his strong repudiation of it. He told me he would not go any more to chapel, but I told him, as well as I could, the almost certain consequences, and he then remembered that other boys had told him those who ate meat on Fridays would go to Hell ; and that the same people were to be killed, for this was in 1824, and Pastorini was universally quoted. He became greatly distressed as the next Sabbath approached, but contrary to all my expectations returned from mass in excellent spirits. Pat told me laughing, that Jack was become so musical he insisted on going to sit by the

organ, that he might feel the vibration, and when alone with me Jack joyfully told me that he had run up the stairs from the outer door to the organ loft, and so escaped even the necessity of bowing down to the cross. This plan he persisted in from that day. Some years afterwards I asked his brother if he had any suspicion at the time of the boy's object in so doing: he answered, None at all; and that if he had he would have forced him into the body of the mass-house, and compelled him to prostrate himself.

May the Lord grant that what I have thus narrated may be made the means of conveying a lesson to every reader! It was one of the great commendations of the church at Ephesus that they hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which Christ also hates: and let us daub over our sinful indifference as we may, with the false varnish of liberality, charity, and so forth, it will be an awful item against our souls if we do not hate, actively hate, the deeds of antichristian Rome; and prove it by exposing the vile snare that we may deliver those whom it holds captive. We have frittered away God's truth, and well nigh trampled out his line of demarcation, between a holy worship and the polluted sacrifice of an idol temple, while speculating on the fair front of Jansenism as opposed to Jesuitism: we have turned from the fires of Smithfield to contemplate the well-told tales of Port-Royal, and thrust our Bradfords, our Latimers, yea and our Luthers, from the shelf to set up Fenelon and à Kempis. To their own Master they stood or fell; Fenelon's appointed work was the *conversion of Protestants to Popery*; he used all the *influence of his very superior mind and amiable character*

to draw the persecuted Huguenots into communion with Rome. It was his glory that he succeeded so far, and no doubt he did it conscientiously ; but so long as I read in my Bible that Satan transforms himself *into an angel of light* to seduce Christ's servants from their allegiance to Him, I will not tamper with my faith by sitting down to ascertain how much of Christianity I can discover in certain individuals actively promoting a system against which the God of heaven has pronounced an irrevocable, a withering, and a final curse.

A dreadful instance occurring in our immediate neighbourhood about this period, manifested more alarmingly than ever the perilous excitement of the poor people's minds on whom the wicked predictions already noticed had taken effect. Not more than a quarter of a mile from the barracks of Kilkenny lived a family of unoffending, respectable Protestants, named Marr. One Sunday afternoon, long before sunset, while they were sitting round the tea-table with unfastened doors, a party of Rockites rushed into the house, loudly demanding arms. The father and his eldest son ran up stairs, probably intending to make some defence ; but it was too late, so they brought down what weapons they had, and delivered them up. The intruders turned to go ; but first opened the parlour door, where the rest of the family remained panic struck, and perfectly quiet ; and one of them taking a deliberate aim at the second son, a peculiarly harmless character, because he was of weak intellect, with the *manners* of a little child, shot him. The bullet entered just above his elbow ; and as he fell the mur

derous aggressor made off, laughing, with his companions.

The young man was brought into Kilkenny, and most assiduously attended by the medical gentlemen, while the clergymen of our parish and his brethren in the ministry were constantly engaged in prayer beside him, or in soothing the anguish of his mother and sisters. The ball could not be extracted, neither could the bleeding by any means be stanchèd; but, drop by drop, in lingering agony, the vital current escaped from the youth's veins, and he was several days dying. Outside the window of the house assembled a number of women from the lowest class of the Romish population, and there they sate, responding with a yell of triumph to every groan the poor sufferer uttered, praying that he might have smart enough before he went; and shouting, 'You'll be in hell presently, you Protestant locust, and then you'll cry louder;' with similar exclamations, and most awful curses on the whole race. Why were they not removed? you will ask; but who was to remove them? Were 24,000 people to be roused into open violence, with a couple of Highland companies in garrison, and a small force of Police, and 800 terrified Protestants, fully aware that at the first intimation of an outburst, fifty or a hundred thousand armed foes would pour in from the surrounding country? No: the outcries of a few wretched women were not to produce that effect, though probably it was calculated upon; and the innocent victim died amid their shouts. I remember one of the clergymen came to me requesting a glass of wine, and bursting into a passion of tears as he recounted what he had

heard while praying in the midst of that agonized family, as the spirit of the murdered youth departed with a long deep groan, that extorted a scream of joy from the eager listeners without. I can fancy you here pausing to ask if I could love such a savage crew: not those individuals, certainly, as then engaged; but I looked beyond the hateful fruit to the execrable root that bore it, and felt how terrible was our own responsibility, in that we had not laid the axe to it while yet the opportunity was given, by preaching Popery out of Ireland by the same means that banished it from England and Scotland. There was nothing in this demonstration inconsistent with the usual workings of that ferocious persecutor all over the world. The records of Piedmont bear a testimony to which all lands in all ages send forth a corroborative voice, that where Popery has gained the ascendant the demons of cruelty rage uncontrolled, so long as a whisper or a look dissentient from its dogmas may be detected; nay, we well know that infancy, and, as in the case just cited, imbecility of mind, where neither assent nor dissent can be traced, comes under the murderous ban. That human beings can always be found to execute these frightful behests is a lamentable, a humiliating fact; but when once given over to a reprobate mind, of what is not man capable?

While these things were going on, many of the principal sufferers from them consoled themselves under the persuasion that what they were enduring would turn to the good of the Protestant cause, by convincing the government how utterly vain was any hope of transforming Popery into a peaceable neighbor by any

further concessions. Every one knew that the 'emancipation' so loudly called for could work no other change in the hostile party than as it must afford them an important step in advance to final ascendancy. What could such concession do in neutralizing the effect of Pastorini's prophecies? Would the 'locusts' cease to be so by bestowing a tardy boon on the Romanists, wrung from them at the pike's point? It seemed impossible that any statesman should fall under such infatuation, and we are glad to see the mask so entirely thrown off, though our own proximity to the unveiled abomination rendered it trying to us. Most assuredly the Protestants of Ireland were not consenting to that deed; some dwelling in secure cities, and wholly careless whether truth or falsehood ruled the realm, joined the cry of liberalism; and others in exposed situations forebore to utter their sentiments at all, well knowing that every word spoken in the hearing of their Romish domestics would speedily find its way to the confessional; but in general there was a firm, undisguised opposition to the surrender of the national faith; and sure I am that the Protestants of Ireland never acquiesced in having their dangers made the plea for throwing down the bulwarks of the constitution.

Early in the summer of 1824 I received a summons to return to England. It was most unwelcome, for my heart was knit to Ireland, and to share the lot of her devoted people was its earnest desire. At home I had many old friends; but what were they to the beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, who had been *my fellow-helpers* for the last four years in the work

of the Lord? All ties were weak to that, save one the tie that bound me to my beloved brother. Him I had not seen for nine years; he had continued on the staff of the Portuguese army until the establishment of the Cortes, who dismissed all British officers; and then settled in the interior of that country, cultivating some of the land which he had gallantly fought to rescue. It was a subject of continual sorrow to me that he was residing in the heart of an exclusively Popish country, far from every means of grace; not even a place of worship within many leagues, and wholly shut out from Christian intercourse. I knew that he had been equally dark with myself on the subject of religion; and truly can I say, that from the very hour of my being enabled to see the truth as it is in Jesus, my life had been a constant prayer for him, that God would make him a partaker in the like precious faith. There was now a prospect of his returning, and this, added to the summons I have mentioned, made my way plain. The state of Jack's mind, too, on the subject of Popery, helped to reconcile me, since I had made up my mind to take him with me if his parents would agree to it. There was no difficulty in bringing them to do so; they gave a willing, a grateful consent. His mother's words, while tears rolled down her cheeks, were, 'Take him: he is more your child than ours. His father remarked, 'Why shouldn't we let him go with you, seeing he would grieve to death if you left him behind?' When I began to state that I could not promise he would not openly embrace my religion, they *interrupted* me, repeating that he was my child more *than theirs*. and could never come to any harm under

my care. Coward as I was, I did not use the opportunity then given to set before them their own danger, and commend the pure faith that I knew their child held. I had occasionally talked in a general way, and once very strongly, when the mother told me of the dreadful penances she had done, walking on her bare knees over a road strewed with pebbles, glass, and quick lime, to make her sufferings greater, in order to obtain from God and the saints the restoration of the boy's hearing and speech. She was then pleading the power and holiness of her clergy, and their superiority to all the rest of the world. I looked from the window, and said, 'See, there goes your bishop; now do you think this bright sun warms him more than it does any Protestant walking beside him?' 'Troth, and I am sure it does,' answered she. 'What, do you think he has any particular advantage over other men in things that are common to all?' 'That he has, being a holy bishop.' 'Well, now, if I call him up, and we all put our fingers together between these bars, do you think the fire would burn him less than us?' She hesitated; her husband burst into a laugh, and archly said, 'I'll engage his reverence would'nt try that same.'

I was now to bid adieu to my pleasant haunts, chief among which was the lordly castle of Kilkenny, where I had passed so very many delightful hours. Its noble owners were abroad, but by their favour I had a key to the private door beside the river, and full access to every part of the castle and its beautiful grounds. It was there I used to muse on days of Ireland's bygone greatness, though not then well read in her peculiar history, and gradually I had become as Irish as any of her

own children. How could it be otherwise? I was not naturally cold-hearted, though circumstances had, indeed, greatly frozen the current of my warm affections, and I had learned to look with comparative indifference on whatever crossed my changeful path; but no one with a latent spark of kindly feeling can long repress it among the Irish. There is an ardour of character, an earnestness in their good will, a habit of assimilating themselves to the tastes and habits of those whom they desire to please,—and that desire is very general,—that wins on the affections of those who possess any, a grateful regard, and leaving on the scenes that have witnessed such intercourse, a sunshine peculiar to themselves. Reserve of manner cannot long exist in Irish society. I have met with some among the people of the land, who were cold and forbidding, insensible and unkind, but these were exceptions establishing the rule by the very disagreeable contrast in which they stood out from all around them; and I never found these persons in the humbler classes, where the unmixed Irish prevails. Hospitality is indeed the pole-star of Ireland; go where you will, it is always visible; but it shines the brightest in the poor man's cabin, because the potato that he so frankly, so heartily, so gracefully presses upon your acceptance is selected from a scanty heap, barely sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger in himself and his half-clad little ones. In this, as in all other particulars, a change for the worse has come over the people of late; priestly authority has interposed to check the outgoings of kindness, from a warm-hearted people to those who are indeed their friends, and a painful, reluctant

restraint is laid upon them ; but the evil had not become evident at the time of my sojourn there, and I can only speak of them as the most respectful, most courteous and hospitable peasantry in the world. At the same time they were in many respects the most degraded. Nothing could equal the depth of their abasement before an insolent priesthood, except the unblushing effrontery with which the latter lorded it over them. For any infraction of their arbitrary rules, the most cruel and humiliating penances were imposed. I knew an instance of a young woman, a Romanist, who engaged in the service of a Protestant family, and went out with them to America. While there, she was led to join in family worship, but without any intention of forsaking her own creed ; neither had they attempted to draw her out of the net. On her return to Kilkenny she went to confession, and among other things divulged the fact of having heard the Bible read, and prayed in company with heretics. This was an enormity too great for the priest to deal with alone ; so he ordered the girl off, fasting, to her original confessor, who then officiated in a chapel seven good Irish miles distant. On hearing the case, he ordered her to go thrice round the chapel on her bare knees, and then to set off, still fasting, and walk back to Kilkenny, there to undergo such additional penance as his reverend brother should see good to impose. The poor creature scarcely reached the town alive, through fatigue, exhaustion, and terror ; she was ill for some time, and on her recovery subjected to farther discipline. These particulars I had from one of her own friends and a bigoted papist to boot, who

told it in order to convince me the girl had committed a very great sin. I once asked a young man how he got on at confession,—whether he told all his sins. He replied, ‘Sometimes I disremember a few, and if the priest suspects it, he pulls my hair, and boxes my ears, to help my memory.’ ‘And how do you feel when you have got absolution?’ ‘I feel all right; and I go out and begin again.’ ‘And how do you know that God has really pardoned you?’ ‘He doesn’t pardon me directly; only the priest does. He (the priest) confesses my sins to the bishop, and the bishop confesses them to the pope, and the pope sees the Virgin Mary every Saturday night, and tells her to speak to God about it.’ ‘And you really believe this monstrous story?’ ‘Why shouldn’t I? But it is no affair of mine, for, once I have confessed, all my sins are laid upon the priest, and he must do the best he can to get rid of them. I am safe.’ Of such materials is the net composed that holds these people in bondage; and who can marvel that such prostration of mind before a fellow mortal should lead to an abject slavery of the whole man, body, conscience, and understanding? We see the effects, and abhor them; but we do not go to the root of the matter. The priest himself is equally enslaved; his oath binds him to an implicit blind reception of tenets which he is not permitted to investigate, and which make him the pliant tool of a higher department of this detestable machinery. He receives his cue from the bishops, and they are wholly governed by the Propaganda at Rome, whither each of them is bound periodically *to appear* for personal examination and fresh instruc-

18. The Propaganda is, of course, the *primum* *hile* of the system, set a-going by Satan himself. Hence the mischief that is perpetrated by the unhappy beings who form the operative section of this *ining* concern; the handicraft men of blood. It is a awful spectacle, and one that we cannot long avert eyes from contemplating with the deep interest that personal peril excites. All is preparing for a *st* of persecution against the people of the Lord, ...happy is he who shall be found armed with *athing*!

LETTER X

ENGLAND.

WE started for Dublin with sorrowing hearts, for it was likely to be a long, if not a last farewell to friends who were endeared as well by a participation in danger as in feeling. Those who have daily been expecting to die together in a holy cause, cannot lightly part. One of the last things that I learned before leaving the place was communicated to me by an intimate friend and near neighbour, a very sweet Christian character. She had lived on terms of intimacy with a Romish family in the town, and a few days previous to my departure the mother of this family called on Miss —, with tears entreating her to embrace Popery ; for that the next year would witness the utter extermination of Protestants, and it would be out of her power, or that of any other person, to save any life, however dear to them. She urged it with most affectionate importunity, and was evidently much distressed at her failure. Whether the better informed class of the Romanists believed in Pastorini's predictions or not, they saw them universally received among the bulk of the people, and of course knew that they would take care to verify what they believed. It was by a wonderful interposition that the Protestants of Ireland

ved, though an unmarked one; for, with a pop-
 of six to one, roused to the highest pitch of re-
 fanaticism, prepared by extra masses, fasts, and
 , and confiding in the assurances of an infalli-
 reh that so it must be; where, too, they had
 hing to gain and little or nothing to lose, it is
 ous that such a restraint was laid on their san-
 purposes. The priestly fancy of entering
 cussion with their opponents wrought power-
 ainst their own cause: and the notorious Doyle,
 l the way in every species of agitation and mis-
 ad sanctioned the riotous meeting at Carlow,
 he ablest, wiliest, and boldest of Romish bishops,
 writings were firebrands, and who in a public
 aulogized a farmer in his diocese for taking the
 the tongs and burying it in a hole in his gar-
 hat Dr. Doyle afterwards died a Protestant;
 ld all the devices of his brethren long conceal

had never before been beyond the environs of
 ve town, and I expected to see him much as-
 d by the splendid buildings of Dublin. He re-
 them, however, with indifference, because as he
 ey were not 'God-mades,' while the scenery
 which we had travelled, particularly the no-
 ts on Colonel Bruen's fine demesne, and the
 of deer reclining beneath their broad shadow,
 him to enthusiasm. It was wonderful to trace
 uisite perception of beauty as developed in that
 o had never even been in a furnished room
 came to me. His taste was refined, and his
 icate beyond belief: I never saw such sensi

tive modesty as he manifested to the last day of his life. Rudeness of any kind was hateful to him; he not only yielded respect to all, but required it towards himself, and really commanded it by his striking propriety of manner. He was, as a dear friend once remarked, a 'God-made' gentleman, untainted with the slightest approach to any thing like affectation or coxcombry; indeed he ridiculed the latter with much comic effect; and the words 'Dandy Jack' would put him out of conceit with any article of apparel that drew forth the remark. He would answer the taunt with a face of grave rebuke, saying, 'Bad Mam, bold Mam; Jack Dandy, no: Jack poor boy.' He had not, indeed, arrived at so copious a vocabulary when we left his home; but he was rapidly acquiring new words.

It was beautiful to see him at prayer. He had never kneeled down with us at Kilkenny; for any Romanist who had detected him in doing so must have informed, and the priest would have commanded his removal. In Dublin he volunteered to join us, and as he kneeled with clasped hands, looking up towards heaven, the expression of his countenance was most lovely. A smile of childlike confidence and reverential love played over his features, now becoming most eloquent; his bristly hair had begun to assume a silky appearance, and was combed aside from a magnificent brow while a fine colour perpetually mantled his cheeks, and changed with every emotion; his dark hazel eyes, *large*, and very bright, always speaking some thought *that* occupied his mind. He was rather more than *twelve years* old. In profile he much resembled Kirke

White when older; but the strongest likeness I ever saw of him is an original portrait of Edward VI., by Holbein, in my possession. It was taken after consumption had set its seal on the countenance of that blessed young king, as it did on that of my dear dumb boy.

One adventure he had in Duolin that afforded him much enjoyment. I went into an extensive toy-shop to make some purchase, and Jack, enchanted with the wonders around him, strolled to the father end, and into a little adjoining recess, well filled with toys. A great uproar in that direction made us all run to inquire the cause, and there was Jack, mounted on a first rate rocking-horse, tearing away full gallop, and absolutely roaring out in the maddest paroxysm of delight, his hat fallen off, his arm raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, and the surrounding valuables in imminent peril of a general crash. The mistress of the shop was so convulsed with laughter that she could render no assistance, and it was with some difficulty I checked his triumphant career, and dismounted him. He gave me afterwards a diverting account of his cautious approach to the 'good horse;' how he ascertained it was 'bite no; kick no;' and gradually got resolution to mount it. He wanted to know how far he rode, and also if he was a God-made? I told him it was wood, but I doubt whether he believed me. Thenceforth Dublin was associated in his mind with nothing else; even at nineteen years of age he would say, if he met with the name, 'Good Dublin, good horse; small Jack love good Dublin horse.' The shipping pleased him greatly

and many of his beautiful drawings were representations of sailing vessels.

I had now been in Ireland five years and three months; and with what different feelings did I prepare to leave its green shores from those with which I first pressed them! Unfounded prejudice was succeeded by an attachment founded on close acquaintance with those among whom I had dwelt, contempt by respect, and dislike by the warmest, most grateful affection. I had scorned her poverty, and hated her turbulence. The first I now knew to be no poverty of soil, of natural resources, of mind; talent, or energy, but the effect of a blight, permitted to rest alike, on the land and people, through the selfishness of an unjust, crooked policy, that made their welfare of no account in its calculations, nor would stretch forth a hand to deliver them from the dark dominion of Popery. Their turbulence was the natural fruit of such poverty, and of their being wholly under the influence of a party necessarily hostile to the interests of a Protestant state, and bent on subverting its ascendancy. What Ireland was, I too plainly saw: what she might be I clearly understood; and the guilt of my country's responsibility lay heavy on my heart as I watched the outline of her receding coast.

Bristol was our destination; and for the ensuing year, Clifton became our abode. This period of my life was one of severe trial, which it is not necessary to particularize. Incipient derangement, which afterwards became developed, in a quarter where, if I did *not find comfort and protection*, I might expect their *opposites*, occasioned me much alarm and distress

while my brother's protracted absence increased the trial. Much secluded, I pursued my literary avocations, and watched the progress of Jack's growth in knowledge and in grace.

Clifton is certainly one of the most beautiful spots in England; the river winding its graceful way beneath St. Vincent's picturesque rocks on the one side, and on the other the noble plantations of Leigh rising, as it were, out of the water, and overhanging it with grove and garden, is enchanting; while the constant succession of vessels of every variety of size and character, passing to and fro, fills the mind with a picture of commercial greatness, the more striking from its locality. The number of steamers was then small; the ungraceful chimney, with a long pennon of black smoke, had not superseded the tapering mast and swelling sails, nor given a hurrying rapidity to the slow, gliding movement so peculiar to a ship in smooth water. Every one of these sea-kettles ought to be inscribed with the motto, 'Death to the picturesque.' They now send their dark vapours curling up St. Vincent's cliffs, and by continually agitating the waters, destroy the transparency of that elegant river. But believing, as I do, that these "swift messengers" have a special commission, in the divine purpose, to bring from all parts of the world that acceptable present unto the Lord of Hosts,—his own peeled and scattered Israel,—to the holy mountain of Jerusalem, I am reconciled to the temporary sacrifice of effect, as I should indeed be to the sacrifice of all earthly good, in the prospect of that blessed event. Every steamer launched, every rail laid down in the highways, is a

step towards the accomplishment of those glorious things that are promised to crown the tribulations of these latter days; and while Satan will doubtless avail himself for evil, cruelty, and devastation, they shall ultimately fulfil all the Lord's pleasure, when he says to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built," and to Zion, 'Thy fountains shall be laid.'

My sojourn at Clifton brought me into personal acquaintance with that venerable servant of God, Hannah More. We had for some time corresponded, and she had afforded me great encouragement in my humble labours, taking an especial interest in my attempts to instruct the deaf and dumb children. I had now the pleasure of shewing her the progress made with Jack, who delighted her greatly, and who, to the last day of his mortal existence, most fondly cherished the memory of that sweet old lady. She was indeed, one of the excellent of the earth, permitted long to beautify the church which she had so mainly helped to strengthen and advance, and to be an honour to the land where she had nobly stood forth to repel the assaults of revolutionizing impiety. I often wonder that so little stress is laid upon this branch of Mrs. More's extensive labours. We hear much of her schools, her charities, her letters, her devotional and educational publications, and all of these deserve the full celebrity that they have attained. But England should especially bear in mind her effective championship of the good cause, by means most admirably adapted to its furtherance among the most dangerous, and *generally speaking the most unapproachable class—a class who congregated in ale-houses to hear the inflam*

anatory harangues of seditious traitors, while as yet Bibles were scarce, religious tracts not in existence, and district visiting unthought of. In a lady of refined taste, and rare accomplishments in the higher style of writing, to volunteer in a work so new, and to furnish the press with a series of plain truths, dressed in a most homely phrase, rendered attractive by lively narrative, and even drollery, and the whole brought down to the level of coarse, uninformed minds, while circulated in a form to come within the narrow means of the lowest mechanics—this was an enterprise worthy especial note, even had not God openly blessed it to the turning of that formidable tide. When I looked upon the placid but animated countenance of the aged saint, as she sat in her bow-window looking out upon the fair fields, the still inviolate shores of her beloved country, I thought more of her ‘cheap repository tracts’ than of all her other works combined. There lay the Bristol Channel, that noble inlet to our isle, by which the commerce of the world was even then finding its peaceful way to the great mart of Bristol; and there sat the aged lady, so long the presiding spirit of the place, with one hand, as it were, gathering the lambs of the flock into green pastures among the distant hills, that formed a beautiful feature in the landscape; with the other vigorously repulsing the wolf from the field. If I could have discovered, which I could not, a single trait of consciousness that she was a distinguished being, exalted into eminence by public acclaim, I must have conceived her to be dwelling upon *this branch of her many privileges, that she had been a Deborah where many a Barak shrunk from the pos*

of honour and skulked behind a woman. She took that lively interest in the public secular affairs of her country that Jeremiah and Ezekiel did of old, and on the same plain ground; that where the state professes to be modelled, and the executive to act, on principles of God's instilling, with a view that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us, nothing done by the state can be indifferent to the church, or unworthy the anxious, watchful regard of Christians. To be called a carnal politician by those whose minds, at least on religious subjects, could contain but one idea, was certainly a light affliction to balance against the joyous consciousness of having materially aided in preserving those cavillers' homes from the hand of the spoiler, and their Bibles from that of the Atheist.

When I saw Hannah More, she was really at ease in her possessions; and none who loved her less than the Lord himself did, would have laid a sorrow upon her gray hairs. Man would have decreed, that such a full-ripe shock of corn should be brought into the garner without further ruffling or shaking. She had suffered exceedingly from rheumatism and other ailments, and yet more from the tongue of calumny, and the hand of ingratitude. She was an illustration of that striking couplet,

' Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And, like the shadow, proves the substance true.'

She had, however, triumphed over all, by meekly committing her cause to Him who judgeth righteously; and now she seemed to be placed beyond the reach

of further molestation, and about to end her useful life in peace. But she had another lesson to give to the people of God, another fire in which to glorify him and not long after I saw her reclining in that lovely retreat that had grown up about her, a perfect bower from slips and seeds of her own planting, as she delighted to tell us, she was actually driven out of her little paradise, compelled to leave the shadow of her nursing trees, and to cast a tearful farewell look on the smiling flowers, and to turn away from the bright sea and the waving line of her Cheddar hills, to find a lodging in the neighbouring town; and all through treachery, domestic treachery, against her whose whole life had been a course of unsparing beneficence towards others! Hannah More, perhaps, needed to be again reminded, that she must do all her works "as to the Lord," looking to him alone for acceptance of them; or if she needed it not, others did; and often since she entered into her Saviour's presence, "to go no more out," has the scene of the last trial to which her generous, confiding, affectionate spirit was subjected, been blessed to the consolation of others. God's children find that it is good for themselves that they should be afflicted; but they do not always remember how good it is for the church, that they should be so. They look within, and seeing so much there daily, "justly deserving God's wrath and condemnation," they lie still in his hand, willing and thankful to have the dross purged out, and all the tin taken away. Their fellows look on, and not seeing the desperate wickedness of *their hearts*, but fondly believing them to be as near

perfection as human frailty will permit, they argue, 'If such a saint as —— be thus chastened and corrected, what must a sinner like me expect?' So they learn watchfulness and fear in the day of prosperity; and when adversity comes they are enabled more lovingly to kiss the rod. Oh, if we could see but a little of the Lord's dealings, in all their bearings, how should we praise him for his goodness, and the wonders that he doeth unto the children of men! What profit, what pleasure has He in afflicting us! Surely it is, so to speak, more trouble to correct than to leave us alone; and he would not twine the small cords into a scourge, unless to cleanse and sanctify his temple.

I have said that my brother's return home was delayed. A hurt received in shooting, with its consequences, detained him in Lisbon nearly a year; but his family came over, and I had a new delicious employment, a solace under many sorrows, an unfailing source of interest and delight, in teaching his eldest surviving boy the accomplishments of walking and talking. I almost expected Jack to be jealous of such a rival, but I wronged him: nothing could exceed his fondness for 'Baby boy,' or the zeal of his Irish devotion to the little gentleman. Knowing that in the event of my removal Jack must earn his bread by some laborious or servile occupation, I had kept him humble. He ate in the same room with us, because I never suffered him to associate with servants, but at a side-table; and he was expected to do every little household work that befitted his age and strength. A kind shake of the hand, morning and evening, was his

peculiar privilege ; and the omission a punishment too severe to be inflicted except on occasions of most flagrant delinquency, such as rebelling against orders, or expressing any angry emotion, to which he was constitutionally liable, by yells and howls, that almost frightened the Hotwells from their propriety. He had, of course, no idea of the strength of his own lungs, nor the effect produced by giving them full play in a fit of passion ; but the commotion into which it threw the whole house seemed to flatter his vanity, and he became a vocalist on very trifling occasions. This neither agreed with our dear invalid landlady, nor was a fitting example for 'Baby boy,' who speedily tried his own little treble in admiring imitation of Jack's deafening bass ; and recourse was at last had to the aid of a young friend, who bestowed a few gentle raps on his head with the bent end of a hooked cane, and then locked him up in a dark kitchen for half an hour, saying to me rather regretfully, 'I suppose my popularity is at an end now. Poor fellow ! I shall be sorry to lose his affection.' But this was so far from being the case, that to his closing scene Jack retained a grateful remembrance of the proceeding. He used to say, 'Good Mr. W. ; good little stick beat Jack's head ; made bad Jack good. Jack love good Mr. W.' At the very time, as soon as he saw his kind corrector, after the business, he very gracefully and cordially thanked him, kissing his hand, with a bow, and saying, 'Jack no more cry ;' and as he really was hardly touched, and full well knew we had not the heart to be severe, it was a proof of that openness to rebuke which is a lovely mark of true Christianity.

Montgomery beautifully says,

'Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air.'

And so it eminently was with the dumb boy. Under every form of condition and circumstance, in health and sickness, in joy, in grief, in danger, in perplexity—over his food, his studies, his work, his amusements, he was ever turning a look of peculiar sweetness on me, with the words, 'Jack pray.' He always smiled when so engaged, and a look of inexpressible eagerness, mingled with satisfaction, and the triumph of one who feels he has taken a secure stand, told me when he was praying, without any change of position, or looking up. There was always a mixture of anxiety in his aspect when he tried to make himself understood by his fellow-creatures; this gave place to something the reverse of anxiety when he was 'talking to God,' as he sometimes expressed it. He oftener looked down than up; and very often did I see his eye fixed upon the 'Baby boy,' when, as his looks bespoke, and as he afterwards told me, he was 'tell God' about him, and that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ yet. Many a prayer of that grateful dumb boy even now descends in blessings on the head of my brother's 'Baby,' and long may the hallowed stream continue to flow down, until they rejoice together before the throne of the Lamb.

One of Jack's lovely thoughts was this: he told me *that* when little children began to walk, Jesus Christ *held* them by the hand to teach them; and that if they *fell* he put his hand between their heads and the ground

to prevent their being hurt. Then, as if he saw this proceeding, he would look up, and with the fondest expression say, '*Good Jesus Christ! Jack very much loves Jesus Christ.*' I hope you are not tired of Jack; I have much to tell about him. God made me the humble means of plucking this precious brand from the burning; and I owe it to the Lord to show what a tenfold blessing I reaped in it. Jack was not the only one of whom He has, in the dispensations of his providence, said to me, "Nurse this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." I have found Him a noble Paymaster!

And now I come to a period of my life that I have scarcely courage to go over. Many, and sharp, and bitter were the trials left unrecorded here; and shame be to the hand that shall ever DARE to lift up the veil that tender charity would cast over what was God's doing, let the instruments be what and who they might. It is enough to say, that even now I know there was not one superfluous stroke of the rod, nor one drop of bitter that could have been spared from the wholesome cup. Besides, he dealt most mercifully with me; those two rich blessings, health and cheerfulness were never withdrawn. I had not a day's illness through years of tribulation; and though my spirits would now and then fail, it was but a momentary depression; light and buoyant, they soon danced on the crest of the wave that had for an instant engulfed them.

It is of joy I have to tell: safety, peace, prosperity under the restored sunshine that had made my early career so bright. Never did a sister more fondly love a brother; never was a brother more formed to be the de

light, the pride, the blessing of a sister. He was of most rare beauty from the cradle, increasing in loveliness as he grew up, and becoming the very model of a splendid man; very tall, large, commanding, with a face of perfect beauty, glowing, animated, mirthful,—a gait so essentially military, that it was once remarked by an officer, ‘If B —— were disguised as a washerwoman, any soldier would give him the salute.’ He had also served in the Peninsula with the highest possible credit, regarded by those in command as one of the best of officers in the service, and most ardently loved by the men under him. Many a bloody battle-field had he seen; but never did a wound reach him. On one occasion,—Albuera,—his gallant regiment went into action 800 strong, and on the following day only 96 men were able to draw rations. He became on the field a lieutenant, from being the youngest ensign; and alike in all circumstances he shone out as an honour to his profession. He had also been an especial favourite with John VI., of Portugal, and the high polish of a court was superadded to all the rest, without in the smallest degree changing the exceedingly playful, unaffected joyousness of the most sunshiny character I ever met with.

Ten years’ absence had produced the effect on my sisterly love that Burns describes:—

‘Time but th’ impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.’

I had also many personal reasons for looking forward to his return with peculiar anxiety; and its uncertainty increased the feeling. I had been spending a day with a sick friend, and ran home at night, to

he lodging occupied by my mother and myself, and here I found my brother. What a dream those ten years' trials appeared!

We remained but a short time in Clifton, and soon went our way towards the metropolis, where he expected, as is usual, to dance a long and wearisome attendance on the Horse Guards, for a regimental appointment. He had refused that of aid-de-camp to King John, with any military rank and title that he might desire; preferring a half-pay unattached command in the British to any thing that a foreign service could offer; but he was mistaken: his merits were well known to the Duke of York, and before he could well state to sir Herbert Taylor his wishes, that estimable man told him he had only to select out of two or three regiments lately returned from foreign service, and he would be gazetted on the following Tuesday. He chose the 75th, and was immediately appointed to it with leave to study for two years in the senior department of the Military College at Sandhurst, the better to qualify himself for a future staff situation.

A sweet cottage, standing isolated on the verge of Bagshot heath, sheltered by tall trees and opening on a beautiful lawn, with a distant but full view of the college, became our abode. A delightful room was selected for me, with an injunction to sit down and make the most of my time while he was in the halls of study, that I might be at leisure to walk, to ride, to garden, to farm, with him,—my brother, my restored brother, whose eye beamed protection, and whose smile diffused gladness, and whose society was what in our *happy childhood* it had ever been, just instead of all

the world to me. If one thing was wanting, and wanting it was, to knit us in a tie more enduring than any of this world's bonds could possibly be, that very sense of want furnished a stimulus to more importunate prayer on his behalf. Some of the good people who for lack of a relay of ideas borrow one of their neighbours and ride it to death, treated me to a leaf from the book of Job's comforters, when the calamity fell on me of that precious brother's death, by telling me I had made an idol of him. It was equally false as foolish. An idol is something that either usurps God's place, or withdraws our thoughts and devotions from him. The very reverse of this was my case. I had an additional motive for continually seeking the Lord, not only in prayer, for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit on behalf of one so dear, but also for grace to walk most circumspectly myself, lest I should cast any stumbling-block in his way, or give him occasion to suspect that my religious profession was a name, and not a reality. That was surely a profitable idol which kept me always prayerful before God, watchful over myself, diligent in the discharge of duties, and in continual thanksgiving for the mercies I had received! Do I repent loving my brother so well? I wish it had been possible to love him better. These warm affections of the heart are among the sweetest relics of a lost Eden, and I would sooner tear up the flowers that God has left to smile in our daily path through a sin-blighted wilderness,—far sooner,—than I would cease to cherish, to foster, to delight in the brighter, sweeter flowers of domestic love, carried to the full extent of all its endearing capabilities.

The Lord knoweth our frame ; he deals with us not according to what we are not, but according to what we are. He sets before us various duties, and to the end that we may the better fulfil them he gives us aids not contrary to, but accordant with our natural feelings. Men set up a standard, often a just and scriptural one, to which they sorrowfully confess that because of the weakness of their nature they cannot themselves attain ; but according to which they sternly judge their neighbours. A person has a path assigned to him, a steep ascent strewn with thorns and crowded with obstacles, before which he often pauses and waxes faint. God gives him a companion for his way, even as he sent forth the disciples two and two, and the pilgrim is cheered. He quickens his pace ; another besides himself will be benefitted by his progress, and if he fails another will suffer in his loss. So he goes on thankful, rejoicing, and endued with double energy for the toilsome achievement. But he sees a neighbour to whom the Lord has also granted help through human means, perhaps not exactly similar to that which he has received ; he sees his neighbour likewise openly rejoicing in the possession of such a staff ; and bringing him to the test of that perfect law which requires an entire devotedness to and dependence on the Lord, he raises a cry of ' mixed motives ; ' ' the arm of flesh,' ' idolatry,' and so forth. No doubt he is so far right, that perverse humanity will ever abuse God's gifts, and often make them occasions of sin ; but this outcry of the beam against the mote, which is so grievously prevalent in the religious world,

is very unseemly. Oh, how infinitely more tender is the Lord to us than we to one another !

Hitherto many impediments had been thrown in the way of my literary labours. Anxiety, apprehension, and the restlessness of feeling resulting from a continual change of abode, had broken the train of thought, and rendered my work very uncertain. Indeed, it would often have been wholly inadequate to my support, but for the watchful kindness of friends whom the Lord raised up to me, foremost among whom always stood the estimable Mr. Sandford, who never ceased to regard me with paternal affection and care. To be wholly independent was the first earthly wish of my heart ; and now a fair opportunity was given of testing my willingness to labour diligently. The result was so far satisfactory, and in the course of the two years and two months of my residence under my brother's roof, I wrote the Rockite, The System, Izram, Consistency, Perseverance, Allen M'Leod, Zadoc, and upwards of thirty little books and tracts, besides contributions to various periodicals. I was going on most prosperously when an attempt was suddenly made from another quarter to establish a claim to the profits of my pen. The demand was, probably, legal, according to the strict letter of existing statutes, though circumstances would have weighed strongly in my favour. But it greatly reduced the value of my copyrights, for the time being, and I found myself checked in my career at a juncture when it was especially my desire to go on steadily. This brought upon me two temptations, the force of which was greatly increased by the circumstances under which they found me.

LETTER XI

SANDHURST.

WHEN I first began to write, it was with a simple desire to instruct the poor in the blessed truths of the gospel. My own situation soon rendered it needful to turn the little talent I possessed to account. This I did, still keeping in view the grand object of promoting God's glory; and my attempts having been well received, I found a ready market for whatever I wrote, so that the name was considered a sufficient guarantee for the book. Now I could no longer safely use that name, and anonymous writing became the only feasible plan. A friend, who did not look upon the main subject in the light that I did, made, through my brother, a proposal that I should become a contributor to the most popular magazine of the day, supplying tales, &c., the purport of which was to be as moral as I pleased, but with no direct mention of religion. The terms offered were very high: the strict incognito to be preserved would secure me from any charge of inconsistency, and coming as it did when my regular source of income was suddenly closed, and when the idea of being burdensome to my generous brother with his increasing family was hardly supportable, it was thought I could not demur.

Nevertheless, I did; the Lord in his gracious providence had said to me, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," and I had for upwards of four years enjoyed that blessed privilege. It was now withdrawn, certainly not without his permission, and how did I know that it was not to try my faith? The idea of hiring myself out to another master—to engage in the service of that world the friendship of which is enmity with God—to cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before those whom by the pen I addressed—to refrain from setting forth Jesus Christ and Him crucified to a perishing world, and give the reins to an imagination ever prone to wander after folly and romance, but now subdued to a better rule—all this was so contrary to my views of Christian principle that, after much earnest prayer to God, I decided rather to work gratuitously in the good cause, trusting in Him who knew all my necessity, than to entangle myself with things on which I could not ask a blessing. The conflict was indeed severe; no one attempted to oppose my resolve; but as yet no one could at all understand its real ground; and it was a very trying position in which I stood, thus seemingly spurning an honourable means of independence and leaving myself destitute. But the trial was short: my first friends, the Christian 'Dublin Tract Society,' exercising that faith which has distinguished all their acts, determined to brave the consequences, and still publish my little books. This, though the profit was not then very good, I hailed as a gracious intimation of the Lord's purpose still to continue me in his service; and I was the more strengthened to meet the second trial, which, coming

at a time when the sum proffered would be doubly acceptable, and the refusal involving the loss of a very old and kind friend, was rather a sharp one ; more especially as the offence given would and did alienate him from others who had no share in the proceeding, and whose interests were far dearer to me than my own.

Many years before, that friend had published a novel : not a flimsy love-story, but of a class above the common run. I had, as a girl, been very fond of it, and often delighted the amiable author by expressing an admiration that was not general ; for the work had failed, and was unsold. Now, finding I had been myself successful with the pen, and full, even in old age, of natural love for his literary offspring, he had formed a plan, in which he never dreamed of encountering opposition. He wished me to re-write it, to cast the characters anew, enliven the style, add variety to the incidents, and in short, make a new work out of his materials. Still it was to be a novel ; and as it had been published in his name it was to be so now. My share in the work would never be known : and as he was abundantly wealthy, and equally generous, a *carte blanche* as to terms was before me.

On the former occasion I had paused, and thought much : on this I did not. The path was plain before me, but dreadfully painful to pursue. A hundred pounds just then would have been more to me than a thousand at another time ; and private feeling was most distressingly involved, both as regarded myself and others. It was in an agony of prayer, and after many bitter tears that I brought myself to do what, neverthe-

less, I had not a wish to leave undone. I wrote a faithful letter to the friend in question, most unequivocally stating the ground of my refusal—the responsibility under which I conceived we all lay before God for the application of talents committed by Him : the evils of novel-reading; and, as far as I could, I declared the whole gospel of Christ to one whom I had no reason to consider as taking any thought whatever for his soul. I heard no more from him to the day of his death, which took place ten years after. I had reason to believe that his intentions towards me were very liberal in the final distribution of his property; for he had known and loved me from my cradle, and he had no family: but my conscience bore a happy testimony in the matter; and I am fully persuaded that the whole was a snare of Satan to betray me into an acceptance of unhallowed gains, by catering to the worldly tastes of those who forget God. No doubt, the business would have been a profitable one, and the inducement to persevere made strong in proportion as I sacrificed principle to lucre. “All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” I should neither do justice to the Lord’s rich goodness nor to the honoured instrument of His bounty if I omitted to add, that, shortly after, my munificent friend Mr. Sandford sent me a gift that left me no loser by having done my duty.

While on the subject of my books, I will record an incident that occurred about the same time, and on which I always look with feelings of indescribable delight. I did not know it until, some years afterwards, the story was related to me by the principal actor in it

—the abettor of my heretical pravity. Little did I dream, when writing my humble penny books, that they would be advanced to the high honour of a place in the Papal Index Expurgatorius.

The lady in question took to the continent a sweet, only daughter: a lovely little girl of ten years old, the joy of her widowed bosom, who was fast sinking in decline. I was exceedingly fond of that child, who returned my affection from the depth of an Irish heart; and who, out of love for its author, selected one of my small penny books to translate into Italian during her last stage of suffering. She did not live to complete it; but with her dying breath requested her mother to do so, in the earnest hope of its being made useful to the ignorant people around them. Bessie was a lamb of the Lord's fold; and to lead other children into the same blessed shelter was her heart's desire. As soon as the bereaved mother could make any exertion, she betook herself to the task assigned by her departed darling, and found such satisfaction in it that she extended her labours, and translated several more. Being a lady of rank and affluence, she was enabled to carry it on to publication, and to ensure the circulation of the little books among many. One of them, 'The Simple Flower,' a sixpenny book, thus translated, fell into the hands of an Italian physician, a man of highly cultivated mind; nominally a Romanist; and like all thinking Romanists, in reality an infidel. The book contains not a word on controversy; not an allusion to Popery—it is plain gospel truth conveyed in a very simple narrative. God blessed it to this gentleman, and he became a Christian.

The circumstance excited much remark : curiosity led many to read that and others of the series, and a great number were circulated in the neighbouring districts. This was actually within the papal states, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Sienna, to whose knowledge came the astounding fact that pennyworths of heresy were circulated within the range of his pastoral charge : the matter was reported at head-quarters, taken up with due seriousness, and a Sunday appointed, on which, no doubt, I was quietly worshipping in the college chapel at Sandhurst, wholly unconscious that my name was then being proclaimed at a hundred Italian altars, with a denunciation against all who should read, circulate, or possess any book, tract, or treatise penned by me. One instance was particularized : a poor priest had himself given numbers of these translations to his flock ; and after mass he stood before them, deeply moved, telling them he had a painful duty to perform. That he had received from the highest authority a command to proclaim what he held in his hand, and which he proceeded to read to them—a copy of the fulmination above-mentioned. Having done so he folded the paper, and resumed, saying he had given and recommended the little books to them, because he had read them himself and found nothing but what was good in them : however, the church, which they were all bound to obey, judged otherwise ; ‘and now,’ he added, ‘you must bring them back to me, or burn them, or in some other way destroy them wholly : nevertheless I declare in the sight of God I found no evil in those dear little books, but the contrary—they are full of good.’ He burst into tears,

and many wept with him; and not a few of the proscribed productions were wrapped up and buried in the earth, or otherwise put away till the search should be over. Who knows but that very priest was led to the Bible and to Christ through such humble means? I would not exchange for the value of the ten kingdoms ten times trebled, the joy that I feel in this high honour put upon me—this rich blessing of being under the papal curse.

I have been long silent on the subject of public events: George the Third had passed into a blessed immortality just at the time when I first learned to understand and appreciate his Christian character; George the Fourth had visited Ireland, and in the ardently-expressed affection of a people who will always love where they are permitted so to do, had recognised their claim in his paternal regard, which recognition was used by the wily deceivers of the day to press as a national boon the wicked, cruel measure that would only confirm more strongly their subjection to a foreign power, and alienate the whole race from England. Napoleon had disappeared from the world of which he was the terrific scourge, and found an obscure tomb on the distant rock; while peace rested upon the nations, so long tossed in tumultuous rage. No sign appeared of hostile movement abroad, and all men were occupied in domestic politics, striving for and against the subversion of our ancient institutions. The party in power had shown a decided inclination to help forward the cause of Popery; and God, who has never failed to intimate his displeasure at such a leaning on the part of our government, shook the whole country with

a commercial panic that menaced general bankruptcy. Alexander of Russia was taken away in the prime of life: and with full purpose of heart to christianize his vast empire, and to gather in the outcasts of Israel. I always thought he was removed because his enlightened mind was too far in advance of the time, and he passed too rapidly forward in works not yet to be accomplished. His death affected me deeply, for I had become exceedingly watchful of the signs of the times, and impressed with the belief that the consummation of all things was not far distant. In fact, I was rapidly embracing those views called Millennarian, without being conscious of it; and the prophetic Scriptures became unceasingly my study. The Duke of York's death seemed to me the signal for overthrowing our national Protestantism, and while I mourned in him a royal patron who had taken a generous interest in my concerns, and in heartfelt sympathy wept with the old soldiers of the military establishment over one so justly endeared to them and to the whole army, my heart quaked at the silencing of that voice so nobly, so energetically, so solemnly raised in the Senate against a deed to which he then distinctly swore, before God and his country, that he would never be consenting. I visited St. George's chapel on the day of his interment: and when I saw his knightly effigies,—the helm and sword and banner,—taken down from over his stall and carried out of the chapel, a strange foreboding came over me, such as I had never known: but which, alas! has long been in course of fulfilment. I stood at the mouth of the vault where the relics of his royal father rested, and into which his own were to descend: it seemed to

me the open grave of all that my proudly English heart had cherished from infancy; and such was my emotion that I declined witnessing the interment, and stationed myself in the highest attic of a house where all were thronging to the lower windows for a sight of the solemn pageant that wound its torch-light way through the street. I saw it far beneath me, more like a procession of fairies than of full-sized men, and noble steeds: and I wept unrestrained, with feelings hard to define, until wholly exhausted, and actually ill from the effects of such excitement. Was there not a cause? The event has proved it. I cannot believe that the deed committed two years afterwards, in that very Windsor, the granting of the royal assent to the abominable Bill, would ever have been perpetrated while the Duke of York existed as next in succession to the throne.

This was January 1827: the following October witnessed the most eventful scene that has been enacted upon this globe for many centuries. Even at that time I felt it to be so; and now at the distance of thirteen years its effects are making themselves felt through every nerve and pulse of the body politic, not merely in Europe but gradually throughout the world. The battle of Navarino was the turning point of this dispensation. Most wonderful it was in all its particulars: nothing could be further from the wishes, the interests, the avowed policy of England than to cripple in any way the power of Turkey, that great and efficient barrier against the formidable Muscovite. *In fact, our fleet was rather intended to protect than to embarrass the Porte. Greece was strug-*

gling for freedom, and the Mahommedan despot was crushing her deeper into the dust beneath his merciless hand, so that it behooved the civilized powers of Christian Europe to interpose something in the form of protection over the oppressed victim; but Russia alone had an interest in harming Turkey, and Russia's allies were of all things most jealous of her growing greatness: yet unsent, unauthorized, and acting under an impulse that could not be accounted for, England and France went into action side by side with Russia, and at one blow broke forever the power of the Porte. It was most wonderful: it opened to my view a mighty page in the world's history, and led me, without communication with any mortal holding those views,—for I knew not one,—to look upon the sixth vial as in the very act of emptying its contents on the great river Euphrates, and so to inquire, with trembling anxiety, what would be the result of outpouring the seventh. I settled it in my mind to watch the East as one who looks for the sun's rising on a scene of bodily peril in darkness and in doubt. I plainly saw that Turkey must now lie helpless before the Russian; and I resolved if this blow was not followed up by sudden ruin, but by the continuance of a wasting, a 'drying up' process, I would proceed on my new assumption of prophetic meanings as established. Devoted to the Jewish cause, I always looked upon Turkey with abhorrence, and jealously anticipated her predicted subversion, that Israel might again possess *the good land*: and while shuddering over the scene of bloodshed that had occurred, and lamenting the *passage* of so many ruined souls into eternity, I could

not stifle a sensation of joy that a signal-gun had thus been fired for the ingathering of the scattered tribes. My brother observed this: he said, 'I do believe you are glad of this unfortunate battle: I promise you it is a very different victory from what you are used to exult in.' I did not deny this, but still, in spite of myself, I looked glad. 'Oh, you christian ladies are tender-hearted creatures, to delight in a scene of butchering and drowning, just because the poor wretches happen to be Turks!' I could not defend myself from the charge: that dear brother had not yet learned to view passing events in the light that Scripture throws upon them: and I remained under a sort of stigma that did not affect me much; especially as his utmost displeasure never went further than good-humoured raillery, levelled at the supposed inconsistency which his own awakening perception of divine truth rendered him doubly quick at detecting. I was driven to my Bible more closely than ever by this event; and the Bible which had taught me every thing else was now teaching me Millennarianism, while as yet the word was in my estimation one of reproach.

With what fondness does memory linger over those delightful days of sojourn under the sheltering roof of my brother, so soon to be for ever parted in this world! Another boy had been added to our happy little circle, and Jack's warm heart seemed to receive an accession of love that he might have it to bestow on the 'beautiful Baby small,' which claimed so much of his thoughts and prayers. Indeed his thoughts were *always* prayers, for God was in all. He made but *little progress in language*, having a great dislike to

learning beyond what was needful for communicating his thoughts to me, and as he was then obliged to be more with servants than I liked, I was not anxious to extend his facilities of communicating with them: nor did he at all desire their society. He had a little room of his own, to his great delight, over the coach-house; and when not employed in his work, or talking with me, he was most happy with the pencil. He gave a strong and beautiful proof of the dread with which God inspired him as to ensnaring company; and I cannot pass it over.

My brother declared his intention of keeping a horse, and of course a groom. Jack came to me with an earnest entreaty that he might be the groom, saying he could do it so well. The reason he gave to me, confidentially, was, that men were very wicked; that the man-servant would often shake hands with the devil, (his usual mode of expressing wilful sin,) and that if Jack shook hands with him he would some day 'draw his hand till he got it into the devil's'; meaning, that an evil companion would by degrees induce him to become evil too. He also said, Captain B. was very kind to Mam, and that a servant would cost him money, and eat a great deal; but Jack would take no money, and only eat 'small potato, small meat,' because he loved Captain B. When I communicated the request to my brother he laughed, saying such a boy could never groom a horse; but Jack had been privately to a kind friend of his, a retired noncommissioned officer of cavalry, who had the care of some horses, and got him to give him instruction, succeeding so well in his attempt that the serjeant told my

brother he really thought him competent to the office. He consented to try ; and having purchased his horse, tied him up at the stable door for Jack to commence operations, while we all assembled to see him. I was apprehensive of a total failure, but he did it admirably, and my brother declared he only wanted a few inches in height to be one of the best grooms in the kingdom. Jack's exultation was very great. When we were alone, he went up to the horse, kissed it, and after telling me how pleased he saw his master look, he added, 'No man ; all Jack. Devil cry — go devil !' and snapped his fingers at the invisible enemy.

His greatest security next to his love of God was his constant fear of Satan ; yet it was rather a fear of himself, lest he should yield to his temptations, for he was perfectly aware Satan would not force him to do anything. Hence his extreme caution as to what associates he had, and a reserve with those whom he did not know to be Christians, which was sometimes mistaken for pride. He invariably asked me of every person who came to the house, whether that person loved Jesus Christ ; and if I could not give a positive answer in the affirmative, he stood aloof, always most courteous, but perfectly cold, and even dignified in repelling any advance to sociability beyond common politeness. He did not know the meaning of a single bad word, and God kept him so that the wicked one touched him not. I used every means, of course, to this end. I watched him most narrowly, and always interposed if he was required to do anything, or to go to any place, in which I apprehended danger. My vigilance extorted smiles from those who considered,

must all be in vain when he grew a little older ; but no obstacle was placed in my way ; and I bless God I never relaxed that care, nor did the boy ever depart from his holy caution ; and he died at the age of nineteen, a very tall and fine looking young man, with the mind of a little babe as regards the evil that is in the world. Oh that parents knew the importance of thus watching over their boys !

Soon after the first horse was established in his stall, my brother purchased a second for my riding, saying he should now, of course, get an assistant in the stable ; but Jack burst into tears, and himself pleaded with him for leave to do all. My brother greatly delighted in his broken language, and caught exactly his phraseology, so that they conversed together as well as with me ; and he told me he could not stand Jack's entreaties. ' He is a fine little fellow,' said he, ' and if you will watch and see that he is not over-exerting himself, he may try for a while : he will soon be tired.' But far from it ; Jack was proud of his two horses : and none in the place were better kept. When a cow was added, a young person came to milk her ; but Jack was outrageous, talked of his mother's ' Kilkenny cows,' and ' Cow's baby,' and expressed such sovereign contempt for the stranger's performance, and such downright hostility against the intruder, that we had no peace till he got the cow also under his especial care. Often afterwards did he talk of that time, saying he was ' Well Jack,' when he had two horses and a cow, and almost crying over his loss. He grew rapidly and the doctors told me that such a life would have kept *him strong* to any age.

One day he came and asked me to let him have a large hoop, to make him go faster on messages. I thought it childish, and did not regard it, so he went to my brother with the same request, who inquired his reason. Jack told him the stage coaches that passed our gate went very fast, because the four horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels, and if he had a large hoop he could go as fast as the horses. Diverted beyond measure at such an original idea, my brother sent to Reading for the largest and best hoop that could be got ; and many a laugh we had at seeing Jack racing beside the London coaches, with his wheel, nodding defiance at the horses, and shouting aloud with glee. He often went six miles with his wheel, to bear messages and notes to our valued and much-loved friend, General Orde, whom he idolized almost, and who looked on him as one of the most lovely instances of divine grace he had ever met with. On the first formation of the British Reformation Society, General Orde wrote to me, with a prospectus of the intended work. I told it to Jack, who in rapturous delight gave me his whole worldly fortune of two shillings, bidding me give it to put in their pockets, and to bid good General Orde tell gentleman to send much Bibles to Kilkenny, that his father and mother and all the poor people might learn to break the crucifixes, and love Jesus Christ. I wrote this to the General, who sent to me for the identical two shillings, which Mr. Noel produced on the platform, with the dumb boy's message, and I believe it drew many a piece of gold from the purses of those who saw the gift, which stands enrolled the very first in the accounts of that noble

society's receipts. Jack often prayed for the Reformation Society, and I believe his blessings helped them not a little. There was so much faith in all that he did, such as God alone could give; and he never seemed to entertain a doubt of obtaining what he asked. Many a sweet instance of his child-like confidence in the Lord is engraven on my memory, at once to stimulate and to shame me. His whole experience seemed to be an illustration of the word of promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive." One of the things that struck me as being referable to nothing but the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was the interest manifested by this boy for the Jews. His active Protestantism was easily accounted for; but to give him an idea of Judaism would have been impossible. He could not read. His knowledge of language did not go far enough to enable him to understand the construction of a sentence; and though he spelled correctly, and wrote readily whatever he wished to say, and his mode of expression was generally quite intelligible to others, he did not comprehend what was spoken or written in the ordinary way. Accustomed to attach a distinct meaning to every word, and acquainted with very few besides nouns and a few verbs, which he only used in the present tense, independent of the pronouns, and without reference to number, he was quite lost among the other parts of speech. For instance, if I had wanted to say, 'You must go to the village and buy me a small loaf of bread,' I should have expressed it thus: 'Jack, go village, money, bread small, one.' Grammatically expressed, the order would have been unintelligible to him: but few would have misunder-

stood it in the uncouth phrase last instanced. He would have gone to the shop, and writing down, Bread small' one, would have held out the money, and made a sign to express what size he wanted. It was his very fact of the impossibility of conveying to his mind any clear notion of things invisible and spiritual, that so gloriously manifested the power and goodness of God in causing the light to shine into his heart. To a reader who never witnessed the attempts of an intelligent, half-taught, deaf mute, to express his meaning, and to catch that of others, much of what I state respecting Jack may and must appear, if not incredible, at least unintelligible; yet none who ever saw and conversed with him would fail to substantiate it, and they were very many. That zealous missionary, Dr. Wolff, visited my brother's cottage when he and I were both absent, and no one could assist Jack in conversing with him; yet so great was his delight, that he wanted to take him to Paléstine, to instruct the deaf and dumb in the doctrine of Christ. The Rev. H. H. Beamish is another who cannot, without emotion, recall his intercourse with that dying Christian. General Orde, who saw him very frequently, regarded him as a wonder of divine grace; and the Rev. W. Hancock, his beloved pastor, who for four years observed him closely, often said he derived greater encouragement from the experience and the prayers of that poor boy, than from almost any other earthly source. Unbelievers will doubt; but those who know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ will adore.

Still it will be evident that Jack could not read the Bible. He took great delight in copying it out, dwell-

ing on such words as he knew ; but I have seen him turn over two leaves and go on wholly unconscious of any mistake : and I have found among his papers pages, composed of half sentences and single epithets from scripture, put together in unbroken paragraphs, without any meaning. With all this, he was ardently attached to the Jewish cause, and always told me 'Jesus Christ love poor Jew ; Jew soon see love Jesus Christ.' When speaking of them, he would look very tender, and sorrowful, moving his head slowly from side to side, and his hand as if stroking some object in a caressing way. At such times it was curious to mark the effect of naming a 'priest Roman' to him. In a moment his aspect changed to something ludicrously repulsive : he stuck his hands in his sides, puffed out his cheeks to their full extent, scowled 'till his brows overhung his eyelids, and generally finished by appearing to seize a goblet and drain off the contents to the last drop, inflating his body, stroking it, smacking his lips, and strutting about. This he did, not as imputing drunkenness to the priesthood, but their denying the cup to the laity, and swallowing the contents themselves. Though his acting was laughably comic, his feeling was that of serious and severe indignation ; and he would reprove us for the laughter it was utterly impossible to restrain, saying, with triumphant confidence, 'God see ; Jesus Christ come soon.' This coming of the Lord Jesus, an actual, personal, visible coming, to walk about upon the earth, in whatever way he had represented it to himself, or howsoever God had revealed it to him, he constantly associated with *two things*—the consolation of the Jews and the de-

struction of Popery. I did not see it so ; I looked for both those events at the commencement of the thousand years, expecting a spiritual coming of the Lord then, and a personal one at the very end of the world. I did not, however, contradict Jack, nor attempt to alter his view of the subject. I wanted the world to be quietly converted, by the preaching of the gospel ; but I had been once nearly startled out of my system when in Kilkenny. A beloved friend, since gone to her rest, pointed out to me the sixty-third of Isaiah, asking what I thought was the dye of the garments there mentioned ? I replied the blood of the Saviour, which drenched his raiment in the garden, and his body on the cross. 'And what,' pursued she, 'is this treading of the wine-press !' I answered, 'It was the laborious work of achieving our redemption, and bearing alone the wrath of the Lord.' 'I wish you would read it without a break,' said she, 'and take it according to the literal, plain sense, for I think we all are wrong here.' I did read it, was surprised, and contrary to my usual custom, ran to a commentary, and Matthew Henry's very lame and laboured elucidation, or rather extinction of the matter, checked the inquiry thus began. On all other points I speedily came to a right understanding, because I took God's word as my guide ; and only on this did I prefer a candle to the sun, just because Matthew Henry lay beside me, having been sent in by a friend. On this subject, therefore, I remained in the dark until the amazing turn of events in the East put me upon considering the prophecies of the last days in the same way as I had considered all the other vital

questions; and the result was, a reception of almost every millennial view before I suspected it, and before I ceased to abjure the name as wholly inconsistent with spiritual Christianity. I remember Lady Georgiana Wolff asking me if I was a millennarian, and I answered, almost resentfully, 'No, indeed.' 'But I am,' she returned. Mr. Wolff is not one, I am sure, said I. 'No,' answered her ladyship, 'but in six months he will be one; he cannot help it.' She was right, for in less than six months he was preaching the doctrine openly; and I was holding it firmly, while stoutly protesting against it, just because I did not know what it was. I believe many are in this predicament now, stumbling at a word—rejecting the shadow, while they hold the substance. What think you of the following lines. being written and printed too, some years before I would allow myself to be a millennarian, soon after the battle of Navarino:—

When from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumored war,
Nations in conflicting pride
Heaved like Ocean's stormy tide,
When the solar splendours fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign,
Sink dishonoured to the plain,
World, do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye—
Our redemption draweth nigh.

When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men proclaim their summer near;

When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Saviour hail;
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows—
Listen to her widow'd moan,
Listen to Creation's groan !
Bid, oh bid, the trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around ;
Gird with saints thy flaming car,
Gather them from climes afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head ! thy members claim !

Where are those whose fierce disdain,
Scorn'd Messiah's gentle reign ?
Lo, in seas of sulph'rous fire,
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Prison'd till th' appointed day,
When the world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord,
Sheath again the victor sword.
Where thy cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
King of nations, plant thy throne.
Send the law from Zion forth,
Over all the willing earth :
Earth, whose Sabbath beauties rise
Crowned with more than paradise.

Sacred be the opposing veil !
Mortal sense and sight must fail.
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye.

Be our souls in peace possess
While we seek the promised rest,
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer, Lord Jesus come!
Haste to set thy people free;
Come ; creation groans for thee!

LETTER XII.

SEPARATION.

THE two shortest years of my life were now drawing to a close. My brother had completed his studies, passed his examination, and was under orders to join his regiment in Ireland. Oh how my heart rose in prayer, that where I had found a spiritual blessing he also might receive it! I could not understand the state of his mind on the most vital of all points: he had imbibed a prejudice so strong against the class of people called evangelical, that nothing but his generous affection for us would have induced him to relieve under his roof two of that proscribed body—to say nothing of Jack. He confessed to me, laughing, not long after we became his inmates, that he supposed we should be falling on our knees half a dozen times a day, singing psalms all over the house, and setting our faces against every thing merry or cheerful. He had never been acquainted with any serious person before going to Portugal, nor during his short leaves of absence at home: none of that class ever crossed his path abroad, and he came home prepared to believe any thing that was told him of the supposed fanatics; whom he understood to be a sort of ranting dissenters. At Clifton, extremes then ran far; the gay people more

violently denouncing their sober neighbours, and making up all sorts of scandal concerning them. Hannah More was pointed out as 'queen of the methodists,' and a most infamous lie, wholly destructive of her moral character, circulated among a narrow but dissipated clique as a known fact; while the small fry of fanatics were disposed of by dozens in a similar way. The faithful clergyman whose ministry we attended was absolutely persecuted; and his congregation could expect no better at the same hands. I am very far from charging this upon the generality of even worldly people there; but it did exist, visibly and sensibly; and my dear brother evidently had fallen in with some of these wholesale calumniators, before he could possibly judge for himself. A visit to Barley Wood, and a very prolonged interview with the 'queen' greatly staggered his prejudices; he was perfectly charmed with her, and remarked to me that if all her subjects were like her, they must be a very agreeable set of people. Still he apprehended an outbreak of extravagance when we should be fairly installed in his abode; and though he soon became undeceived, and learned to take the greatest delight in the society of General Orde, Mr. Sandford, and others equally decided—though he punctually attended the faithful ministry of Mr. Hancock at the college chapel, besides his regular appearance at the usual military service, and would not allow one disparaging word to be uttered in his presence of that zealous preacher or his deeply spiritual discourses; though he chose from among his brother officers a bold, uncompromising Christian as *his most* intimate associate, and gave many unconscion-

indications that he had received the doctrine of man's total corruption, and the nothingness of his best works ; though he became the warm advocate of a scriptural education for the youthful poor, whom he had always before considered most safe and happy in total ignorance—still, with all this, I could not see even in his beautiful devout bearing in public worship where the reverse so sadly prevailed, and where every thing approaching to seriousness became a matter of suspicion, that he was really seeking God. In fact, I had been too much in the trammels of a system, which lays down arbitrary rules, and will not admit that God is working unless his hand be immediately and openly apparent to all. I would not believe that what looked green and beautiful was a blade of corn, just because it had not yet grown to an ear: and I refrained from speaking when perhaps speech on such subjects would have been more welcome than he wished to acknowledge, lest the remarks that I longed to utter might prove unpalatable, and produce the contrary effect to what I desired. He was only going for a little while ; an appointment on the home-staff was promised, and then I was to live with him again, and I would zealously pursue the work. Alas ! what a rod was prepared for my unbelief and presumption ! The present was slighted, in the confident expectation of the future that was never to arrive.

We were almost always together out of his college hours. My window commanded a view of the distant building, and when I saw the preparatory movement to breaking up, I rose from my desk, tied on my bonnet, and ran off in sufficient time to meet him very

near the college. Both let loose from six hours' hard work, we were like children out of school, often racing and laughing with all the buoyancy of our natural high spirits. The garden, the poultry-yard, and all the little minutiae of our nice farming establishment, fully occupied the afternoon, while the children gambolled round, and Jack looked on with smiles, often telling me how much he loved 'beautiful Captain B——' as he constantly called him. At ten o'clock we parted for the night, I to resume the pen till long after midnight; he to rest whence he always rose at four o'clock, devoting four or five hours to study before we met in the morning. We visited very little, domestic retirement being the free choice of every one of us; and nothing could have induced my brother to banish his children from the parlour or drawing-room. Few things excited his indignation more than the nursery system: his little ones were the pride of his heart, his delight of his eyes, the objects of his fondest care. He often said he intended his boys to be gentlemen, and therefore would not allow them to imbibe the tastes and habits of the kitchen. The consequence is that his boys are gentlemen.

Thus dwelling in love, united in every plan and pursuit, our time fairly divided between diligent work and healthful recreation amid the delights of rural life, do you marvel that I call this period my two shortest years? Had no previous circumstances given tenfold brilliancy to these lights by casting a deep black shadow behind them, or no menacing future hung over the *present* enjoyment, still there was enough to make it *indeed* an oasis; but it was more. I cannot doubt

that the Lord mercifully gave me a foreboding of what was to come, in the intolerable anguish of what seemed to be but a very short parting, with a delightful prospect of renewed domestic comfort just beyond. Yet so it was: I almost died under the trial of that farewell; and for three weeks before, and as long after, I never had a night's rest. Visions of terror were constantly before me, among which a scene of drowning was so perpetually recurring that I have often started from my bed under the vivid impression. This was the more strange because we had always been so fearlessly fond of the water: in our early days we had a little boat, just big enough for him to row and me to steer, in which we used to take excursions on the river Wensum, and never thought of danger. At Sandhurst too we were frequently upon the lake, and had both become familiarized with ocean, until of all perils those of the water were least likely to daunt me, either for myself or him: yet in most imminent peril we had once been placed; and at this time it would recur to my memory with tormenting frequency.

I was about seven years old, and he though younger was much the larger of the two, a stout hearty boy, and I a very frail delicate little creature, thanks to the doctors and their pet drug. Our parents went out for a day's excursion, with a friend, and of course we accompanied them. The place was one celebrated for good fishing, and the gentlemen having enjoyed a long morning's sport, remained in the house with my mother, sending us out to play. We had strict charge not to go too near the water, nor on any account to *get into a boat, of which there were several on the*

river. We strolled about and at last came to the brink of this river, to admire a barge or wherry which lay close to the little pier; for it was a public ferry, and the depth very great. A small boat just by attracted my brother's attention, who wished to get into it, until I reminded him of the prohibition, when he said, 'I won't get into it, Cha.; but I will sit down here and put my two feet in the little boat.' He did so: the boat moved, and in his alarm, trying to rise, he fell and disappeared.

I perfectly remember the scene; I have also heard it described many a time by others, but I cannot understand how it was that I, stooping from the shore, with nothing to hold on by way of support, seized the little fellow by the collar as he rose, and firmly held him in my grasp. He did not struggle, but looked up in my face, and I down in his, and as I felt my puny strength rapidly failing, the resolution was firm on my mind to be drawn in and perish with him. There was not a question about it; I can recall the very thought, as though it was of yesterday, and I am positively certain that I should have tightened my hold in proportion as the case became more desperate. It pleased God, that, just then, some men returning from work descried the figure of a little child stooping in a most dangerous position over the deep water: they ran up, and while one held me the other rescued the boy. My grasp was not unloosened until they had him safe on shore; he was then insensible, and I lost every recollection until I found myself still in the arms of the man who had carried me in, while my mother and the rest were stripping the rescued boy and chafing his limbs before

fire. It was much talked of, and many a caress I got for what they considered heroism above my years; but what heroism is like love? "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

When my brother departed for Ireland we left that sweet cottage and went to reside in the village, in one better suited to the size of our diminished family party. I had several young friends among the cadets, in whom I took a warm interest, and whose occasional visits I endeavoured to make as profitable to them as might be. It is a sad thing to see a boy, perhaps most carefully brought up by tender, and even Christian parents, watched, and kept as far as possible from all evil communication, then thrown at once into a large public institution, and exposed to every danger that can assail the youthful mind. A little insight into human nature must show any candid person the extent of mischief to be expected. Rarely do we find a case of conversion, with establishment in grace, very early in life; and where it exists as remarkably as in Jack, we may learn from his excessive dread of exposure to temptation how vigilantly the young plant should be guarded. Let us just suppose, what is indeed no sketch of imagination, but a slight sketch of acknowledged reality—let us suppose a boy at the age when they are eligible for these places, acquainted with the truth, accustomed to Christian instruction, taught to look into the word of God for daily direction, and to seek in prayer the *daily supply of needful grace*: consider him as having *remained under the eye of Christian parents, or*

schoolmaster who regards those committed to his care as immortal beings, for whose well-doing, while under his charge, he is responsible to God ; and who therefore counsels them well, and banishes to the utmost of his power, vice and profaneness from among them ; affording them the usual domestic means of grace, and seeing that they are not neglected. Thus prepared, the lad enters upon a new scene, where he finds himself surrounded by a large number of youthful companions, all busy in qualifying themselves for a future career, we will say in the service of their country. The first thing done is to try the mettle of the new comer, by putting upon him some insult, which if he resents, and offers to fight his way, he may be looked on with some respect ; but if he appear timid or reluctant to retaliate, he may be assured of becoming the object of a most harassing persecution for the amusement of the thoughtless, and the gratification of the cruel. In either case, he passes an ordeal of great severity, particularly during the night, when nothing is deemed too rough for the poor stranger to encounter. I appeal to those who have passed it whether this is not enough to turn the brain of a weak-minded youth, or to injure severely the body of a delicate one ; I have myself known an instance, in a great public seminary wherein derangement and death followed.

Supposing this well got over, the lad then finds that if there be any among his new comrades disposed to keep up the practice of reading the scriptures and praying, they must do it as secretly as they would commit a murder, and find it more difficult to accomplish *than any crime that could be named.* There always

will be a large proportion of ruffianly characters among many boys; some naturally so, others made so by example. These have the ascendancy of course; and they will use it to check and to stifle whatever might shine in contrast to themselves; while, what with these unstable characters who always row with the stream, and prudent ones who will not provoke hostility, and timid ones who dare not, they meet with little if any opposition, but rule the whole mass for evil. The youth, we will believe, sincerely desires to preserve his integrity, but what can he do? Man in his best estate is a frail, inconsistent being, liable to be blown about by every breath of temptation, even when unfettered, and in full possession of all gospel privileges; and what are we to expect from a boy who has never yet been left to himself, or deprived of countenance and support? He sees none watching over him, he hears no kind admonitory voice, inviting him to seek the way of peace and purity. His nature is corrupt, his heart is deceitful, his soul cleaves to the dust, and he finds that by following the bent of this perverse nature, by gratifying its lowest propensities, and revelling in unhallowed things, he shall best purchase the good fellowship of those who have it in their power to make his life miserable if he thwarts their will. His conscience loudly protests, and calls on him to pray; but if he would do so, where is he to retire for that purpose? Alone he cannot be; he has no separate apartment, and let those who have tried it say what would be the consequence of his kneeling down publicly to worship God. He may do it *silently and undiscovered* in his bed; yes, if he can lift

up his heart, and realize the presence of the God of heaven, while the language of hell resounds on every side! Even so, he has an enemy within, striving against the right principle, and responding to all that his better feeling repudiates. Then, too, wherewithal shall the young man cleanse his way, if not by ruling himself according to the word of God? And how is he to study that word? Does the parent who puts a Bible in his boy's portmanteau know that the most blasphemous tissue of ribaldry and all abomination would be a more suitable gift, if it is intended that he should exhibit it? These are awful questions, to be well considered by those who are wavering as to the destination of a youth; and they apply very widely throughout the land.

We all know the case of him whose heart has been swept and garnished; and how much the last state is worse than the first, when Satan re-enters with his seven new companions. The very checks of conscience render the fretted mind more restive; and the longer restrained the more headlong is the wild gallop into which the chafed spirit at last breaks. He who trembled at a profane word becomes an accomplished swearer; he whose modesty was most retiring is foremost to glory in early depravity; he whose hand was ever ready to relieve the poor, while his heart sympathized in their sorrows, becomes the wanton spoiler and marauder for the sake of a bold vaunt; he who shrank from the approach of profligate misleaders, now volunteers to harden new comers in the ways of sin. The youth who with noiseless step trod the courts of us Lord's house, and bent with lowly reverence in

prayer, and listened with fixed attention to the teacher's voice, now delights in shaming others out of the semblance of devotion, and feigns if he does not fall into it, the profound sleep of a wholly uninterested actor in the tedious show of public worship. Perchance some friend whose proximity to the place admits of it may stretch out a helping hand, or lift an admonitory voice, or proffer a little encouragement to strengthen the things that remain, and which are ready to die; if so, both the helper and the helped will be marked out for ridicule and reviling, if for nothing worse.

Honourable men, after this world's course, who are themselves wholly in the dark, verily believing that religion would turn a youth's brain and unfit him for the active business of life, will feel it a part of their duty to oppose every possible obstacle to such attempts at reclaiming the young wanderers under their charge. I knew, and knew right well, an instance wherein a lady who strove to do good to the souls of some young lads whose parents she knew to be praying people, had a sort of ban put upon her, by the publication of an express order that they should not be again permitted to visit her; and when a nobleman who well knew that she had not done any thing to merit such public condemnation, asked the principal of the institution the reason for so harsh a proceeding, he received this answer, 'My lord, I was sorry to do it; I felt it a painful duty, but an imperative one. The fact is, she got hold of some of the most promising lads under my care, and so infected them with her own gloomy notions that, I give you my word, they were seen

walking alone, with Bibles in their hands!' So much wiser are the children of this world in guarding those committed to them from the entrance of spiritual good, than are the children of light in protecting their dearest treasures from the contamination of most deadly evil!

But to return to my cadets at Sandhurst. I had two young friends there, both Irish, who were known to me from childhood; both greatly attached to my brother; both loving me dearly; and many a happy hour we passed, strolling over the wild heath, or enjoying the cheerfulness of my cottage home. On those two, among many, I looked with especial solicitude as to their future course; and I have had to rejoice, in different ways, over them both. One was early taken to his rest; he died in the faith, looking simply to the Lord Jesus, and finding perfect peace in him. The other was long away on foreign service, and when next I saw him it was as the deliverer, under God, of a whole town, and probably through that of the whole kingdom, from a scene of revolutionary carnage. He commanded the gallant little body of troops at Newport, who on the 4th of November, 1839, quelled the Chartist insurrection, and broke the formidable power that menaced a general outbreak. I cannot pass over this event, it was so delightfully gratifying to me.

A third of those in whom I took a lively interest was Alexander Count Chalharez, the eldest son of the Duc de Palmella. He was a most elegant youth, of *fine mind*, delicate feelings, and the sweetest manners *possible*. Devotedly attached to Romanism, he constantly attended mass at the house of the old Abbé,

who added to his professorship in the Royal Military College the duties of a Popish priest. It was a sore grief to me to see Chalharez pursuing his solitary way to that house, while we took the road to the College chapel, and met him half-way. I longed to enter a solemn protest against his delusion, but I never did it in direct terms, though very often dwelling, in his presence, on the peculiar truths of Christianity, opposed as they are to the lie in which he trusted. I hoped to have enjoyed many future opportunities of conversing with him, for he always sought our society in preference to many things that appeared more attractive, and took a lively interest in Jack. But the College did not suit his taste; he left it soon, and accompanied his father to Portugal. He died at the Azores; and I have been told that his hope at the last was one which maketh not ashamed. He was the subject of many prayers: the last day will tell whether they were answered.

But I cannot hasten through the heaviest part of my task; it is the rending open of a wound never to heal until the leaves of the tree of life shall be laid upon it; and if by any means I do attain to that resurrection *from among* the dead, in which none but the Lord's children shall partake, surely the dear object of all this sorrow will be there beside me!

Six months had passed from the time of his departure to Ireland, and all his letters were full of cheerfulness and pleasant anticipation. On the subject where I most wished to know his feelings, he was silent; but *a passage in one of his letters struck me greatly. I had been suffering from a slight local pain, which one*

of my medical friends erroneously pronounced to be a disease of the heart; and in communicating this to him I had noticed, that I *must* live in momentary expectation of sudden death. His reply was very affectionate. He said it had given him a great shock, but on a little reflection he was convinced of its being altogether a nervous sensation; adding, 'If not, why should you shrink from sudden death? For my own part, I should desire it, as a short and easy passage out of this life.' A tremor came over me as I read these words; but again I thought, 'Surely there is something on his mind to brighten that passage, or he would not so express himself;' and the thought of many perils surrounding him quickened me to redoubled prayer, that God would set his feet upon the Rock of ages.

It was on a bright Sabbath morning, at the end of June, that, having rather overslept myself, I found on awaking the letters brought by early post lying on my pillow. I took one: it was the Horse Guards' envelope, in which his letters usually came; and in my eagerness to open one from him I did not even put up a prayer. Full of smiling anticipation, I unfolded the enclosure, which was from a most dear and valued friend at the Horse Guards; and after some tender preparation, which the sudden reeling of my terrified brain prevented my comprehending, came the paralyzing sequel: A letter had been received from Mullingar—he was on the lake fishing—the boat upset. I could not understand the meaning of the words; but *I understood the thing itself.*

I sprang to my knees to cry for mercy on him—

but, oh that dreadful, dreadful thought that pierced through my inmost soul—‘He is beyond the reach of prayer!’ I fell back as if really shot; but what avails it to dwell on this? I bore it as God enabled me; I felt crushed, annihilated as it were, under the fierce wrath of the Lord; for to aggravate the blow, I had no power to believe or to hope. It was a light thing to have lost him, my all in this cold, dreary world, who from early infancy had been as the light to my eyes, and the life-blood to my heart; he who had so very lately been restored, as if to show, that while he remained, all I could desire of earthly happiness was within my reach; he who had been to me instead of every other mortal blessing, and to whom I looked for all that I dared hope of future comfort. It was a light thing to have lost him, and to look upon the anguish of his widowed mother, to whom he had ever been more of a ministering angel than a son, and upon the tears of his little daughter, who had lost a father indeed! All this was a small matter compared with the overwhelming horrors of that unbelieving thought, that *he* had lost his soul.

It was, indeed, the language of unbelief, for I had abundant cause to trust God, even from what I had witnessed, without taking into consideration his faithfulness as the Hearer of prayer, which had been incessantly, importunately persisted in for eight years and a half, on that one subject. The fact is, I had fallen much into the common dangerous error of looking to my own faith rather than to the object of it for salvation; and I did, in my heart exceedingly glory in this *supposed* faith of mine. The dreadful dispensation

under which I was laid showed me at once that of faith I had not the value of a grain of mustard-seed; and now I felt the desolation of spirit which none can know who have not been *so* compelled to make such a discovery. I did not rebel; I owned the justice of God: nay, the very first words I could find breath to utter broke forth in the confession, "Righteous art thou, O Lord; just and true are thy ways, O King of Saints!" but it was a fearful trembling beneath the hand that had smote me; and as for being contented to have it so, I was not; I do not wish that I had been contented to believe my brother was lost; I do not understand that feeling, nor wish to understand it; for surely while we remain in the flesh we cannot divest ourselves of what God has interwoven with our very nature, nor cease to feel for the spiritual, the eternal interests of those most fondly endeared to us, a solicitude as great, aye much greater, than what we, in our unconverted state, once knew in regard to their temporal concerns. I speak of those instances where, after being ourselves brought to know the Lord, we have laboured and prayed perseveringly for others, and then have suddenly lost them. I was not content to think that my prayers had been cast out: I wanted some token that they had been answered. Blessed be the God of all mercies! I was not disappointed.

There is a wide distinction between the case of a man who comes out from a world where he has been walking according to its most vain, ungodly courses, and who joins himself to the Lord's people as a deserter from that world, and the case of a man whose

path has been that of domestic privacy when not engaged in public duty ; who has conspicuously fulfilled, with the utmost integrity and zeal, the duties of the latter, while shining brightly as a pattern of the husband, the father, the master, the friend ; keeping aloof from dissipated society, and pursuing his way with unblemished credit among the most respectable and honourable of the world's people. This case had been his. There was scarcely an instance where his open embracing of the gospel could have shed an additional lustre on his daily walk in the sight of man, except as the proclamation of such principle could do it. The work must, in that stage have been between his soul and his God ; and often, very often, I doubt not, is that work so far advanced as to be like the young plant that has found its way to the very surface, by secret but vigorous vegetation, and wants but the influence of another day's sunshine to bring it into the open view of men, when God by some mysterious dispensation, removes it, to complete its growth in heaven. We mourn because we see not the process ; and little claim, alas, have we to the blessedness pronounced on those who can believe where they see not ; and often do we go down sorrowing to the grave under such afflictive strokes, because we give up all as lost, instead of continuing to urge the Lord for a testimony of his faithful dealings : "show me thy glory, I beseech thee." Would that my happy experience in this instance might become the means of consolation to others in like manner tempted to sorrow as those that *have no hope* for beloved friends really sleeping in Jesus.

In Jesus : there lies a mystery that the world can not penetrate. Many a one came about me, offering the affectionate consolation that they rightly judged would be most soothing to my wounded spirit—the assurance that he for whom I mourned was in heaven. They dwelt on the blamelessness of his life ; the beauty of his character ; his exemplary discharge of every relative duty ; the bright example that he placed before his brother officers in discouraging all profaneness and profligacy, and strictly attending upon every religious ordinance. Even the circumstance of his marked non-conformity with the disgraceful but almost universal custom of sitting during prayer in the church, was not forgotten ; nor the devoted kindness with which he invariably conveyed to me every word of the sermon. And when my sickened heart perhaps too plainly spoke in my countenance the reply, “ Miserable comforters are ye all ! ” or when I distinctly told them that these things did not content me, great was their astonishment. Full well I knew that to be admitted into heaven, my lamented one must have been in Jesus before the summons came, and “ that not by works of righteousness which he had done ” could he be saved. I secretly caught at the hope, that these fruits once profitless and vile from being borne on a wild tree, had become rich and precious through grafting into the good olive. In God’s sight old things may pass away, and all things become new, where man detects little change. By such thoughts was I consoled during the weeks that intervened before I had ground given for confident thanksgiving, on the score

of evidence that the blessing I had so earnestly sought was indeed vouchsafed.

Meanwhile, what a tenfold recompense for all the care bestowed on him did I reap in the beautiful sympathy of the dumb boy. When I came down stairs that dreadful morning he met me with a face of such wild dismay as even then arrested my attention. He uttered an audible 'Oh!' of most touching tone, and thus expressed the impossibility he felt of realizing the tidings: 'Jack *what?* Jack asleep? Jack see no—think no. Jack afraid very. Beautiful Captain B. gone?—dead? *What?*' and he stamped with the impatience of that fearfully inquisitive *what*. I answered, 'Captain B. gone; water kill, dead.' Tears stole down his loving face as he responded, 'Poor mam! Mam one' (meaning I was now alone in the world). 'God see poor mam one; Jesus Christ love poor mam one.' With a feeling of bitter agony I asked him, 'What? Jesus Christ love Captain B.?' 'Yes,' he replied, after a moment's solemn thought on the question, 'Yes, Jack much pray; mam much pray; Jesus Christ see much prays.' This was true comfort; all the eloquence of all the pulpits in England could not have gone to my heart like that assurance, that Jesus Christ had *seen* his many dumb prayers on behalf of that lost—oh, I could not even, in the depth of my unbelieving heart say, 'lost one.' I again asked the boy, 'Jack *much* prays?' He answered with solemn fervency, 'Very, very much prays. Jack pray morning, pray night; Jack pray church, pray bed. Yes, Jack many days very pray God make,——and he finished by signs, that wings

should be made to grow from my brother's shoulders, for him to fly to heaven, adding, *Jesus Christ must make the wings*; and then with a burst of delighted animation, he told me that he was a 'very tall angel, very beautiful.'

I have repeated this conversation to show the broken language carried on between us; and also how powerfully he expressed his thoughts. Soon after, when I was nearly fainting, a glass of water was held to my lips. I am ashamed to say, I dashed it down, exclaiming, 'that murderer!' Jack caught my eye, and echoing my feelings, said, in a bitter way, 'Bad water!' then with a look of exulting contempt at the remaining fluid, he added, 'Soul gone water? No!' This idea, that the soul was drowned, electrified me; so good is a word spoken in due season, however trite a truism that word may be.

That night I pretended to go to bed, that others might do so too; and then I left my room, went to my little study, which was hung round with Jack's sweet drawings, and sat down, resting my elbows on the table, my face on my hands, and so remained for a couple of hours. Day had scarcely broken brightly upon me, about two in the morning, when the door opened softly, and Jack entered only partially dressed, his face deadly pale, and altogether looking most piteously wretched. He paused at the door, saying, 'Jack asleep, no; Jack sick, head bad,—no more see beautiful Captain B.' I could only shake my head. *and soon buried my face in my hands again. However, I still saw him through my fingers; and after lifting up his clasped hands and eyes, in prayer for me,*

he proceeded to execute the purpose of his visit to that room. Softly, stealthily, he went round, mounting a chair, and unpinned from the wall every drawing that contained a ship, a boat, or water under any form of representation. Still peeping at me, hoping he was not observed, he completed this work, which nothing but a mind refined to the highest degree of delicate tenderness could ever have prompted, and then stopping at the door, cast over his shoulder such a look of desolate sorrow at me, that its very wretchedness poured balm into my heart. Oh what a heavenly lesson is that, 'Weep with them that do weep,' and how we fly in its face when going to the mourner with our inhuman, cold-blooded exhortations to leave off grieving! Even Job's tormenting friends gave him seven days true consolation while they sat silent on the earth weeping with him.

But God put into the dumb boy's heart another mode of consolation, which I must recount, as a specimen of his exceedingly original and beautiful train of thought. He used to tell his ideas to me as if they were things that he had seen; and now he had a tale to relate, the day after this, which rivetted my attention. He told me my brother went on the lake in a little boat, and while he was going along the devil got under it, seized one side, pulled it over, and caught my brother, drawing him down to the bottom, which, as he told me, was deep, deep, and flames under it. Then Jesus Christ put his arm out of a cloud, reached into the water, took the soul out of the body, and drew it *into the sky*. When the devil saw the soul had *escaped*, he let the body go, and dived away, crying—

Jack said, with rage, while the men took it to land. The soul, he continued, went up, up, up; it was bright, and brighter, 'like sun,—all light, beautiful light.' At last he saw a gate, and inside many angels looking out at him; but two very small angels came running to meet the soul; and when he saw them, he took them up into his arms, kissed them, and carried them on towards the gate, still kissing and caressing them. I was amazed and utterly at a loss, and said, 'Two angels? What? Mam not know, what?' He looked at me with a laugh of wonder; pointed to my head and the wooden table, and replied (his usual way of calling me stupid), 'Doll mam! Two small boys, dead, Portugal.' My brother had lost two babes in Portugal; and thus exquisitely, thus in all the beauty of true sublimity, had the untaught deaf and dumb boy pictured the welcome they had given their father on approaching the gate of heaven.

A day or two after, some kind, sympathizing relations and friends being assembled at the dinner-table, something cheerful was said, which excited a general smile, Jack was in the act of handing a plate: he looked round him with a face of stern indignation, set down the plate, said 'Bad laughing!' and walked out of the room, stopping at the door to add to me, 'Mam come: no laughing! Gone; dead.' I had not smiled; and this jealous tenaciousness of such a grief, on the part of an exceedingly cheerful boy, was the means of soothing, more than any other means could have done it, the anguish of that wound which had pierced my very heart's core. These were a small part of the

munificent wages that my Master gave me for nursing a child of His.

My first act had, of course, been to adopt my brother's son,—the 'Baby boy'—now five years old, who had been since he first showed his little round face in England, my own peculiar treasure. I begged him as a precious boon, and for his sake bore up against the storm of sorrow that was rending me within. Jack fell into a decline, through the depression of his spirits in seeing me suffer; for to conceal it from one who read every turn of my countenance was impossible; and I should have been well content to sink also, but for the powerful motive set before me. Under God, who gave him to me, you may thank your young friend for what little service I may have rendered in the cause you love, since 1828: for the prospect which by the Lord's rich mercy is so far realized, of seeing him grow up a useful, honourable member of society, with right principles, grounded on a scriptural education, was what enabled me to persevere against every difficulty and every discouragement that could cross my path. I set up a joyful Ebenezer here; and I ask your prayers that the blessing may be prolonged, increased, perfected, even to the day when we shall all meet before the throne of God.

LETTER XIII.

NATIONAL APOSTACY.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE arrived. Most hateful year in the annals of England's perfidy to her bounteous Lord! I was never really roused from the lassitude of spirits that my loss had occasioned, until the conviction that the sin was about to be perpetrated forced itself on me; and a fervent desire to be found among those who were *actively* dissentient from it, overcame all the languor consequent upon such a season of bitter affliction. For, what was it that England was about to do?

The gospel had been preached here in the very early days of Christianity, probably by an apostle; and an independent church, small indeed, but scriptural, existed; sufficient to offer serious opposition to the Romish delegate, Augustine, when he was deputed to incorporate this country in the growing mass of papal dependencies. The struggle was not of long duration. Rome, not then arrived at the full stature of the Apocalyptic Beast, prevailed; more by the lances of despotic monarchs, than through the willing assent of Britons, either lay or ecclesiastical. Once *subjugated*, England lay at the foot of the Popes, from generation to generation, with now and then a move

ment towards freedom, which was soon stilled again by the iron sceptre; or, perhaps I should rather say, by a rap on the head with the iron key. In the time of Richard 'I. blood shed openly for the truth's sake began to give testimony that martyrdom would yet become the order of the day here. The spirit of persecution waxed bolder and fiercer, as the voice of scriptural protestation was heard; and the temporary check given to Romish usurpation by the decided proceeding of Henry VIII. in casting off the Pope's supremacy for his own private benefit, was followed by the blessed interval of young Edward's reign, during which God was, for the first time since foreign delegates got footing here, acknowledged and worshipped according to the Scriptures. Then had the church peace, and the land prosperity.

Mary followed: she ravened like a she wolf in innocent blood. Popery ruled supreme; and the consequence was that the three years and a half of its domination may be characterized as one continuous act of murder. Then came Elizabeth, who, though she did not sufficiently purge out the old leaven, yet as she established Protestant ascendancy on a strong basis, exalted her kingdom to a height never before known; and James I. treading in the same steps found his reign equally prosperous. Charles I. attempted to give preponderance to the evil again; and in that attempt brought upon his people a fearful civil war, and upon his own head an ignominious death. Charles II. worked covertly, under the surface of a profligacy almost equalling that of Rome itself, to bring back upon our fathers the yoke of that odious bondage; and

James II. set about the same enterprise openly. Then it was that, to avert another era of blood and flame, our ancestors removed from the throne the perverse line of Stuart, and placed upon it a devoted Protestant prince; restricting the succession to those heirs alone who should hold and solemnly swear to maintain the religion of the Bible against all future attempts of the Western Antichrist to recover his lost footing among us

From time to time, as fresh treasons rendered them necessary, restrictions were also laid on the legislative and corporative elections; until in all its parts the body politic of England presented a pure image of Protestantism, undefiled by the Babylonish garment or wedge of polluted gold: and while we thus acknowledged God openly, he openly acknowledged us. No weapon formed against England prospered; she proved, as a nation, that she could not bear them which were evil: she had tried them that said they were apostles and were not, and had found them liars, and cast them out. For this cause, the Lord made her mountain to stand strong: Protestant England was every where invincible. Abroad, victorious over every foe; at home, enabled to crush every attempt at insurrection. A little, insulated spot on the world's map, she was as the city of David, alike the repository and the fortress of God's pure faith. How could I, with the Bible before me, cast a glance over the history of England, and question for one moment that my country's strength lay in her PROTEST?

And if patriotism had been as alien to my heart as it was paramount there, still allegiance to my God demanded *that I should not see Him robbed, and the spoil given*

to his most presumptuous foe, without an effort to free my own soul from any possible implication in the deed. 'What had a woman to do with the proceedings of senators and governors?' Much. Everything. Was it a small matter that I enjoyed personal safety, personal liberty, and the Bible? Why was the hand of violence restrained from taking my life under such sanction as that which publicly blessed the butchers of Wexford-bridge to their work of slaughter? Why were no convent walls ready to immure me; no dungeons sealed from public scrutiny by a power that might trample on the neck of secular law? Why had I not been taught in early life that a fellow mortal held in his hands the power of saving or destroying my soul, and then commanded by that irresistible authority to abstain from looking into the word of God? Because I was the subject of a Protestant country, basking in the sunshine of its spiritual light, and sheltered by the enactments of a state that owned no earthly power superior to its own. It is true I might not expect that in the course of my natural life the small beginnings of apostacy should grow to such a fulness as to interfere with my own privileges: but was such base selfishness to harden my heart against a succeeding generation? Was I to contemplate the probability that the little fellow resting on my knee would be exposed to all from which I naturally shrunk?

Nor did I at all question the probability of a more rapid desolation than human wisdom would calculate on. Apostacy is so peculiarly a sin against God, such as a dire provocation of His vengeance, that it might be expected that if we so walked contrary to him

would not wait till we, in the regular process of a rebellious march, brought ourselves within the range of his consuming fire, but that He also would walk contrary to us, with rage and with fury, and chastise us yet seven times more for our sins. Looking at the present fearfully advanced stage of our revolt, and the perils that hem us in, all traceable to that fatal net, I can truly say that I was prepared for such a rapid motion, if once we began to descend the hill. View it as I could, the sinfulness of the proceeding by which we were voluntarily to renew the ancient alliance with Antichrist, and to give the priests of Baal authority to legislate for the ordering of God's temple, and invite anew the dangers, both spiritual and temporal, from which our fathers had been almost miraculously delivered, was too palpable for a moment's hesitation. I have said the priesthood would have power to legislate for us; and so they have at this moment. Every layman of that communion is the mere puppet of his priest: he receives directions how to act; and he must declare, in confession, whether he has obeyed those directions to the letter. The Romish priests sit in parliament more effectually than if they took their places on the benches there: and each separate priest is simply and solely the active delegate of a foreign power, which uses the whole machinery for one work, to one end, and counts nothing advantageous that does not afford a distinct step towards the regaining of a despotic rule over this kingdom.

'But suppose a woman feels herself called on to take a personal interest in public affairs, what can she do, without stepping out of her proper sphere, and intrude

ing into the province of the superior sex?" I am going to tell you what a woman may do; for of us it may surely be said, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' When we set our hearts upon any thing, we are tolerably enterprising and persevering too, in its attainment; and this natural love of pleasing ourselves may be turned to a very good account. No one grieves more than I do when a cowardly Barak shrinks from marching forward without female countenance and guidance; but the cause of God and his church must not be placed in jeopardy through the pusillanimity of a thousand Baraks.

The first thing I did was to introduce a separate supplication into our family devotions morning and night, that God would advert the sin from this country; and twice a week I called on my neighbours, as many as would come, to join in express prayer to the same effect. I then inquired how the public mind at Sandhurst stood affected, and found the ruling powers, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, all going most complacently with the stream; while their views, of course influenced many around them. Among the tradespeople and labouring classes, I saw that the subject had never occupied their thoughts, nor did they regard it as a matter at all concerning them. Indeed, in this lay the secret of the enemy's success: a vast body of Englishmen, who would have sprang forward in uncompromising hostility against any known invasion of their nearest birthright, were kept profoundly ignorant that such outrage was in contemplation. *The other party were glad to leave them so; and on our side there was a grievous lack of effort in acquainting*

our poor neighbours with the danger impending over their temporal and spiritual blessings no less than our own. I procured a large number of simple tracts, explaining, on scriptural grounds, the dreadful nature of Popery, and the sinfulness, no less than the peril of taking such an inveterate foe to our bosoms. These I had left at the cottages and shops for some way round, that the people might examine, and judge for themselves.

The Rector of the parish I knew very well: he was a very clever man, much devoted to literature, and in his politics wholly opposed to the measure: but alike averse from any personal exertion and from drawing down on himself the censures of his more liberalized neighbours. He had been to Oxford, to vote against Peel, solely on the ground of his defection from the Protestant cause, and most heartily, though quite inactively, desired the defeat of the Emancipators. I represented to him the importance of doing what he could to accomplish his own wishes: he replied, he did not think there were nineteen men in the parish who cared enough about it to sign the petition, and he was unable to explain it to them all: but if I thought I could get that number of names, (the *minimum* for a parochial petition, I believe,) and would write such an address to the King, and the two Houses, as he could approve, he would adopt it, sign his name, and in fact be very glad of my success. I went home, sent off to Staines for some pretty large skins of parchment, and wrote the petitions in terms as temperate, as concise, and as uncompromising as I could command. The Rector was greatly pleased; signed

with much alacrity ; and requested the churchwardens to do the same, officially, as they were quite of our mind : this being done, I had before me the task of procuring nineteen signatures within two days.

I did not even go to a single individual myself : next door to me resided a townsman of my own, a schoolmaster, who held the old principles dear as his very life : he was secretly lamenting the coming evil, without a hope of being permitted in any way to oppose it ; and you may believe with what delight he responded to my call, when asked to assist me. He went round to those who had previously received the little tracts, and to some of the small hamlets, or clusters of cottages scattered throughout the parish. He strictly adhered to my injunction to admit no signature of any youth under seventeen years ; nor of any who did not seem to understand what they were doing, and why. I scattered the tracts and handbills as widely as I could : asked several intelligent men of an humble class to speak of it among their acquaintance ; and at the end of the second day I had, not nineteen, but two hundred and forty-six signatures of honest sensible Englishmen to my petitions.

The only person under the stipulated age, who signed it, was Jack : he was not seventeen ; but he wept and implored so passionately for leave to tell the king not to let Romans make bad gods in England, that it would have been a sin to reject his protest : He rather cut than wrote his name on the parchment : the deepest crimson suffused his face, and his eyes flashed with *the energy of his heartfelt protest against the abomination that he so well knew.* He does not now regret

it, while waiting for the summons to rejoice with the heavens, and the holy apostles and prophets, over the fall of Babylon the Great.

Our petition was presented to the Commons by the country member; to the Lords by the Bishop of London; and to the King by the noble, honest, protesting Duke of Newcastle. My zealous neighbour took them to London, and saw the first laid on the table, as he told me, with tears of thankfulness that he had been permitted to aid in the work. There are many, very many such men, of a class most respectable, but who lack the opportunity of engaging in causes that their inmost hearts approve; and there are many ladies who, if they knew how to find such active and trusty agents, would not sit idle as they do and see their country perish for lack of a little enterprise like the foregoing. Two people in each parish throughout England, as much in earnest as we were, might have frightened the treacherous betrayers of our national fortress from their unhallowed deed; OR MIGHT AT THIS VERY TIME ARREST THE PROGRESS OF OUR DECAY. We possess a machinery of almost boundless power; but we are too lazy to set the wheels in motion. I bless God for his infinite mercy in directing me to a line of action that has enabled me, in every fresh announcement of wrong inflicted on the Protestants of Ireland, and dangers accumulating round the very heart of England, to say "I am free from the blood of all men." It was no more than a most imperative duty; its omission would have been no less than a very grievous sin; but that duty I was enabled to perform; that sin I was enabled to escape; and with the sense of it were

on my heart, I say to you and to others, "Go and do likewise."

But the national offence was not to be averted by a few instances of practical Protestation, and as the time drew near my anguish of spirit was very great. I have staid up nearly all the night, making, like Daniel, with tears, my supplications unto the Lord that he would pardon the sin of our princes and rulers, and have mercy on my people. Yet more; the two days that preceded it, I caused to be kept as so strict a fast, that nothing but bread and potatoes entered the house. It was the only time that I ever in my life made it compulsory on others to fast; but they did it willingly, for nobody under that roof could be ignorant how awful was the stake impending.

And here I have to name one whom it is to me a privilege even to name. When a few distracted lines from my hand apprized a valued military friend in Jersey of the dreadful loss I had sustained in my dear brother, a guest, connected with his family, was present, who took the pen, and wrote me instantly a letter full of the richest, the tenderest, and sweetest consolation that ever overflowed from even the warm heart of Hugh M'Neile. I felt it powerfully: and when, not long after, he visited us, to pour yet farther the balm of Christian sympathy on the wound, I saw what a treasure the Lord was giving me in such a friend, and I cannot tax myself now with having ever undervalued the blessing. At the fearful crisis in question, on the eve of passing that wicked bill, Mr. M'Neile published his memorable pamphlet, entitled "*England's Protest is England's shield.*" I did not

see it until the very time arrived, and I remember sitting up the whole night after reading it, pondering on the picture that he had drawn of consequences following upon a sin the very model of which was set forth, and its punishment also awfully declared, in the book of Jeremiah. Alas! how often have the feet of our rulers been found "stumbling on the dark mountains"—while they looked for light, how often has it been turned into the shadow of death, since the warning was despised, and the Lord's favoured people took unto close alliance the idolatrous abomination that incenses him! We were then called alarmists, bigots prejudiced fanatics; and well do I remember the stress laid on an argument that influenced many an upright character. 'Supposing,' it was urged, 'that an oath of fidelity to the interests a Protestant government would not be considered binding by members of the Romish church, do you imagine that a company of GENTLEMEN would violate their pledged word of honour?' This told well with men of the world; and not a few Christians were led away by it, so that the clamour excited against the impugners of Romish integrity was very trying to meet, and numbers shrank from their protest, because it implied a charge against the private character of individuals who had done nothing to merit such suspicion. There were those, however, and among men of most delicate mind, incapable of inflicting a needless wound, who could not thus be deterred from uttering their convictions, since too fully verified, that no bond could hold a true Romanist neutral or inactive when once a question arose touching the opposite interests of the hostile systems.

Mr. M'Neile always proceeded on the simple fact that Popery is Antichrist : that in all things it must be the object of Antichrist to oppose and subvert the kingdom of Christ : and that every subject of Antichrist must necessarily desire his master's advancement and do his master's bidding. The event has shown how correct were his deductions ; and he, who to this moment stands foremost within the fortress in resisting at every step the foe whom he could not repel from its walls, has earned a preeminence in their hatred that bespeaks better than any thing else could do the value of his services in the cause of truth.

The bill passed in the Commons, and still we clang to a hope that the noble warrior who had once been the instrument of saving his country would not now deliberately sell her into the hands of foreign foes ;—sell her for a fuller measure of popularity, or for a little treacherous repose. Still more did we hope that God would preserve the bishops of the church from conniving at the sacriligiously suicidal blow. Nay, it was more than a connivance : for had they been unanimously true to their church, there were a very large majority of the peers who would never have ventured to vote against them in a matter so nearly touching the cause which the lords spiritual were in that house expressly to judge and to defend. I confess I built much upon the bench : and a poor foundation it proved to be ! A solemn note of prophetic warning was sounded by the Archbishop of Tuam on the behalf of Ireland ; echoed by our own metropolitan and others in reference to England, but in vain. *The sun of our national greatness had passed its mer-*

ridian, and in the memorable words of honest Lord Eldon, began to set. The sin of the British parliament was consummated.

Nothing remained but to give the royal assent; and still would hope whisper that the prayers, if not the example of his father might prevail to deter the king of England from casting its independent diadem once more before the papal footstool. Here again the defection of the bishops operated most fatally: George the Fourth would not have ratified the surrender, if their influence, public and private, had been duly exerted to withhold him from it. The pen was put into a reluctant hand; a hasty scratch with that pen undid the work of the revolution; and so far as men could accomplish it, of the Reformation also.

I cannot describe to you the feeling with which I learned that all was thus lost. It did not partake of resignation, it did not include the smallest portion of acquiescence. God forbid! Some of my pious friends, who had felt with me all along, received the tidings with devout submission, saying, "The will of the Lord be done!" My amen to this aspiration had a clause added to it: I could only repeat, "The will of the Lord be done, by the undoing of what is so outrageously opposed to his known will!" I no more assented to the act than I would have assented to a murder: i no more regarded it as the Lord's doing than I regarded the setting up of golden calves at Dan as his doing. Permitted by the Lord it was: for he *often* permits nations like individuals, to destroy themselves by committing presumptuous sins; but is he *therefore* the author, the abettor, or the approver of their

crimes? Assuredly not. So far must we submit to the ordinances of man as not to raise a rebellious hand against their execution; but to look placidly on while the abomination of desolation is set up to stand where the Lord expressly says "IT OUGHT NOT," and to conclude he wills it to stand there because he did not wither the hands employed in fixing it, is a stretch of indifferentism to which I hope I shall never be able to attain. No: the 'atrocious bill,' as it was rightly termed, became the law of England; but inasmuch as it is wholly opposed to the law of God, let us see to it that our protest against its continuance on our statute book be fully as powerful, as persevering as was our protest against its entrance there.

The usual lapse of some days between the signing of a new act and its coming into force, threw the first operation of the Popish bill upon a day remarkable as being that of the nominal saint of England. A most Popish coincidence! to enhance which the reigning monarch had adopted the Popish custom of celebrating the festival of St. George, in April, as his birthday, which really occurred in August; calling it his name day, after the continental mode. To these strangely concurrent circumstances was added one yet more striking; namely, the fact that the noted Pastorini had predicted, many years before, that the great effectual blow against Protestantism would be struck on the 14th of April, 1829; the 13th of April, 1829, was the day on which the royal assent crowned the notorious bill.

I have alluded before to an Abbé, an aged French priest, who held a Professorship at the Royal Military

College, an amiable, kind-hearted old man, who retired at this time from his situation and went to end his years in his native land. It happened that the 23rd was fixed for his departure, and as I sat in deep dejection in my study, grieving over the changed aspect of my country now that the antichristian law was come into full force, I saw the old man, full of national vivacity, walk briskly past, on his way to make inquiries respecting a coach. The sight of his silver locks, shining in the sunbeam, and the conviction that he was probably going beyond the reach of Christian privileges, melted me: I seized a pen, and wrote him a most earnest letter, faithfully setting before him the fearfulness of that delusion in which he was not only himself wrapped, but daily wrapping up the souls of others—for he officiated as priest in the place. I implored him to read God's word; I assured him how cordially I concurred in the declaration of his church, that either he or I was certainly on the road to hell; for that two paths directly opposed to each other could not possibly end in the same place: I told him my own confidence of safety and salvation was grounded solely on the revealed, infallible word of God: and I charged him as he must face me at the judgment-seat of Christ, to search diligently into that only sure and safe directory as to the bearing of his own path. I wrote affectionately, with many tears, and fervent prayers; and enclosing with the letter a present of books, had it given to him as he mounted the coach. Whether the Lord blessed, or may yet bless it to him, I know not: *I hope I delivered my own soul. After this, which indeed proved a great relief to my oppressed feelings.*

I took my little nephew and sallied forth for a walk. It was a glorious day: the sun shone with surprising brilliancy from a cloudless sky; and the fresh breeze had all the softness of advanced Spring. I strolled through a grove of oaks, pondering on the naval greatness of my country, on the vaunted 'Hearts of oak' that both formed her fleets and manned them, and bewailing the infatuation that had now planted a deadly Upas in the midst of her fair national garden. Every object around me seemed to speak reproach, from the peaceful beauty of that fearless repose in which for so many centuries our happy isle had lain beneath the shadow of the Lord's hand. "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me," was the purport of the voice that seemed to breathe rebuke. Wandering on, I came to the winding rampart of the college, a beautifully retired walk, where mounds of earth, covered with grass, aid the military effect of that fine establishment; and here a turn brought me at once upon an object calculated to wound me beyond all the rest.

It was the royal standard of England, hoisted in honour of the king's name-day: an immense banner of rich silk, splendidly emblazoned with the well-known arms. England's three lions in the proud attitude of menacing advance; Scotland's rampant one, rejoicing in his independence; and poor Ireland's neglected harp, once tuned to the highest strains of inspired psalmody; now for many a long age perverted to the service of idols, and polluted by the licentious fingers of those who work on the passions of her children to rivet more deeply the fetter on their souls—all these

were unrolled before me, just then drooping in a lull of the breeze; and the Irish quarter partially resting on a mound of green sod, where it lay languid and sad. I leaned against the opposite bank, weeping most abundantly as I gazed; for all the chivalrous feelings of former days were awakened to embitter the rest. How often had my heart beat joyously while I looked upon that noble standard, floating on the fourth of June, the birthday of good old George the third, whose prayerful fidelity to his sacred trust kept that flag secure, uncontaminated, victorious, through his sixty years' reign! And that head which he was ready to lay on a block rather than surrender the sacred protest, was mouldering with the dead—his son *had* surrendered it—our protest was gone! I could not quite realize the fact, it appeared so incredible to me, after all I had read of the past, and all I had seen in Ireland, of the workings of Popery wherever it could snatch even momentary power. But the wind freshened again, the heavy folds of the gorgeous banner slowly rose upon it, all its bright blazonry stood out in wonted pride, unconscious of the 'Ichabod' that sacrilegious hands had written on every trophy, and with a fresh burst of tears I turned away.

For all this, and for the deep despondency that oppressed me then, I was rebuked, of course, by man; but God never rebuked me for it. Twelve years have elapsed, and each year has heaped upon us a fresh load of that "fruit of our own ways," which will crush us at last. That 'healing measure,' as its expediency-mongering patrons loved to call it, did indeed heal the deadly wound of the Beast among us, and bade his

again live, to our confusion. Ireland is all but given up as an uncontested prey to him; her Protestant church dismantled, her Protestant Bible mutilated, her Protestant corporations sold, her Protestant landlords massacred as a matter of course; and the very Union, any attempt at infracting which is high treason, made the object of unmasked attacks on the part of a man who has armed and marshalled her millions in open rebellion against the British government, which, judicially given over to infatuation, fawns on his person and courts his patronage. In England, disaffection to the crown, combined with and strengthened by principles of gross infidelity, an increasing contempt of old institutions because they are based on Christianity, an open scorn of the Sabbath, and an immense falling away to popery in the mass of the people; while, within the church, even in its pulpits and among its most distinguished ministers, prevails a revival of more than semipapal error, such as must wholly destroy the spiritual life of that body if it be not speedily and summarily checked. Instead of this, we too well know that it is daily extending, bearing in itself the seeds of a future and cruel persecution of God's people. We cannot look on these things and deny that they have come upon us in just retribution for 1829; we cannot, without expecting at the Lord's hand such a compromise of his Majesty and truth as he will never make, look for deliverance from these fears and dangers until we have, by a national act, put away the evil of those doings which have provoked *him to forsake us.*

LETTER XIV.

EMPLOYMENT.

How is it that Christians so often complain they can find nothing to do for their Master? To hear some of them bemoaning their unprofitableness, we might conclude that the harvest indeed is small, and the labourers many. So many servants out of employ is a bad sign; and to obviate the difficulty complained of I purpose showing you two or three ways in which those who are so inclined may bestir themselves for the good of others. What a blessing were a working church! and by a church I mean "the company of all faithful people," whomsoever and wheresoever they be.

In the village where I lived, there was a very good national-school, well attended: also a Sunday-School; and the poorer inhabitants generally were of a respectable class, with many of a higher grade, such as small tradesmen, and the families of those in subordinate offices about the Military College. I always took a great interest in the young; and as love usually produces love, there was no lack of affectionate feeling on their part. It occurred to me, as the Sunday was much devoted by most of them to idling about, that assembling such of them as wished it at my cottage

would afford an opportunity for scriptural instruction; and without anything resembling a school, or any regular proposal, I found a little party of six or seven children assembled in the afternoon, to hear a chapter read, answer a few questions upon it, and join in a short prayer. Making it as cheerful and unrestrained as possible, I found my little guests greatly pleased; and on the next Sabbath my party was doubled, solely through the favourable report spread by them. One had asked me, 'Please, Ma'am, may I bring my little sister?' and on the reply being given 'You may bring any body and every body you like,' a general beating up for recruits followed. In three or four weeks my assemblage amounted to sixty, only one half of whom could be crowded into the parlour of my small cottage. What was to be done? The work was rather arduous, but as I too had been complaining not long before of having little to do for the Lord, except with the pen, I resolved to brave a little extra labour. I desired the girls to come at four, the boys at six, and allowing an interval of half hour between, we got through it very well. A long table was set across the room, from corner to corner; round this they were seated, each with a Bible, I being at the head of the table. I found this easy and sociable way of proceeding highly gratified the children: they never called, never thought it a school—they came bustling in with looks of great glee, particularly the boys, and greeted me with the affectionate freedom of young friends. A few words of introductory prayer were followed by the reading of one or more chapters, so that each had a verse or two; and then we talked over the portion

of scripture very closely, mutually questioning each other. Many of the girls were as old as sixteen or seventeen, beautiful creatures, and very well-dressed; and what a privilege it was so to gather and so to arm them in a place where alas! innumerable snares beset their path. We concluded with a hymn; and long before the half-hour had expired that preceded the boy's entrance, they were clustering like bees at the gate, impatient for the joyous rush; and to set themselves round their dear table, with all that free confidence without which I never could succeed in really commanding the attention of boys.

Our choice of chapters was peculiar, I found they wanted stirring subjects, and I gave them Gideon, Samson, Jonathan, Nehemiah, Boaz, Mordecai, Daniel, all the most manly characters of Old Testament history, with the rich gospel that lies wrapped in every page of that precious volume. Even in the New Testament I found that individualizing as much as possible the speaker or the narrative produced great effects. Our blessed Lord himself, John Baptist, Paul—all were brought before them as vividly as possible; and I can assure those who try to teach boys as they would teach girls, that they are pursuing a wrong method. Mine have often coaxed an extra hour from me; and I never once saw them willing to go, during the fifteen months of our happy meetings. If the least symptom of unruliness appeared, I had only to tell them they were my guests, and I appealed to their feelings of manliness, whether a lady had not some claim to forbearance and respect. Nothing rights a boy of ten or twelve years like putting him on his

manhood ; and really my little lads became gentlemen in mind and manners, while, blessed be God ! not a few became, I trust, wise unto salvation. Their greatest temptation to disorderly doings was in the laughable, authoritative style of Jack's superintendence. He was now rapidly fading, but in mind brighter than ever. Seated in a large chair, a little to the rear of me, he kept strict watch over the party, and any deviation from what he considered correct conduct was noticed with a threat of punishment, conveyed by pinching his own ear, slapping his own face, kicking out his foot, and similar indications of chastisement, with a knowing nod at the offender. But if he saw an approach to levity over the word of God, his manner wholly changed. Tears filled his eyes, he looked all grief and entreaty, and the words, ' God see,' were earnestly spelled on his uplifted hands. No one could stand the appeal ; and very rarely had he occasion to make it. I am sure his prayers helped forward the work mightily. It was wonderful to see thirty-two robust, boisterous fellows, from nine to seventeen years old, sitting in perfect delight and perfect order, for two and even three hours, on a fine Sunday evening, never looking dissatisfied till they were told to go.

I cannot help recording an event on which I look back with great thankfulness : though it was a terrible trial to me at the time. Two of my boys had a quarrel one week-day. One of them was very teasing, the other very passionate. The latter ran to a butcher's window close by, seized the large knife, and plunged it into the left side of his companion. Most mercifully the wound was not dangerous the keenness of the

knife was in his favour; it penetrated to within a short distance of the heart, but separated no large vein, and within a few days the boy was out again. The Sunday after it occurred my party were exceedingly moved; they expressed great anger, and not a few threats were uttered against the culprit, whose parents had locked him up. On the following Sabbath I resolved to make an effort to avert bad consequences, and also to arrest the poor boy in his dangerous course. He had rather justified himself than otherwise, and had shown a spirit sadly unsubdued, and unthankful for his escape from a deadly crime and its awful consequences. I sent word to him to come to my party: he replied he would not. I repeated the summons, saying I should be exceedingly hurt if he did not. No answer was returned. The place next but one to me belonged to the wounded boy, that below it to his assailant; and the former was present, pale, indeed, but well. I lost no time in announcing to them that I expected P., which occasioned a burst of indignation, some saying they would not stay in the room with him, and the rest seeming to assent. 'Then,' said I, 'you must go, for he wants instruction most: and the very feeling that makes you shrink from associating with him proves that you are better taught. So if you will leave me, do; I must admit him.' Just then P. was seen coming down the little garden: he entered, his walk very erect, his eyes unflinching, and his dark brows knitted. The looks of my young lads were very eloquent; his bold bearing exasperated them much. My heart seemed bursting its boundary with the violent palpitation of alarm, and other emotions

which I could scarcely suppress; but I motioned to P. to take his usual place, and instantly rising offered up the usual prayer, with a petition for the spirit of mutual compassion, forgiveness, and love. I ceased, all remained standing, and certainly it was a period of most fearful interest. I looked imploringly at the wounded boy; he hesitated a moment, then suddenly turned, and with an air of noble frankness, held out his hand to P., who took it directly. I then offered him mine; he grasped it, and burst into tears. A delightful scene followed, each pressing to seal his forgiveness in the same manner, while Jack's countenance shone with almost heavenly beauty on a spectacle so congenial to his loving heart. We had a most happy evening, and I could not but tell my dear boys how much I rejoiced over them. Whatever may have been the effect on the characters of those concerned, I know not. I am persuaded the proceeding was a means of averting much mischief. Boys are noble creatures when placed on their right footing; but I always think there is a great deal too much of what is technically termed old womanism in the mode of conducting their scriptural education. They are pugnacious animals too, and require prudent management. News was brought me one evening, while they waited for admission, that two of them had stripped off their jackets to fight, the dispute being which loved their teacher most. 'Exclude them both to-night,' said a friend, 'and threaten to expel them.' Instead of which I sent word that the one who first put on his jacket loved me most, and that I was ready to begin. In they both came, smiling, and

they got their lecture in due time, when a passage in point came before us.

Now, who complains of non-employment while England has so many neglected lambs of her fold together and so many who, in the dull routine of a school, get only a mechanical knowledge of what would deeply interest them if brought before them with the help of a little personal condescension and care? It is a branch of Christian duty for which all are competent who know the gospel; and two, three, or four young people invited to come in for an hour or so at stated times, to sit down at a table and *talk* over the passages of scripture which may appear best calculated to engage their pleased attention, may often prove the foundation for a noble work. It is particularly needed now, when information is universally sought after, and be it remembered, I am also speaking of a class above the very poor. They are a most important class, as we shall soon find; for from them are the Chartist bodies officered, and active agents supplied in works of infinite mischief. False pride will interpose, no doubt. We like better to deal with those a good way removed, than with such as may claim a comparative approximation to our own rank; and the devil desires no better auxiliary to his designs than the pride of which he is the loving father. Again, ladies do not like to instruct boys: they are very wrong. Female influence is a powerful thing, and freely exerted for evil—why not for good? We brought all the sin into the world, involving man in the ruin he was not the first to seek; and it is the least we can do to offer him a little good now. I never yet met with a boy—

and thanks be to God I have taught many—who would be rude to a female earnestly and kindly seeking his welfare, without attempting to crush that independence of spirit which is man's prerogative, and which no woman has a right to crush.

I need not say that in the foregoing, and in all similar works where the Lord permitted me to engage, I laboured diligently to make my young friends something more than nominal Protestants. To omit this, in giving instruction, is the very madness of inconsistent folly and cruelty.

A few weeks after the commencement of my weekly assemblages, I was called to the metropolis in search of medical aid for a dear little child of my brother's. I found it, and all that Christian kindness could add to render it doubly valuable, at the hands of an estimable physician near whom I resolved to stay for a few weeks; and while secretly lamenting that here, at least, I should find nothing to do, an answer was given to my unbelief that might well shame it. To the same end, I will record this also, the circumstances being already well known, but not the delightful encouragements that are afforded when a project is entered upon in single, simple reliance on the help of Him for whose glory his people desire to work. Unbelief in his willingness,—for we dare not doubt his power to prosper our poor attempts,—is the real bar to our success. Such mistrust is infinitely dishonouring to him.

Six years had elapsed since I left Ireland, but my *affection for the country and the people was unchanged, unchangeable.* . The very centre of the isle had be

come the grave of my beloved brother, and this only added tenfold to the touching interest excited by the very mention of that land. Strange to say, I had never heard of the Irish Society, nor considered of what vast importance it would be to make the language of the natives a medium of conveying spiritual instruction to them. The annual meeting was about to be held, and among the Irish clergymen forming the deputation to London, was the Rev. Charles Seymour, the venerable, and every way estimable pastor under whose ministry my brother had been placed at Castlebar, and from whom I had received letters, fully confirmatory of my sanguine hope, that he had indeed and wholly embraced the gospel of Christ. Longing to see Mr. Seymour, I went to him on the morning of the meeting; and most sweet was the testimony he had to give; most tender the sympathy he evinced in all my sorrow and all my gladness. After a conversation that left me overflowing with gratitude for the blessings vouchsafed to my precious brother, he asked me to attend the meeting, and I went prepared to take a lively interest in whatever might be said respecting Ireland. How great was my astonishment when, for the first time, I heard the story of Bishop Bedell, of the Irish Bible, and of the good work in rapid progress among the aborigines of the land. The extent and inveteracy of the disease, I well knew; but the suitability of the remedy had never been set before me. In fact, I hardly knew that the Irish was a written language; and strange it seemed to have passed three years in a part of the country where it is extensively spoken, and in the house of one who always con-

versed in that tongue with the rustic frequenters of her shop, yet to be so grossly ignorant of all relating to it. I resolved to become an active partizan of the Irish Society in Ireland; but a different turn was soon given to my sympathies. Mr. Seymour spoke after the others: he said much calculated to prove the power of the language in preaching the gospel; but suddenly reverting to the state of the many thousands of his poor countrymen congregated in London, he drew a most affecting picture of their destitute, degraded condition. He appealed to us as Christians; and reminding us of our many privileges, bade us take care that the souls of his poor countrymen did not rise up in judgment to condemn us for allowing them to perish in the heart of our metropolis. 'Open,' he said, 'a bread-shop in St. Giles's; deal forth a little of the bread of life to their starving souls. Ye English Christians, I appeal to you for them: oh, pity my poor lost countrymen, open but a bread-shop in St. Giles's!' Tears ran down his venerable face, as he lifted his clasped hands, and bent towards us. The effect of his words on me was electric: I looked at him, and silently but fervently said, 'So God help me as I will open you a bread-shop in St. Giles's, if He does but permit!' Again and again did I repeat the pledge; and when Lord Roden spoke,—the first time of my seeing that noble Irishman,—and heartily seconded the appeal, I renewed the secret promise, with such purpose of heart as rarely fails to accomplish its object.

For some days I tried in vain to do anything towards it; but on the Sunday, passing from Great Russell-

street to Long-acre, through the worst part of St. Giles's, I saw the awful state of that district, and declared to my companion, himself a devoted Irishman, my fixed resolve to have a church there. He warmly encouraged it, extravagant as the idea appeared; and I began to pray earnestly for direction from above. Two nights after, a thought struck me; I wrote an appeal on behalf of the miserable Irish Papists in that place, likening their case among us to that of Lazarus lying at the rich man's gate, and imploring means to give them the gospel in their own tongue. This I had printed, and sent copies as I could to various friends. Some smiled at my enthusiasm; others pointed out the work among distant heathens, as far more important. Many wished me success; a few rebuked me for desiring to proselytize the members of another church; and still fewer gave me money. At the end of a fortnight's hard begging I had got just seven pounds towards building a church! This was slow work. One day, dining at the table of my dear friend Dr. P., he heard many bantering me for being so sanguine, and said, 'You remind me of Columbus, going to the cathedral of Seville to ask a blessing on his romantic project of discovering a new world. Everybody laughed at me. Nevertheless, Columbus succeeded, *and so will you.*' At that moment a gentleman sitting next me laid a sovereign on my piece of bread; and the coincidence the gold and the 'bread-shop,' combined with the doctor's confident prediction, put new life into me, I boldly said, 'I WILL succeed.'

With the sum of seven pounds in hand, I wrote to *the Bishop* of Lichfield and Coventry, begging him to

ask the Bishop of London if he would license my Irish church and an Irish clergyman, if I provided both. Lord Mountsandsford took this letter to him; and the next day he brought me this rather startling message:—‘The Bishop of London will license your church: Lichfield sends his love to you, and desires you will summon the gentlemen who are assisting you in this undertaking,—half a dozen or so,—to meet him in Sackville-street on Saturday next, and be there yourself. He will see what can be done to forward it.’ Half a dozen gentlemen! where was I to find them? My only helpers were Mr. Maxwell, Dr. Pidduck, and Lord Mountsandsford himself. However, I went to work, praying incessantly, and solacing myself with that beautiful text, “Go up to the mountain and bring wood and build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord.” I suppose I repeated that verse a hundred times a day, in my solitude, attending the sick child, and writing letters till I nearly fell from my seat with exhaustion.

Saturday arrived: I had no idea how far my applications might have succeeded; but if I had as many gentlemen there as pounds in my treasury, namely, seven, it would be sufficient. I went trembling with hope and fear, accompanied by two warm-hearted young Irish barristers whom my good friend Mr. Maxwell had pressed into the service. Oh what could I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me, when I saw the glorious spectacle presented to my view at the hour appointed! There sat the good Bishop Ryder in the chair; beside him the Bishop of Bath and Wells; Lords Lorton, Lifford, Bexley, Mountsands-

ford, and Carberry; and of other clergymen and gentlemen upwards of forty. 'Let us ask a blessing, said the Bishop of Lichfield; and when we all kneeled down to commit unto the LORD a work so new, so strange, and to poor human reason so hopelessly wild as this had appeared two days before, I thought I might as well die then as not; I could never die happier.

All was zeal, love, unanimity; they placed it on a good basis, and my seven pounds were multiplied by more than seven before we broke up. They did not take the work out of my hands, but formed themselves into a body for aiding in carrying it on: the rector of St. Giles's came forward voluntarily to give his hearty consent, and ten pounds; and if there was a pillow of roses in London that night, I surely slept on it. In six weeks my memorable seven pounds swelled to thirteen hundred; a church was bought, a pastor engaged; and a noble meeting held in Freemason's Hall, to incorporate the new project with the Irish Society. I went back to Sandhurst elated with joy, and lost no time in putting up, most conspicuously written out on card, over my study fire-place, the lines that I had so often repeated during the preceding two months:

Victorious Faith the promise sees
And looks to God alone;
Laughs at impossibilities
And says, 'IT SHALL BE DONE.'

In the following November the Irish Episcopal church in St. Giles's was opened for divine service on Advent Sunday, the Rev. H. H. Beamish officiating. A more

eloquent and fluent preacher, a more gifted and devoted man, the whole church of God could not have supplied. He preached the whole gospel in Irish to the listening, wondering people, who hung with delight upon accents so dear to them; and he attacked their pestilent heresies with the bold faithfulness of one who meant what he said, when vowing to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines from those under his charge. God blessed most richly his ministry: many were awakened, several truly converted to Christ, and not a small number fully convinced of the falsehood of their own superstition, which they forsook. We had forty communicants from among the most wretchedly ignorant and bigotted of the Irish Romanists, before Mr. Beamish left his post: and one of them had even endured a cruel martyrdom for the truth's sake. A bread-shop indeed it was: and the old Christian, whose fervent appeal had given rise to its establishment, himself preached there in Irish to a delighted congregation, before the Lord took him to Himself.

I must, however, go back to the period of my sojourn in London, to mention some other matters. Two especial blessings I obtained there: the ministry of Mr. Howels, and the friendship of one whom you well know by character as portrayed under the type of the hearts-ease in the Chapters on Flowers—Mr. Donald. The two blessings were indeed one; for never were hearts more closely knit in brotherly love, than those of Howels and Donald, now together before the throne of the Lamb. I cannot set forth what I owe to my pastor at Long Acre, in the way of strengthening my faith against the perilous delusions of Irvingism, which

were continually seeking to enwrap me, but which, by God's grace, I had been enabled to resist, at the commencement, by an appeal to my Bible alone: I must enter more fully upon that presently. The most valuable lesson, however, which I learned from Mr. Howels was, speaking out. Up to that time I had been very cautious, and refrained from touching on controversy, persuaded that to oppose error openly and directly, was an unsafe proceeding. I had attacked it covertly, rather by setting forth the light than by noticing the darkness, at least in my writings, and in speaking to the Romanists; but now I began to feel that to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" must necessarily include an open denunciation of the errors which subverted that faith. Mr. Howels was peculiarly bold and direct in his manner of preaching down heresy, in whatsoever form it lifted up its head; nor did he at all flinch from warning individuals. Contrary to the usual plan of gently insinuating what he intended to convey, he left no possibility of mistaking his meaning. I was greatly astonished, when, on the very first day of my attendance at Long Acre, he abruptly said from the pulpit, 'I am accused of dealing too severely with individuals: they say I struck Irving too hard. I strike Irving! No, he struck himself, I did not strike him; who would strike a suicide?' He proceeded to exhibit the suicidal effects of those doctrines which Mr. Irving was then beginning to proclaim; and so completely was my attention rivetted by the undisguised personality with which he had commenced, that it was to me as the regular discussion of a particular case,

instead of being lost in the generalizing effect of what might apply to almost any thing. In like manner he dealt with Popery and with Socinianism, calling them by these their proper names, and specifying distinctly any man, living or dead, whose particular errors he was assailing. I found this manner of instructing most effectual: all that he said became, as it were, so classed in the memory, that each sentence was made available in the precise department to which it belonged. Through the goodness of God in teaching me out of his own blessed word, I had learned those truths which my pastor set forth; and there was no mistaken view, as I remember, on my part, to be rectified by his instructions. I went along with him fully, cordially, in all things save one,—the Second Advent,—but incalculably did he strengthen me on points where before I indeed stood, but where now I felt that I stood fast; and I soon learned that to possess the weapons of a warfare into which the church was entering was not enough: they must be openly used. His very plain speaking, which shocked some fastidious tastes, showed me how much we lose by diluting our native Saxon: and I resolved by God's grace to make a better use in future, of my mother-tongue.

In warning my young Sabbath party against Popery, I had been used to say 'There are some mistaken people who will pay honour to those which are no gods: doing superstitious things,' and so forth, describing the observances of the Romish system. Now, I at once addressed them without circumlocution 'Papists, who are by some foolishly and falsely called Catholics, are taught by their priests the most idolatrous, anti

christian things possible;' and then proceeded to show those things. This had the effect I had expected; it embodied an idea otherwise vague and indistinct; and ensured their remembering the particular errors when they should meet with the party named. To the Romanist himself I learned to be equally explicit, not merely combating idolatry as before, by dwelling on the command to worship God alone, but at once branding as idolatrous specific acts habitually committed by those of his communion; and showing at one view the actual sin with the divine prohibition of it. This is controversy; and so long as the world lieth in wickedness the church *must* be a controversial body: this is proselytizing; and so long as men are to be turned from darkness to light, we *must* proselytize. At the outset of my efforts for an Irish church in St. Giles's it was objected by one or two friends, 'You want to make proselytes.' I answered, 'No; we only want to preach the Gospel.' A very few Sundays at Long Acre however changed my tone; and thenceforth the reply was, 'To be sure we do; of what avail will the preaching of Christ be, if it does not overthrow the dominion of Antichrist?' At a subsequent period, an Irish reader of mine asked me, 'Ma'am, do you forbid me to speak controversially?' 'Certainly not: show the people their errors, as set forth by the Holy Spirit for that very purpose of convincing them of the sin.'

I am thankful to hear you say that, Ma'am. Some of the gentlemen charge me never to engage in controversy, but how can I help it? When I was a Papist, I read the Bible because it was the only book in Irish that I could well teach my pupils out of; and I did it

without being at all unsettled in my false religion, until I was teaching Miss —, and she stopped me whenever we came to a strong passage against idolatry and the like, saying, ‘Now, Mr. — how do you reconcile that with your religion?’ I was very mad at her, and strove to forget; but I could not get the words out of the Bible, and they troubled my conscience, till at last I took to comparing Popery with what she had told me was written to warn me out of it: and by God’s blessing out I came.’ Another said, ‘I might have read fifty times over, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,” and not objected to it, and still remained a Papist; but a Protestant pointed it out, and said, “If the *blood of Christ* cleanseth from all sin, what are your works, your penances, your expiatory masses good for? And if the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, what more has purgatory to do for the soul? And if there be no purgatory, what becomes of the infallibility of your church? And if your church be not infallible, what leg have you got to stand upon?” I felt, continued the narrator, ‘as if the ground was cleaving under my feet; and from that time I never rested till I had come to Christ for the blood of sprinkling, and cast my idols to the moles and the bats.’ So much for controversy.

I have noticed that I did not go with Mr. Howels on the subject of the Second Advent: I could not. In fact, I was a millennarian against my will. The three particulars on which I did not believe myself to be convinced were, the vengeful dispensation against the Lord’s *enemies* preparatory to the thousand years of blessedness; the literal nature of the first, premillennial re-

surrection: and the personal reign. With regard to the first, I wished to believe that the gospel would be universally victorious, subduing every heart, and bringing the whole world in peaceful submission to acknowledge the Lord as King. I had once, as before stated, been startled by a reference to the sixty-third of Isaiah, and lulled to sleep again by the far-fetched comments of good Matthew Henry: and I confessed I had taken up the missionary cause on the gratuitous assumption that we were to convert every body, and could not agree to a less extensive triumph. Well; I did not choose to bring this to the test of Scripture, because I did not wish to be undeceived; but just after the Irish meeting, one was held in reference to the Jews, at which I was present; and forth stepped my valued friend M'Neile, whom I had not seen for a year. and with his little bible in his hand preached the obnoxious doctrine, to my infinite annoyance and conviction! He took up my precise objection without knowing it; he spoke of those who could not see that a part of God's *mercy* was his *judgment*; and with that glowing ardour tempered with deep solemnity that always gives him so much of the prophetic characteristic, if I may so speak, he read from the cxxxvi. Psalm, "To Him that smote Egypt in their first-born; *for his MERCY endureth for ever.*" "To him which smote great kings, *for his MERCY endureth for ever:* And slew famous kings, *for his MERCY endureth for ever.*" This was the key-note of a strain that I deeply felt resounded through the whole scripture, though I had refused to heed it; and then he turned to the lxi. of Isaiah, and read the first and part of the second

verse, as quoted by our blessed Lord in the iv. of St. John, to where he shut the book, saying, "this day is *this* scripture fulfilled in your ears." But did the scripture end here? No: the first advent fulfilled so much of it; and He who then proclaimed "the acceptable year of the Lord," should at his second coming proceed with that unfinished scripture "The day of vengeance of our God." And go on thence "To comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,"—and so the whole beautiful picture of millennial gladness and glory on which Isaiah expatiates rose before me, as consequent upon that "day of vengeance," which Christ has not yet in person proclaimed. How angry I felt with that dauntless champion of God's whole truth, for trampling upon my darling prejudices! nevertheless he had done it; and thenceforth I opened my mind to drink in the pure simple meaning of the literal promise.

The first resurrection I considered to be a resurrection of the souls of the martyrs, whose spirits were to animate the happy race of believers during a thousand years. I confess some things puzzled me sorely in this interpretation: for instance, how could a soul be buried; and if not buried how did it rise? Again, those souls were under an altar in heaven, waiting for the completion of their company by means of a new persecution on earth, and it seemed rather a heathenish doctrine to transmigrate them into other bodies; more especially as their own bodies would need them again. Besides, they were with Christ personally in heaven; and to be without Christ personally on earth, was by no means an additional privilege.

I found the thing untenable, and resolved to consider it as wholly figurative; but if so, then the final judgment, described also in that chapter, might be figurative too. I could not look my own inferences in the face; so I wished to let the subject alone; but then a blessing was distinctly pronounced on such as should read or hear the words of that prophecy; and I did not like to lose a blessing.

Thus the matter stood: I had rigidly forbore to read any book, pro or con, or to be talked to about it. One day, when the subject forced itself on me, I resolved to strengthen myself against the modern view (as I wisely supposed it) by prayerfully reading again what I already so well knew—the xv. chapter of 1 Corinthians. I did so: and was suddenly struck by a recollection of the passage where the “saying” is written “Death is swallowed up in victory.” I turned to Isaiah xxv., read it, and found it unequivocally a description of the church’s blessedness on earth—the millennium—at the outset of which the saying is written which “shall come to pass” when Christ’s people rise from the dead. But will not all rise then? I went over the apostle’s description once more, and found no word of the resurrection unto condemnation. The corruptible then raised would all put on incorruption; the weakness, power; the mortal, immortality; having borne the image of the earthly, they were to bear the image of the heavenly. I was quite overpowered: could I reply against God? The passage that I thought so formidable on my side failed me—“Afterwards they that are Christ’s at his coming *Then* cometh the end.” But an interval of a thousand

years might surely precede that "Then," since more than eighteen hundred have already intervened since the acceptable year of the Lord," and we have not yet seen "the day of vengeance of our God," though only a comma separates them in the Bible. From this starting point I explored the scriptures in reference to a literal resurrection of Christ's people, at a literal coming previous to the thousand years of Satan's binding and the peace of the church. I saw it clearly: I received it fully: and I hold it firmly at this day.

On the continued personal presence of the Lord Jesus during that period I was much longer undecided; but I received it gradually as necessary to the harmonious completion of the whole. I shall have occasion to mention it again. Whenever Mr. Howells took up this subject of the Second Advent, I was more than willing to be convinced, or rather unconvinced by him; but I could not. He always lost his temper, talked of sending the millennarians to a lunatic asylum; but never showed cause for their commitment to such safe custody. Donald was by no means favourable to the views, and once asked me 'Why do you hold this mistaken opinion?' I answered, playfully, 'Because it is the only subject on which Howells talks nonsense.' He shook his head, and said, 'I candidly tell you, I wish he would let it alone.' He did not however, let it alone; and had he been spared to us to this day, he would, I doubt not, have been found among its most powerful proclaimers.

It has often struck me what efforts the enemy has made to stifle this doctrine. The check given by

Irvingism was very great, and though it did not lead me to question what I found in my Bible, it made me very cautious in receiving, very backward in declaring, any farther light on the subject. Two years later, a valuable Christian clergyman who had received, and alas! still holds those deluding errors, when lamenting my awful pertinacity in resisting them, and warning me of my supposed sin, added, 'Nevertheless I have hope of you my sister. You believe in the second advent: you will be saved by your faith in a glorified Saviour.' To which I answered, 'I will not. I will be saved by my faith in a crucified Saviour. I believe in his glorious, pre-millennial coming, but it is his cross, not his crown, that saves my soul.' This was considered the climax of heresy, and I was given over as lost.

But shall the abuse of a sublime truth by the great enemy lead us to reject it? As well may we blot out the ninety-first Psalm, because the devil quoted it, and for a truly devilish purpose. No; he knows that the shedding forth of greater light on this important branch of Christian knowledge is one of the signs of Christ's actual coming; a token that his own time is short; therefore he endeavours to stifle it; and ere long he will bring us false Christs, to deceive if it were possible, the very elect. We have need to be found watching!

LETTER XV.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

I WISH to bring into one view the subject with which I closed my last ; partly because the way of my escape from that snare was so similar to my preservation from Popery ; and partly because I doubt not that the great truth of the second advent will again be mixed up with the same, or with other deluding doctrines. We are remarkably warned by our Lord of the "snare" that shall be spread, the temptation that cometh upon the whole earth, from which his people will be kept ; and as we have no right or warrant to look for any farther revelation than we already have, it becomes deeply important to appreciate the sufficiency of that for the coming hour of trial.

The first thing that aroused my attention to the new doctrines of Mr. Irving, was the singular case of Miss Fancourt. Had it been a person unknown to me, I might have thought less about it ; but I knew her, and her family ; and I was and am perfectly certain that the least attempt at deception was never practiced, never thought of by them. A sweet, patient, suffering child of God, guileless as a babe, and whose bodily affliction had moved my tenderest sympathy as I sat beside her couch of pain ; the intelligence of her

instantaneous recovery, of her having walked from her father's house at Hoxton to that of my hospitable friend Mr. Hawtrey, in Hackney, and back, with my intimate knowledge alike of the localities and the individuals concerned, came upon me with a reality the most overwhelming. I certainly held it to have been a miraculous answer to faithful prayer; and I was strongly predisposed by it to receive whatever might be placed before me on the same basis.

Just then, within two or three days afterwards, a lady to whom I looked up as a most enlightened, zealous Christian, wrote me a glowing letter, enclosing two little pamphlets or rather tracts, on the subject of miraculous gifts in the church, as set forth in the xiv. chapter, 1 Corinthians, which was quoted in full. She also gave me an account of the 'tongues,' and exhorted me to pray for miraculous gifts, and to devote my pen immediately and wholly to this great cause. She added that her parents were violently opposed, but she hoped to obtain the 'gifts' herself, and by that means to silence all. I was confounded: I read the tracts, and all the scriptures pointed out in them as confirmatory of the view taken, and which certainly made out a strong case; but I felt too that a reference to single texts would not suffice; I had always read the Bible as a continuous book, not as a collection of scraps; and even the division into chapter and verse annoyed me. I considered that if a man sent me a letter on business of importance I should never be content to look at a sentence here and another there, in order to arrive at his full meaning, but should read the whole; much less would detached verses, called texts, selected

from letters of the Apostles, indited by the Holy Ghost, rightly inform me as to the mind of the Spirit. Accordingly I that night took the New Testament up, kneeled, and fervently, most fervently prayed to be guided to all truth, kept from presumptuous sin, and led to glorify God by humbly receiving whatever he was pleased to reveal. I then seated myself on the side of my bed, and read the whole of the New Testament from the first chapter of Matthew to the Epistle of Jude, and the first seven chapters of the Revelation; finishing that book on the morrow.

The result was such as to make me decidedly reject the new pretensions. I cannot go over the subject here, it would be a treatise in itself; and my object is to recommend to you and others the same process, that each may have his own convictions based on the word of God, and not on the convictions of a fellow mortal. I was quite sure that if such an important change was to take place in the character of the dispensation, and women to become public teachers of men, I should find some express warrant for it; since God would never require us to believe a miracle not wrought according to his word. I found that signs and wonders in the last days were the predicted marks of what was not to be received or followed; and I began to regard with jealous suspicion this assumption; resolved to watch most narrowly the doctrines they might preach. Miss Fancourt's case was argued at large in the Record newspaper; and I soon came to the conclusion from which I have not swerved, that it was one of nervous, *not organic disease*; and while ascribing all glory to God as the hearer of her prayer and healer of her sick

ness, I believed that it had been accomplished by the natural effects, mercifully ordered by him, of a natural cause. In this state of mind I remained, when a letter from a friend in Scotland brought me some account of a meeting where he had heard Mr. Irving expound on the subject of our adorable Lord's human nature, and which, he said, perplexed him. He stated the outline, slightly; but sufficiently to convince me that some great error lay beneath the surface, and this rendered me the more thankful that I had not lightly admitted the claim to supernatural powers, which, once acknowledged, would have given weight to any doctrine associated with them.

A little time brought me better acquainted with the nature of this heresy. Shrouded as it was in much obscurity, and perplexed with many contradictions, so as to enable its unhappy propounder to deny in words what in substance he strongly advanced, nothing could strip it of its blasphemous character. He maintained that the human nature in which our Divine Lord was pleased to become incarnate was not only the likeness of sinful flesh, but flesh inherently sinful; that He was assailed by every evil passion and corrupt inclination; that his principal suffering consisted in the warring of this unholy, depraved nature against the pure spirit lodged within it; that His conquest over sin was the conquest of his own sinful propensities; that the final triumph was the putting to death of this same wicked nature on the cross; and that having thus overcome in his own person all vile dispositions, it remained for each of us to become equally holy, equally free from sin, and entitled to enter heaven. I do not

err in this description, for I took it from the vile book in which Mr. Irving asserted the doctrine, and which with unspeakable horror I was compelled to read, in order, when brought into daily contact with his devoted followers, to maintain the cause of truth against their assaults. A more atrocious outrage on the great mystery of our redemption never was fabricated. Socinianism could desire no more than to see the Deity of Christ thus degraded. Indeed it is very remarkable what an anti-christian character attaches to the whole device: for the heresy is worse than Arian, and the presumed miracles quite Popish.

Great anxiety was shown to enlist me in this cause; for my natural enthusiasm would have rendered me a zealous adherent, and my pen devoted to its advocacy might have done good service. They wished to test the miracle-working powers of their leader by causing me to hear; and to prove the supernatural character of the utterances by making them audible to me previous to such cure. However, I had not in vain read the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy, and their success in both instances would have produced no other effect upon me than as God might have given me over to delusion in punishment for my presumptuous sin in seeking to any other standard of truth than 'the law and the testimony.' I was far from denying the probability of supernatural agency, for the doctrine was so truly diabolical that Satan might be likely enough to strengthen it with such signs and wonders as he was permitted to show, in order to try the faith of *God's people*: and I know of nothing that would *sooner put me on my guard against any new theor*

than seeing it backed by seeming miracles. That Satan can work miracles there is no doubt, and that he will yet do so we are plainly warned. He seems to withhold his hand now, in order to conceal the fact of his existence; for the spirit of the age is infidelity, not superstition; but there will be a snare provided for each individual, according to his natural disposition; and the most devoutly disposed are they who have need to watch the most carefully against spiritual wickedness in high places. If man in his first state of obedience and happiness was the object of envy so deep and a plot so subtle and malignant as that which accomplished the fall of Adam, what must be the feeling of the great enemy against man delivered from his grasp, and restored to God's favour,—what his eagerness to bar to every soul the entrance upon a brighter Eden than that from which our first parents were driven! Believing as I do that the curse will be taken off, and earth become again the fair and fertile garden that it once was, and knowing that Satan surely reads prophecy with a more accurate eye than we can do, I cannot doubt his rage being fearfully increased as the appointed time draws on; nor can I question that he will make a separate effort against every class, every individual in Christ's church, as a last attempt to mar the triumphs of his Conqueror. We may well cling to the assurance that none of His sheep shall perish, neither be plucked from his hand; but it behooves us to be extremely wary, and to watch against the devices of Satan with redoubled vigilance.

Such considerations prevented my giving heed to *any* persuasion that sought to bring me into contact

with the professors of Irvingism. I had no difficulty in so doing for some time; but at length I took up my abode in the house of a lady whom I did not know to be a devoted follower of Mr. Irving. She was so warm-hearted, energetic, and sincere, that firmly believing the work to be of God, and that to oppose it was to blaspheme the Holy Spirit, she could not but be most anxious to bring all whom she loved within the supposed ark of safety. She loved me; and of course laboured diligently to accomplish my conversion, gathering about me the most estimable and most acute of those who followed with her, many of whom were also my personal friends. Finding that my main argument was always the heretical character of the doctrine preached, rather than the nothingness of its supposed attestations, they assured me that Irving was belied; that he never intended to convey any such imputation on our Lord's human nature; and that if I would only attend his ministry I should find he preached quite a different thing. His book was removed out of my reach, as soon as I was found reading it; but I provided myself with another copy, examined, analyzed, and noted down the points of argument, and proved to demonstration, that whether or not he understood the full force of his own assertions, those assertions were precisely what we conceived them to be, most unscriptural, most blasphemous. I averred it to be so, and was of course met by most indignant denials that a man so holy in mind, so unblemished in life, could possibly be a blasphemer, or that persons living in daily prayer to God, earnestly desirous of being guided into all truth, should be suf-

ferred to go so far astray. To this I could only reply again, that what he was, or what they were, did not affect the question when the doctrine promulgated was totally contrary to Scripture. 'Is it not written, By their fruits ye shall know them?' 'Yes; and it is also written, Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.' Indeed, the argument most constantly brought against me was the holy lives of the party; but I could match them, not only among the blind pharisees and the scribes, of whom our Lord said that they could not escape the damnation of hell; not only among the dark devotees of Popery, and the blaspheming followers of Socinus, but among the heathen moralists who never so much as heard of a divine revelation, and who persecuted unto death the early Christians. Indeed it is not to be expected that such a master of delusion as he is who beguiled Eve by his subtlety, should seek to allure believers from the right way by means of any but persons of irreproachable character. Neither does it follow that the persons thus put forward to deceive are themselves hypocrites; some such there will be in every class professing godliness, but I never suspected Mr. Irving himself, nor any one personally known to me among that body, of professing anything they did not honestly believe.

Many a time did I suffer grief far greater than I occasioned, when refusing to join my dear erring brethren in social worship. I knew some of them were in the habit of returning thanks to God the Father for imparting to the Lord Jesus such abundance of the Holy Spirit's influence as kept him from *sinning*; and I would sooner have died than have been

found assenting, even by my presence, to any such fearful impiety. Accordingly I invariably refused to meet them otherwise than in the interchange of courtesy and kindness; and whenever prayer was proposed I withdrew and prayed alone. To do this, cost me an effort that would spoil a whole night's rest; and once in particular, when a large party unexpectedly came in from hearing a sermon and sat down to supper, and afterwards took their Bibles to read and pray, I found it almost too much for me to rise to declare my reason for retiring, and after a most affectionate good night, to leave them; for I loved them well, and it seemed a most presuming thing on my part. I wept nearly all night after it; but how great was my thankfulness on hearing, at the distance of several years, that a very sweet and pious young lady, a stranger to me, who was about to resign herself wholly to their guidance at the sacrifice of filial duty, was so startled by my proceeding, that on returning home she prayed for direction in a spirit of real willingness to be led of God; and after reading attentively such parts of the Scriptures as had been most perverted to maintain the cause of error, she saw the snare, and withdrew. Who shall estimate the value of an open protest!

Finding that an effort was about to be made to introduce and spread the delusions in Ireland, the ardent temperament of whose children appeared so favourable to their reception, I published a pamphlet, 'A Letter to a Friend on some subjects that trouble the Church,' in which I quoted Mr. Irving's own words, as published and re-published by himself in elucidation of his real tenets. This was an unpardonable instance

of hardened unbelief on my part; and it affected my friend so much that we agreed to part sooner than we had purposed. I look back with thankfulness to that time; for it was greatly blessed to establishing me in the faith; and during three months of daily discussion between me and my zealous opponent, not one word had ever been uttered on either side, or one look exchanged that was not even affectionately amicable. She was soon afterwards completely recovered out of the snare; and we both recall our united sojourn with feelings of gratitude to Him who kept us still of one heart, even while we were not of one mind in the house.

I should not pause so long on this part of my recollections, did I not apprehend a revival of the mischief in the church, or something similar to it. The heretical doctrine will never be received except among semi-infidels, but it is probable the 'manifestations' may be joined to some more specious form of anti-christianity; still while we hold an un mutilated Bible, with the privilege of searching it throughout, and have access to the throne of grace, for mercy and for grace to help in time of need, we are safe in the using of those precious privileges. May the Lord enable us so to do!

I have gone forward in my sketch to avoid recurring to this subject; and now I return to the period of my delivering up a sacred trust into the hands of Him who committed it to me. Jack had lingered long, and sunk very gradually; but now he faded apace. His eldest sister, a very decided Romanist, came over for the purpose of seeing him, and to take care that he

had 'the rites of the church.' Had the Abbé remained, it is probable we should have soon found ourselves deep in controversy; for, as priest, he never should have crossed my threshold, to bring upon my house the curse attached to idolatrous worship; and there was happily no other within reach. Jack requested me to promise him in his sister's presence that no Romish priest should come near him; I willingly did so; and moreover informed her that if she was herself dying and asked for one, he would not be admitted under my roof. The abomination that maketh desolate stands in many places where it ought not, but where I have authority it never did; nor by God's grace ever shall. I have toleration full and free for every form of Christianity, but none for Antichrist, come in what form he may.

It may be possible to describe a glorious summer sunset, with all the softening splendour that it sheds around; but to describe the setting of my dumb boy's sun of mortal life is impossible. He declined like the orb of day, gently, silently, gradually, yet swiftly, and gathered new beauties as he approached the horizon. His sufferings were great, but far greater his patience; and nothing resembling a complaint ever escaped him. When appearing in the morning, with pallid, exhausted looks, if asked whether he had slept, he would reply, with a sweet smile, 'No, Jack no sleep; Jack think good Jesus Christ see poor Jack. Night dark; heaven all light; soon see heaven. Cough much now, pain bad; soon no cough, no pain.' This was his usual way of admitting how much he suffered, always placing in contrast the glory to be revealed in him, and

which seemed already revealed to him. Knowing that his recovery was impossible, I refrained, with his full concurrence, from having him tormented with mis-called alleviations, such as opiates, bloodletting, and so forth. All that kindness and skill could effect was gratuitously done for him, and every thing freely supplied by our medical friends; but they admitted that no permanent relief could be given, and I always hold it cruel to embitter the dying season with applications that in the end increase the sufferings they temporarily subdue. This plan kept the boy's mind clear and calm: the ever-present Saviour being to him instead of all soothing drugs. Sometimes when greatly oppressed, he has had leeches; and I remember once half-a-dozen were put on his side, at his own request. The inflammation was very great; the torture dreadful as they drew it to the surface; and I was called to him, as he sat grasping the arm of a chair, and writhing convulsively. He said to me 'Very, very pain; pain bad, soon kill; and he seemed half wild with agony. Looking up in my face, he saw me in tears; and instantly assumed his sweetest expression of countenance, saying in a calm, leisurely way, that his pain was much, but the pain the Lord suffered much more: his was only in his side; the Lord suffered in his side, his hands, his feet, and head. His pain would be over in half an hour, the Lord's lasted many hours; he was 'bad Jack,' the Lord was 'good Jesus Christ.' Then again he observed the leeches made very little holes in his skin, and drew out a little blood; but the thorns, the nails, the spear, tore the Lord's flesh, and all his blood gushed out,—it was shed to save him; and he

raised his eyes, lifted his clasped hands, turned his whole face up towards heaven, saying 'Jack loves, loves, very loves good Jesus Christ!' When another violent pang made him start and writhe a little, he recovered in a moment, nodded his head, and said, 'Good pain, make Jack soon go heaven.'

His sublime idea of the 'red hand' was ever present. He had told me some years before that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, 'Jack!' and he would start, and say, 'Yes, me Jack.' Then he would rise, and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand—he called it 'Bible book'—and would beckon him to stand before him while he opened the book, and looked at the top of the pages, till he came to the name of John B——. In that page he told me, God had written all his 'bads,' every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all 'No, no nothing, none.' I asked him in some alarm if he had done no bad? He said yes, much bads; but when he first prayed to Jesus Christ *he* had taken the book out of God's hand, found that page, and pulling from his palm something which he described as filling up the hole made by the nail, had allowed the wound to bleed a little, passing his hand down the page so that, as he beautifully said, God could see none of Jack's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and there he would remain standing before him, till the Lord Jesus came, and saying to God 'MY Jack,' would put his arm around him,

draw him aside, and bid him stand with the angels till the rest were judged.

All this he told me with the placid but animated look of one who is relating a delightful fact: I stood amazed, for rarely had the plan of a sinner's ransom, appropriation, and justification been so perspicuously set forth in a pulpit as here it was by a poor deaf and dumb peasant boy, whose broken language was eked out by signs. He often told it to others, always making himself understood, and often have I seen the tears starting from a rough man's eye as he followed the glowing representation. Jack used to sit silent and thoughtful for a long time together in his easy chair when too weak to move about; and then catching my eye, to say with a look of infinite satisfaction, 'Good red hand.' I am persuaded that it was his sole and solid support; he never doubted, never feared, because his view of Christ's all-sufficiency was so exceedingly clear and realizing. It certainly never entered his head to question God's love to him. One night a servant went to his room, long after he had gone to bed: he was on his knees at the window, his hands and face held up towards a beautiful starlight sky. He did not perceive the servant's entrance; and next morning when I asked him about it, he told me that God was walking above, upon the stars; and that he went to the window and held up his head that God might look down into it and see how very much he loved Jesus Christ.

All his ideas were similar: all turned on the one theme so dear to him: and their originality was inexhaustible. What could be finer than his notion of

the lightning, that it was produced by a sudden opening and shutting of God's eye—or of the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile? What more graphic than his representation of Satan's malice and impotence, when, one evening, holding his finger to a candle, he snatched it back, as if burnt, pretending to be in great pain, and said 'Devil like candle.' Then with a sudden look of triumph he added 'God like wind,' and with a most vehement puff at once extinguished the light. When it was rekindled he laughed and said 'God kill Devil.'

He told me that God was always sitting still with the great book in his hand, and the Lord Jesus looking down for men, and crying to them, 'Come, man; come, pray.' That the devil drew them back from listening, and persuaded them to spit up towards him, which was his sign for rebellion and contempt; but if at last a man snatched his hand from Satan, and prayed to the Lord Jesus, he went directly, took the book, found the name, and passed the 'red hand' over the page, on seeing which Satan would stamp and cry. He gave very grotesque descriptions of the evil spirit's mortification, and always ended by bestowing on him a hearty kick. From seeing the effect, in point of watchfulness, prayer, and zeal, produced on this young Christian by such continual realization of the presence of the great tempter, I have been led to question very much the policy, not to say the lawfulness, of excluding that terrible foe as we do from our general discourse. It seems to be regarded a manifest impropriety to name him except with the most studied circumlocution, as though we were afraid of treating him irreverently;

and he who is seldom named will not often be thought of. Assuredly it is a great help to him in his countless devices to be kept out of sight. We are prone to speak, to think, to act, as though we had only our own vile natures to contend with, including perhaps a sort of general admission that something is at work to aid the cause of rebellion; but it was far otherwise with Jack. If only conscious of the inward rising of a sullen or angry temper, he would immediately conclude that the devil was trying to make him grieve the Lord; and he knelt down to pray that God would drive him away. The sight of a drunken man affected him deeply; he would remark that the devil had drawn that man to the ale-house, put the cup into his hand with an assurance that God did not see, or did not care; and was now pushing him about to show the angels he had made that wretched being spit at the authority of the Lord. In like manner with all other vices, and some seeming virtues. As an instance of the latter, he knew a person who was very hostile to the gospel, and to the best of his power hindered it, but who nevertheless paid the most punctual regard to all the formalities of external public worship. He almost frightened me by the picture he drew of that person's case, saying the devil walked to church with him, led him into a pew, set a hassock prominently forward for him to kneel on, put a handsome prayer-book into his hand; and while he carefully followed all the service kept clapping him on the shoulder, saying 'A very good pray.' I told *this* to a pious minister, who declared it was the most awfully just description of self-deluding formality, helped on by Satan, that ever he heard of. When

partaking of the Lord's supper, Jack told me that his feeling was 'very, very love Jesus Christ; very, very *very* hate devil: go, devil!' and with holy indignation he motioned, as it were, the enemy from him. He felt that he had overcome the accuser by the blood of the lamb. 'Oh that we all may take a lesson of wisdom from this simple child of God!'

During the winter months he sank daily: his greatest earthly delight was in occasionally seeing Mr. Donald, for whom he felt the fondest love, and who seemed to have a presentment of the happy union in which they would together soon rejoice before the Lord. Jack was courteous in manner, even to elegance; most graceful; and being now nineteen, tall and large, with the expression of infantine innocence and sweetness on a very fine countenance, no one could look on him without admiration; nor treat him with roughness or disrespect: but Donald's tenderness of manner was no less conspicuous than his; and I have watched that noble-minded Christian man waiting on the dying youth, as he sat patiently reclining in his chair,—for he could not lie down,—and the grateful humility with which every little kindness was received, until I almost forgot what the rude, unfeeling world was like in that beautiful contemplation. How much the fruit in God's garden is beautified by the process that ripens it!

Jack laboured anxiously to convert his sister; and as she could not read at all, the whole controversy was carried on by signs. Mary was excessively mirthful, Jack unboundedly earnest; and when her playful *re-
proaches* roused his Irish blood, the scene was often

very comic. I remember he was once bringing a long list of accusations against her priest, for taking his mother's money, making the poor fast, while the rich paid for dispensations to eat, inflicting cruel penances, drinking too much whiskey; and finally telling the people to worship wooden and breadden gods. To all this Mary attended with perfect good humour, and then told him the same priest had christened him and made crosses upon him. Jack wrathfully intimated that he was then a baby, with a head like a doll's, and knew nothing: but if he had been wise he would have kicked his little foot into the priest's mouth. The controversy grew so warm that I had to part them. His horror of the priests was solely directed against their false religion; when I told him of one being converted, he leaped about for joy.

At the commencement of the year 1831 he was evidently dying; and we got a furlough for his brother to visit him. Poor Pat never went to bed but twice during the fortnight he was there, so bitterly did he grieve over the companion of his early days; and many a sweet discourse passed between them, on the subject of the blessed hope that sustained the dying Christian. He only survived Pat's departure four days. On the third of February the last symptoms came on; the death-damps began to ooze out, his legs were swelled to the size of his body, and he sat in that state, incapable of receiving warmth, scarcely able to swallow, yet clear, bright, and tranquil, for thirty hours. The morning of the last day was marked by such a revival of strength that he walked across the room with little help, and talked incessantly to me.

and to all who came near him. He told me, among other things, that once God destroyed all men by rain, except those in the ark; and that he would soon do it again, not with water but with fire. He described the Lord as taking up the wicked by handfulls, breaking them, and throwing them into a fire; repeating, 'all bads, all bads go fire.' I asked if he was not bad; 'Yes, Jack bad very.' Would he be thrown into the fire? 'No: Jesus Christ loves poor Jack.' He then spoke rapturously of the red hand, of the angels he should soon be singing with, of the day when Satan should be cast into the pit, and of the delight he should have in seeing me again. He prayed for his family, begged me to teach Mary to read the Bible, to warn Pat against bad example, to bring up my brother's boys to love Jesus Christ, and lastly he repeated over and over again the fervent injunction to love Ireland, to pray for Ireland; to write books for 'Jack's poor Ireland,' and in every way to oppose Popery. He called it 'Roman,' always; and it was a striking sight, that youth all but dead, kindling into the most animated, stern, energetic warmth of manner raising his cold, damp hands, and spelling with them the words, 'Roman is a lie.' 'One Jesus Christ, one (meaning he was the only Saviour) Jack's one Jesus Christ;' and then, with a force as if he would have the characters impressed on his hands, he reiterated, as slowly as possible, his dying Protest, 'Roman is a LIE!' Very sweetly he thanked me for all my care; and now he seemed to bequeath to me his zeal against the destroyer of his people. The last signs of removal came on in the evening; his sight failed, he rubbed his eye

shook his head, and then smiled with conscious pleasure. At last he asked me to let him lie down on the sofa where he had been sitting, and saying very calmly 'A sleep,' put his hand into mine, closed his eyes, and breathed his spirit forth so gently, that it was difficult to mark the precise moment of that joyful change.

I still hope to throw into a volume the numerous particulars that remain untold concerning this boy; and I will not now dwell upon the subject longer. God had graciously kept me faithful to my trust; and I surrendered it, not without most keenly feeling the loss of such a companion, but with a glow of adoring thankfulness that overcame all selfish regrets. Thenceforth my lot was to be cast among strangers, and sorely did I miss the comforting, sympathizing monitor who for seven years had been teaching me more than I could teach him, but all my prayers had been answered, all my labours crowned; and with other duties before me I was enabled to look at the past, to thank God, and to take courage.

LETTER XVI.

A REMOVAL.

CIRCUMSTANCES led me to decide on removing nearer the metropolis: and with reluctance I bade adieu to Sandhurst, where I had resided five years. Jack was buried under the east window of the chapel of ease at Bagshot, there to rest till roused by the Lord's descending shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. I am very certain he will rise to glory and immortality. It was a severe trial to part with my school, to dispose of the endeared relics that had furnished a home blessed by my brother's presence, to bid farewell to many kind friends, and cast myself into the great wilderness of London. The feeling that oppressed me was a conviction that I should there find nothing to do; but I prayed to be made useful, and none ever asked work of a heavenly Master in vain. The dreadful famine in the west of Ireland had called forth a stream of English liberality, and collections were made every where for relief of the suffering Irish: one was announced at Long-Acre chapel; but before the day arrived, the committee put forth a statement that they had abundant funds and required no more. *I was then residing in Bloomsbury, daily witnessing the wretchedness of St. Giles's and on learning this*

I wrote to Mr. Howels, begging him to say a word to his congregation on behalf of those Irish who were starving at their doors, whose miserable destitution I laid before him as well as I could. He returned me no answer; but on the Sunday morning read my letter from the pulpit, asked his flock to contribute, and collected upwards of fifty pounds, which he gave to me.

Knowing the character of the people so well, and longing to make the relief of their bodily wants subservient to a higher purpose, I resolved to visit in person every case recommended to my notice. Many of my friends stood aghast at the proposal; I should be insulted, murdered, by the Irish savages; no lady could venture there, their language was so dreadful: no delicate person could survive the effects of such a noxious atmosphere. To this I replied that, happily, I could not hear their conversation: and as for the unwholesomeness, it could not be worse than Sierra Leone, or other missionary stations, where many ladies went. Insult had never yet been my lot among the Irish; and as to murder, it would be martyrdom in such a cause, of which I had little hope. So I turned my fifty pounds into bread, rice, milk, meal, coals, and soup, resolved to give no money, and on the very next day commenced the campaign against starvation and Popery in St. Giles's.

For four months I persevered in the work, devoting from four to six hours every day to it; and though I never in the smallest degree concealed or compromised the truth, or failed to place in the strongest light its contrast with the falsehood taught them, I never experienced a disrespectful or unkind look from one

among the hundreds, the thousands who knew me as the enemy of their religion, but the loving friend of their country and of their souls. Often, when I went to visit and relieve some poor dying creature in a cellar or garret, where a dozen wholly unconnected with the sufferer were lodged in the same apartment, have I gathered them all about me by speaking of Ireland with the affection I really feel for it, and then shown them, from the Scriptures, in English, or by means of an Irish reader sometimes accompanying me, the only way of salvation, pointing out how very different was that by which they vainly sought it. My plan was to discover such as were too ill to go to the Dispensary for relief, or to select the most distressed objects whom I met there, and to take the bread of life along with the bread that perisheth into their wretched abodes. I was most ably and zealously helped by that benevolent Physician who had always been foremost in every good and compassionate work for the Irish poor ; and to whose indefatigable zeal it is chiefly owing that at this day the poor lambs of that distressed flock are still gathered and taught in the schools which it was Donald's supreme delight to superintend. I cannot pass over in silence the devotion of Dr. Pidduck, through many years, to an office the most laborious, the most repulsive, and in many respects the most thankless that a professional man can be engaged in—that of ministering to the diseased and filthy population of the district. But many a soul that he has taught in the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal, will be found to rejoice him in the day when their poor bodies shall arise to meet the Lord.

The schools in George-street to which I have alluded are the main blessing of the place: they were established long before the Irish gospel was ever introduced there; and they survive the Irish ministry which, alas! has been withdrawn from the spot where God enabled me to plant it. Those schools are a bud of promise in the desolate wilderness, which may the Lord in his own good time cause to blossom again!

This year was memorable for the great struggle respecting the Reform Bill, a measure rendered ruinous by the fatal act that preceded it, in 1829. It was not passed this year, owing to the steadiness of the peers; but it became too evident that it could not long be resisted by one estate against the other two; and it could not be expected that they who had assisted to open the door to admit the serpent's head would persist in keeping out his body. They had taken the first step down a rapid descent, and to pause was impossible, unless God gave them such a measure of grace as is rarely accorded to those who have betrayed a trust. He that is unfaithful in little will be so *again* in much; and it was not a small thing to dash down the most sacred bulwarks of our national Protestantism. Tory treachery did the deed; and Tory influence was the first to receive a death-wound by means of schedule A.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-two saw the Reform Bill pass. The first act, almost of this reformed and papalized Parliament was, in the following year, to lop off ten bishopricks from the Irish Church, by means of the majority thus obtained. It was a base and cruel proceeding, and it exhibited in glaring colours

the value of an oath taken by Romanists against the interests of their system; for of those who had obtained admission to the British Parliament by solemnly swearing to do nothing prejudicial to the Protestant Church, all save three voted for this deadly blow, which was to be followed up by a series of attacks upon its very existence. The wonder was, that anybody wondered at this: I never did. I should have greatly marvelled had it been otherwise; for who could expect the 'mother and mistress of all churches' to sit in contented equality, not to say in acknowledged inferiority, beside one on which she is sworn through all her orders to set her foot, and to trample it into the dust? I am not one of those who would let a hungry wolf into the fold, calculating on his polite or conscientious forbearance not to worry the sheep. "The wicked will do wickedly," Scripture declares; and what can we expect from him who is characterized by the same Scriptures as "that wicked?"

It is solemnly declared, that they who hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; who would none of his counsel and despised his reproof, shall eat of the fruit of their own ways, and be filled with their own devices. That our abandonment of the Protestant principle, which we know to be according to God's will, was a rejection of his counsel, and a departing from his fear, many are now constrained to confess, by seeing how strictly retributive is the dispensation under which we are laid. Look around, and what do we behold of the fruit of our own way in forming papal alliance? it is evidently judicial. The rapid increase of Popish chapels, and the open efforts

of proselytizing made on every side; the establishment of a powerful and wealthy 'Institute,' for the avowed purpose of extending Popery, and the announcement of general prayer for the restoration of England to the Pope's fold; the powerful wielding of the public press to the same end, and the ready aid afforded by parties who merge their nominal Protestantism in real, heartfelt hostility to the established form of church-government, and other national institutions; all this we might have expected; we did expect and predict it too, openly enough, when striving against the overthrow of our defences. But who among us could have foreseen the dispensation by which judgment was to begin at the house of God; or the marked retribution that makes the sin of the church the punishment of the church, literally filling us with our own devices, by transfusing Popery into the very veins of the ecclesiastical body! Unquestionably this is the most deadly symptom of all; and while we own that the Lord must, in the way of permission, have done this "evil" against his offending people, we cannot rationally doubt as to the means employed. The great object once attained, of a restored footing in the legislature and other branches of public power, all was surely prepared, as under the Stuarts it ever was, to seize in every possible way the advantage gained; and as the Church of England has been found the surest fortress of Protestant truth, the introduction of false principles among those to whom is committed the preparation of her young men for the ministry, was of all things most desirable. How this was first effected, by what means some of the most eminently

learned men, of unexceptionable moral character and extensive influence in a Protestant university, and ministering in our church, became active instruments of the papal foe, cannot be ascertained. All the iniquities of Popery are mysterious: the name MYSTERY will remain emblazoned on the Harlot's brow, until the fire of God's wrath shall consume its brazen characters. It is vain to speculate about the origin of what only concerns us in its effects; and in those effects it does most awfully concern us. I have read with attention what is put forth by the promulgators of these doctrines,—erroneously called new, for they helped to form the stumbling-block which Balaam put before the children of Israel, and were received among the Galatians in Paul's days. I have brought them to the balances in which, by God's grace, I had weighed Socinianism, Popery, Antinomianism, and Irvingism, and found them all wanting; and Puseyism kicked the beam no less speedily or decidedly than any of the former. The points on which I most clearly see it to be at once opposed to Scripture, and tainted with the papal leaven, are these:—

I. The actual washing away of original sin, and conferring of the new birth by the rite of baptism, with the painful process by which a baptized person is to work his own way back to God after sinning away the supposed grace then received; for neither of which do I find one warrant in the word of God, but abundant confirmation of both in the catechisms of Rome.

II. The sacrificial character of the other sacrament, *its efficiency in conveying grace by the mere outward act, the mysterious change supposed to be wrought in*

the elements by the setting of them apart for a service in itself commemorative, and the awful reverence with which they are thenceforth to be regarded: in every particular of which I trace approximation to the Romish mass, and a commensurate retrogression from the pure simplicity of the gospel.

III. The investing of one particular point in a building with superior sanctity, approaching it with bodily reverence, and making it a material thing that the minister should turn in that direction while fulfilling his office towards the people. This may seem a trivial and foolish whim; and truly so it is in itself very foolish and pitifully trivial; but when we see to what fearful idolatry the poor Romanists are brought by such puerile beginnings as these, and when we find a spiritual worship insisted upon throughout the New Testament, in direct contradistinction to will-worship, voluntary humility, and all the parade of "carnal ordinances," it becomes important in no common degree. In Edward's days, the martyr Ridley, then Bishop of London, actually broke down a part of the wall of St. Paul's rather than not wholly remove the Popish altar from its eastern niche; and the plain, decent, scriptural *table* which he set in the chancel for the due celebration of the Lord's supper, was an object of continual rebuke and ribaldry on the part of the murdering persecutors who, particularly the infamous Bishops Bonner and Gardiner, called it an oyster-table. The 'altars' were of course set up again in Mary's reign; and how they now come to appear in so many of our churches, and to retain in common parlance the name of altar, is best known to him of whose device

are not ignorant, though we cannot fathom their depth: and who no doubt always hoped to use this oversight of ours as a stepping-stone to the recovery of a lost footing. At all events, our Reformers are far from the offence, for we find in the rubric of our service-book no mention of altar, but these plain words in relation to that which was to supersede it: — “ *The table, at the communion time, having a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in the body of the church, in the chancel, where morning and evening prayer is appointed to be read.*” From this it would seem to have been put out of the way at other times, probably to afford more room for the congregation during general prayers, and to have been brought out again at the communion time; and our parish churches have been principally built in Popish days, afforded a more convenient space for the table where the old altar formerly stood. Be this as it may, idolatry is again creeping in at that very niche; and though in appearance far less formidable than the doctrinal errors reached, this vain practice will cost the church very dear.

IV. The assumption so strenuously resisted by our martyrs, and so manifestly contrary to Scripture, of an authority over men’s minds and consciences, based not upon a faithful adherence to the apostolic doctrines, but upon a fortuitous succession to their external office and functions. Fortuitous as regards the individual, for any one may obtain it; but absolute and unchangeable as regards the office itself, not by virtue of the scriptural form in which the privileges are, after apostolic injunction and example, conferred, but be-

cause an unbroken series of individuals have been so appointed, of whom some have led the worship of the true God ; others have set up idols, and compelled the people to bow down to them ; some have preached Christ ; others have themselves constituted the body of Antichrist ; some have been commissioned and taught by the Holy Ghost ; others have been the habitation and the mouth-piece of devils ; and now, on the ground chosen by these successionists, the Pope of Rome is a true bishop, sitting in a true church ; and Babylon the Great, whom God himself calls the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth, is our eldest sister, our venerated sister, in separating from whom we have made ourselves schismatics, and through whose filthy, polluted channel we must draw the waters of life, if we would receive them at all. Who can look at this dogma, and not be inclined to breathe the prayer of good King Edward's liturgy, so foolishly expunged by Elizabeth's temporizing, half-convicted prelates : — " From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us ! "

V. The dreadfully unscriptural tenet which they call 'reserve.' They say that the doctrine of the Atonement is not to be openly nor at once preached to the people : That they are to be taught repentance, good works, and so forth, but not to be told that Christ has wrought out salvation for them, nor to hear the blessed truth that " the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." They are not to be invited to " Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The Lord has indeed loudly and universally proclaimed, " Look unto ME and be ye saved, all the

ends of the earth;" but these faithful and wise stewards arrest the message on its way, and silencing the voice of Jehovah, say to the people 'Look unto us: and we will show you a more excellent way.' I would not have taken this fact upon the credit of any report whatever; nothing but reading declarations to that effect in their own books would have convinced me that any ministers of the English church would have so trampled upon her institutions, no less than violated Scripture, as deliberately to withhold from the laity the knowledge whereby alone they alone can be saved. Many false pastors there have been, and too many there still are in our church, who do not teach, because they do not themselves know, the gospel of Christ; but here is a case where it is supposed to be fully understood by the clergy, and by them suppressed as regards their flocks, except under particular circumstances to be judged of themselves! This is a direct instigation of Jesuit teachers who pull the wires alike unseen by the audience and unfelt by the puppets: it is a practice in the Romish system, little known; but I have met with two instances where the priest—whether impelled by conscience, or restrained by the immediate power of God, or else habitually, I know not—being left alone with the person over whom he had been performing the mummeries called extreme unction, or 'the rites of the church,' told him that all he had done was of no real avail: that the virgin and the saints, to whom he had publicly exhorted him to cleave with full confidence, could not help him: and that unless it pleased Christ to save him he must go to hell. In one of these cases the individual survived long enough to

repeat this ; in the other he recovered and immediately became a Protestant. I believe if the followers of the sect knew a little more than they do of the tricks and devices of Popery, they would be startled to find what hands they are in. It is fearful to think how near this wicked doctrine of reserve brings its holders to the apostle's anathema ; for that which preaches aught but Christ, aught less than Christ "whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through his blood," is "another gospel."

VI. They do not admit the Scriptures in their plain signification as commended to every man's plain judgment, as the sole and sufficient rule of faith. Certain doctors who wrote in the early ages of the Christian church, and who often darkened counsel by words without knowledge, are called 'fathers,' and invested with a sort of paternal authority which few Christian fathers would desire to assume over their children ; thrusting their own notions in the place of God's commands. Truly, in some respects we may say to our Oxford brethren, "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers ;" for they often abound in most grievous errors, springing from their being men of many words. Yet to them we are required to yield both God's authority and our own understanding ; to shut out the glorious noon-day sun, and read our lesson by the glimmer of their rushlight.

VII. And I feel that this ought to have occupied the first place, for it is the main point—it constitutes the foundation of shifting sand supplied in the place of the eternal rock—these tractarians subvert the grand doctrine of Justification by Faith : they build upon

human merit; they represent man as a being capable of propitiating the offended Deity by his own works: they stumble and fall upon that stone on which none can fall without being broken. This, the main, essential distinction between real Christianity and every counterfeit that usurps the name, is the grand touchstone whereto we must bring them; coming into contact with it, they shrink, and shrivel, and perish.

I feel that I have scarcely touched upon this subject, though entering on it far more at large than on any of the preceding temptations to which my faith has been exposed. Perhaps I ought not to call this a temptation; for I saw the character of Popery too legibly stamped upon this delusion even from the first, to be in any danger from it; but knowing what deceptions must abound in these days, and deeply feeling the importance of the caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," I always strive to feel myself endangered by every form of error that is broached; and fly "to the law and to the testimony" for light, whenever a shadow crosses my path. Many a severe and most angry rebuke have I received from those who were openly or secretly connected with the party in question, and who usually take one of two grounds in their censure: either assuming with clerical authority, which with me is no authority at all, unless their succession be that of doctrine as well as of office; or charging me with directing at individuals the remarks that duty compels me to make on opinions. Of this I am wholly innocent: I do not, thank God, personally know a single clergyman whom I believe to be a propounder of these errors: and what

enmity can I entertain against others, who in their private characters are wholly unknown to me? I never conversed with one of them: I always prefer to take men's opinions from their published writings, because in conversation, even where no bar exists to its greatest freedom, much may be explained away, and those explanations either forgotten or denied; the same in a measure, holds good with preaching: but deliberate publications afford a tangible hold. Popery never could be openly dissected until the Council of Trent was so kind as to tie her down for our operations, by embodying in their decrees all the vague Proteus-like doctrines that she proclaimed and denied at pleasure.

I view this falling away on the part of a great number of our clergymen as a direct judgment on us for our unfaithful confederacy with Antichristian Rome. I dread its progress, by the elevation to the episcopal authority of men holding the tenets in question, or the perversion of those already possessed of it; and if this be permitted, a schism must ensue: all true Christians, both clergy and people, separating from a church that will cast them out, and those edifices that now rise before us—the courts of a pure worship, which we love to tread—will become again temples of idolatry, polluted, hateful, and accursed. From such an issue may the Lord in his great mercy spare us! We, who consented not to the purpose and deed of those who brought Popery back to power, and others who have repented before God of what they did in ignorance and unbelief, may hope much for ourselves in *this* peculiar visitation; but alas! who among us is

clear from having exceedingly provoked God to chastise us for our many public and private sins! Had Howels lived to this day, how would the walls of his chapel have rung with the warnings that his lips would never have been weary of uttering, while pointing out the finger of God in this domestic visitation of Popery. But he, and Donald, who felt it even as he, were mercifully taken away from the evil to come.

During a sojourn of some years a little to the north of London, I devoted myself more to the pen, and found less opportunity for other usefulness than in Sandhurst and London; yet much encouragement was given to labour among the poor neglected Irish, who may be found in every neighbourhood, and to whom few think of taking the gospel in their native tongue—still fewer of bearing with the desperate opposition that Satan will ever show to the work. We make the deplorable state, morally and physically, of the Irish poor, an excuse first for not going among them at all, and then for relinquishing the work if we do venture to begin it. In both cases it ought to plead *fortenfold* readiness and perseverance. I always found it a perilous task to attack the enemy in this strong hold: not from any opposition encountered from the people themselves; far otherwise: they ever received me gladly, and treated me with respect and grateful affection; but Satan has many ways of assailing those whom he desires to hinder, and sometimes his chain is greatly lengthened for the trial of faith, and perfecting of humility and patience, where they may be sadly lacking. There are spheres of undeniable duty where the Christian may often almost, if not alto

gether take up the apostle's declaration, and say, "No man stood by me." This, to the full extent, has never yet been my experience; but I have often found many against me, both without and within, when earnestly bent on dealing a blow at the great Antichrist. It is no good sign when all goes on too smoothly.

In 1834 I was induced to undertake what seemed an arduous and alarming office: that of editing a periodical. I commenced it in much prayer, with no little trembling, and actuated by motives not selfish. That it was not laid down at the end of the second year, was owing to the great blessing just then given to my appeals on behalf of the cruelly oppressed and impoverished Irish clergy through its means: and recommencing, at the beginning of the third year, with an ardent desire to promote more than ever the sacred cause of Protestantism, I found the Lord prospering the work beyond my best hopes; and by his help I continue it to this day. On the subject of the Irish church I must make a few remarks, connected with my visit to that country, whence I addressed to you the "Letters from Ireland," already published.

LETTER XVII.

IRELAND.

It was my lot to witness, as I have before told you, the first outbreak of what proved to be an organized war against the property of the Irish church. It did not assume this form avowedly while the question of conceding the demands of the Romanists was yet in abeyance; but all the manœuvres of Captain Rock, his enlistments, drillings, nightly sallies, and the whole system as developed during my abode in Kilkenny, were but preparatory to what had been long decided on as the first forward step after gaining what they had long clamoured for—a vantage ground from which to assail the hated fortress of Protestantism. It was at Knocktopher, within sight indeed of the sweet parsonage of Vicarsfield, that the dreadful slaughter occurred in which thirteen policemen fell, murdered. Dr. Hamilton's extensive union of Knocktopher and Kilmagany was first attacked; the latter division of the parish lies on the very border of Tipperary, just where the nightly marauders entered the county Kilkenny. The men who had been first trained to the work as Rockites, now called themselves Hurlers, *from a sport in which the Kilkenny men excel, and under this name they declared open war against t*

Established Church. One morning Dr. Hamilton was told that some men desired to speak with him; he immediately went to the hall-door, and saw four or five peasants. The carriageway to that door sweeps through a cluster of evergreens which shade the house in front; but beyond them lies a wide expanse of waste ground. The men requested Dr. Hamilton to step a little to one side, so that the laurels might no longer intercept his view, and on complying he saw the whole plain covered with men, to the number of two or three thousand, armed with the formidable hooked sticks that they use in hurling, and with shillelaghs loaded with lead, besides concealed firearms, and other dangerous weapons. On seeing this, Dr. Hamilton had the presence of mind to retreat backwards towards the door, and I will say the heroism to shut it by means of the stout spring lock, thus at once guarding his house from the enemy, and leaving himself wholly unarmed and defenceless in their power: he had not even a hat on his head. He had taken care to slam the door with such violence as to startle the inhabitants of the house, and thus to apprize them of danger; and now he stood, calm and dignified, awaiting the will of his assailants. Many a sanguinary warning had he received, signed in blood, assuring him that his own should speedily be shed; and now the hour seemed to have arrived when those menaces should be made good.

No violence however was attempted: the foremost men told him that he might see how vain resistance must be against such a multitude, perfectly united, and resolved to yield no longer to the demands of a

heretic church. They insisted upon his dismissing his proctor, and refraining in future from demanding tithe from the Romanists of his parish ; adding many assurances of their determination to put down the system altogether. After thus warning and threatening him, they departed ; and he of course lost no time in making known to the government what had occurred, and requesting a strong body of police for the protection of his house and family.

A party was sent down, who lodged in and about Vicarsfield, and for a time all seemed quiet ; but at length the Hurlers again appeared, surrounding the house in immense numbers. The officer in command of the police formed his men, and a parley was demanded ; when the leaders of the insurgents said they would come to terms, but must have a conversation with the police in the open country some little way off, to which the latter most rashly consented, and proceeded to the spot by the bohreen. This little lane has a fence of loose stones on either side, the ground rising nearly to the height of the rude wall, so that the men within it were much lower than those in the field around them. There was barely space for two men to walk abreast, and of course no room for any movement or manœuvre. The policemen were allowed to proceed for some distance, and then the ruffians on either side suddenly turned on them, pouring down with dreadful impetuosity into the narrow pass, and murdering them almost without resistance.

The terrible work was soon done, and the butchers dispersed. A wounded policeman who had almost miraculously escaped with his life, ran to the Vicarage

and bursting into the hall, staggered and fell, covered with blood. The panic was of course dreadful; and as soon as possible Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, disguised and in a common cart, made their escape to Kilkenny, taking shelter in the castle with Lord Ormonde, whence they came to England, for ever exiled from their beloved and lovely home, and in fact stripped of everything; for to recover tithe in that parish was now impossible. The meek pastor, a wreck in body, but evermore cleaving to his Lord, lingered out some years among us, and then departed to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

Several of the murderers were taken, sworn to, repeatedly arraigned, tried, proved guilty, and set at large; because there was not found a jury who could command nerve enough to lay down their own lives and those of their families by finding a verdict against them, though their guilt admitted not of even a doubt. It seemed pretty well understood by both parties that the Irish church was given over for a prey to the teeth of her enemies, and one heavy blow after another from the hands of those who were sworn to uphold her, confirmed the supposition. Attempts were daily made to ascertain how far the enemy might venture; and when it was found that they might use their own discretion, a general resistance to the payment of tithe ensued, and the clergy, particularly in the south, were soon reduced to abide in their unroofed houses the utmost pressure of poverty and actual starvation. Yes, had it not been for the ever ready aid of England, those faithful, zealous, devoted ministers of the *everlasting* gospel might have been—would have been—

literally *starved to death* with their wives and children. Many were nearly so, when they had sold even the last of their books, and every little article that they possessed for personal or domestic use, to purchase a scanty meal of potatoes. It could scarcely have been hoped by the friends, or anticipated by the foes of the Protestant church, that through such extremity the persecuted clergy would be conducted, and again restored to their flocks, purified and made brighter by this searching fire. Yet so it was: God gave quietness, and who could make trouble? God had given commandment to bless, and who could reverse it? I was present at a meeting in Freemason's Hall, in December, 1835, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, with a large number of clergymen, noblemen and gentlemen, assembled to take into consideration the afflicted state of their brethren in Ireland. There was at the outset a decided deprecation of all political topics and allusions; but the speakers found, not excepting the venerable Primate who had enjoined such abstinence from secular topics, that it was utterly impossible to enter upon the subject before them without adverting to the plain root of the matter. The Bishop of London distinctly attributed it all to a neglect of vindicating the majesty of the laws in Ireland; and that neglect he plainly charged on the real culprits, assigning the true motive—a willingness to extinguish the Protestant church in Ireland. The effect of this meeting was very important: it cheered the spirit of God's dear suffering servants, not so much by the liberal supply of immediate temporal aid, as by the open expression of warm

sympathy on the part of their English brethren. I can bear witness, for I knew the fact, that the Bishop of London laboured in their cause up to the very letter of that sweet command to do even as in similar circumstances he would that others should do unto him. He sought out information; he arranged, and made it available in the best possible manner; and he put so much heart along with his superior head into the business, that I am very sure he did far more to rescue that precious church than even he himself has any suspicion of. Our dear brethren needed encouragement, such as could only be derived from the fellowship of those who had too long seemed to look upon their calamities with a cold, distant eye; and their malicious enemies wanted the encouragement on the same ground. Their language was, "Persecute them and take them, for there is none to deliver them." So Satan suggested; but as usual he told a lie.

And now I must name one whose memory is indeed most precious to me—the late, the *last* Archbishop of Tuam. The last, through the infamous act of striking off the ten bishopricks, including those archiepiscopal sees that had existed from a date long prior to the introduction of Popery into these isles. Dr. Trench was indeed a prelate on the apostolic model. so lovely a character I have rarely met with. Sweetness and tenderness, combined with decision the most marked and uncompromising, distinguished him. He had a pastor's heart indeed: the mind which was in Christ Jesus being in him, to the praise of the glory of that grace whereby he was so enabled to shine in *his high station*. His heart was in his work, and with

his brethren. He loved his country with the most ardent devotion of Christian patriotism. He protested to the last against the wicked Bill of 1829, and predicted what has followed. He bent all his energies to oppose the anti-scriptural plan of national education in Ireland, which was one of the series of heavy blows aimed at Protestantism, and one of the hardest. He laboured indefatigably to spread the gospel in Irish among the native race; and from its first opening to its lamented close, my Irish church in St. Giles's was the object of his tenderest concern. His life was shortened by grief for the desolation of the Lord's vineyard in his native land; and by the shameless abandonment even of the poor guards still left against Popish assumption, which permitted the turbulent John M'Hale to parade his anti-christian and illegal exhibitions at the very gate of his palace, while the gaudy mass-house lifted its head above his modest, venerable cathedral. That beloved Archbishop is now with Christ; and most blessed is his memory in the church—most dear, and most precious to me. May the Lord grant us many like-minded with him, to stand fast in this evil day of rebuke and blasphemy!

How melancholy is the contrast presented when we turn to another Irishman, who has the name of his country ever glowing on his lip, and her best life-blood reeking on his hands! It is not possible to compute the amount of life lost by assassination alone, through the turbulent doctrines and doings that have "agitated" poor Ireland for the past twenty years, through the perseverance of one individual in seeking the accomplishment of his darling object. What that is, he best knows

what he has sacrificed to attain it, he will know in the day of judgment. What measures of success has crowned his efforts we cannot tell, unless we might venture to determine the precise nature of what he aims at. If it be to benefit his country, he has injured her more than ever any one individual had power to do in the course of a long life. If to replenish his own hoards, and to earn a conspicuous notoriety, he has accomplished it, and it only remains to render up to God an account of the blood shed to secure what cannot avail him in the day of wrath. Unquestionably the Lord has used that man to work out His own high purposes in a wonderful manner. We find him always moving so much like a puppet, that an unseen hand must surely be at the wires, whether an intermediate one between him and the Almighty cannot be known. Probably the master-spring lies in the Propaganda at Rome; but we well know, that even so the spring is wholly under HIS guidance who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. We may shudder when we look on this great apostle of all evil, rending the wounds of his poor lacerated country, and dashing from her the soothing draught of peace; but we cannot fear either him or his machinations, seeing how surely God hath set him his bounds, which he cannot pass. I never saw this man until the day when an indignant burst of right English feeling, not to be restrained by the presence of the beloved Prince Consort, prevented his voice from being heard among the honest advocates for African improvement. I saw him then, and never did I look upon a human being *with feelings of such mingled horror, compassion, and*

disgust. Interested as I was in the abolition of negro slavery, and working with heart and hand for its accomplishment, until it pleased God to crown our efforts with success, still from the moment I heard that Daniel O'Connell had been permitted to stand forth at the anti-slavery meeting, and enrolled with acclamation as a helper in the work, I wholly withdrew from all connection with the society, and laboured alone, uncontaminated by so degrading an alliance. To estimate him aright, we must explore his bleeding country; we must number up the slain, including those who have paid on a gibbet the forfeiture of lives stained with murder, and we must follow the souls of those victims into an eternity of unutterable woe and endless despair. It is an awful thing for man to possess influence over his fellows: no talent is so rich, none so liable to abuse, and surely none of which the Lord will more rigidly inquire how it has been applied.

It was in the year 1837 that I had the opportunity of judging how far the events subsequent to the passing of that "healing measure" in 1829 had justified the prognostications of its advocates in reference to Ireland. According to their predictions, I should have found the Established Church flourishing in the warmth of that brotherly love so freely promised by the graceful recipients of the long-sought boon, and doubly secure under the protection of their sworn amity. I should have found the Roman population peaceable, contented, every way improved; dwelling in the sweetest harmony with their Protestant neighbours, and encouraged in all loyalty by a priesthood now become the faithful liegemen of the British crown.

Happily I was not disappointed, for I never expected aught but the strongest contrast, to this picture, and such I found : Popery rampant, insolent, overbearing and evidently calculating on soon possessing the land in undisturbed security : Protestantism depressed, discouraged, menaced, and barely enjoying an uncertain toleration, on the one hand from government, on the other from the mass of the Romish populace : the children of the poor removed from those scriptural schools which were rising up on all sides during my former sojourn, and placed under the power of the enemy, backed by full government patronage. I fell in with an army, marched at a great expense to the north, which alone was loyal and peaceable, to restrain the exhibition of Protestant principles and devoted attachment to the house of Brunswick ; while no movement that I could discover was ever made, of military or constabulary, to intimidate the hosts of Ribbonmen who were known to assemble for preparations, the object of which was a general massacre of all but their own class. Notwithstanding, I also found the persecuted church occupying a higher hill, and shining with clearer lustre than ever before ; indicating, not the approaching success of Antichrist, but the preparedness of God's people to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Of course I do not mean in mortal combat ; but I do believe that the cause of Christ will never be wholly lost, even for a day, in Ireland ; and whatever temporary advantage may be gained by his enemies, I believe it will be followed by the triumphing of truth in a very marked manner. The circulation of God's word has been silently going on, and its effects

will show themselves in the hour of need. While the oppressed clergy maintained their posts in the face of even a dreadful death to themselves and their little ones, the work proceeded among the people ; and there are tens of thousands among those now most confidently calculated on as the passive slaves of Rome, who, in the moment when their services are called for against the people of God, will openly fling off the fetter which has been privately unlocked, and show themselves on the Lord's side. None can estimate the value of the stand made by those ministers, in its bearing on the christianizing of the country. Had they flinched and failed, the work was at an end. God gave them grace to endure ; and they will yet see the glorious event of their patience and faith.

At the time of my writing this letter, we are looking in breathless anxiety for the next movement among the powers of Europe, in reference to the east. Since the great blow was struck at Navarino, the drying up of the Euphrates has been progressive and without a pause. A sudden movement among the mountaineers of Syria has brought all Europe into the Land of Promise as a battle-field ; and though only the preliminary alarm has yet sounded, in comparison with what is to follow, still there is a general impression even among those who would scoff at the mention of Armageddon, that in the very spot pointed out by Scripture will the great conflict of warring kingdoms take place. Blessed are they that watch !

My mind is fully impressed with the conviction that *we are about to be tried by every device which Satan can put in practice against us.* Every old error and

delusion will now be furbished, and presented to us in the most attractive forms, with the addition of whatever new ones can be contrived. Where shall we find security against them? I, for one, know where it is to be found. You have heard in what way the Lord preserved me from several snares of Socinianism, Poper, Irvingism, Puseyism; and to these I may add what would certainly have been a great evil, needless schism, in separating from the church of England because it is not altogether perfect, and joining some other communion where it is very questionable whether I should have found so much of the good, or little of the evil, as in my own. I do not take up the lofty grounds that some do: I claim no exclusive privilege for my own church over those of other countries, being Protestant. I set little by the bare succession, however apostolical; and of infallibility I believe we are all alike destitute, all alike liable to err. But I consider episcopacy to be the scriptural form of church government, and that our own comes as near the original constitution as any: I hold it the bounden, the imperative duty of the state to provide due religious teaching and public ministration of ordinances for its subjects; and when such an institution is orthodox and well ordered like ours, I consider it really displeasing to God that we should lightly separate from it. Yet should this church become imbued with the doctrines set forth by the Oxford Tractarians, and require from her members a recognition of them as true, I would shake the dust from my feet as a testimony against her, and go forth to worship God according to my conscience; and ac-

according to the real spirit of that same church which would have falsely denied herself.

It was my blessed privilege, four years since, to abridge into two moderate sized volumes the English Martyrology, as recorded by Foxe. In the progress of this work I became better acquainted with the true doctrines of the Reformation than ever before: I compared them as I am wont to do everything, with what God has revealed; and I am satisfied that they are perfectly accordant with scripture: if they were not so, I would reject them. By the same standard let us prove all things, that we may hold fast that which is good.

I have not particularized the trial of my scriptural principles when exposed for a short time to the pernicious doctrines of a subtle and persuasive antinomian teacher. At first he only appeared to me to insist very strenuously on the doctrine of free, sovereign grace; and greatly to magnify God in the saving of souls, wholly independent of aught that man can do: but a little farther investigation convinced me that the vilest system of moral licentiousness might be built on such a foundation as he laid; and I found the discourses of Peter and of Paul, as recorded in the Acts, especially conclusive against his perverted notions. It is a most deadly thing, this antinomianism; and I believe all extremes in doctrines where good men have much differed to be dangerous; while at the same time they are very deluding, for we all love to go far in an argument, or under the influence of party spirit.

Another ordeal, but one of much less pain in discussion, was found in the inviting aspect imparted by

the irreproachable lives and amiable dispositions of the Friends, to their peculiar mode of thinking. Without any direct attempt at proselytizing, some of them made their religion very attractive to me, before I was at all well grounded and settled. On examination however, of their positions, by the aid of scripture alone, I found them, according to my belief, untenable, as regards the rejection of the sacraments, and other minor points. I would deprecate the reading of books, in such cases, beyond the plainest statement of what the party inviting us to join them really hold; and this I would bring to the safe test of God's word, examined *as a whole*, at least the New Testament, in reference to that particular point. Prayer; humble, earnest, diligent, persevering, must accompany the labour, or it will be worse than lost.

Of myself, I have now no more to say than that "by the help of my God I continue to this day," anxiously desirous to devote my little talent to his service, as he may graciously permit. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel, but counted it a privilege to labour with my hands and head, for myself and for those most dear to me. Many trials, various and sharp, have been my portion: but they are passed away, and if I have not enlarged upon them it is from no reluctance to declare all the Lord's wonderful doings, but from a desire to avoid speaking harshly of those who are departed. The Lord has accepted at my hand one offering, in the case of the precious dumb boy, received into glory through his rich blessing on my efforts; and he mercifully gives me to see *the welfare* of two others, committed to me as an off

ing of my brother, over whose early years I have
 n permitted to watch, and in whose growing pros-
 ity my heart can rejoice. He has been a very
 cious master to me; he has dealt very bountifully,
 l given me now the abundance of domestic peace,
 h the light of his countenance to gladden my happy
 ne. Yet the brightest beam that falls upon it is
 anticipation of that burst of glory when the Lord
 us shall be revealed from Heaven, to reign in
 hteousness over the world that shall soon, very
 in, acknowledge him the universal, eternal King:
 l the most fervent aspiration my heart desires to
 er is the response to his promise of a speedy ad-
 at. "Even so, Lord Jesus: come quickly! Amen."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THE Personal Recollections were written by Charlotte Elizabeth, at the close of the year 1840 ; and in the opening Chapter she states the motives which led to such a publication—her desire to preclude the necessity of posthumous biography, by laying before the public all that they are justly entitled to know of the private history of one who, in the providence of God, had been called to the responsible duties of Christian authorship. It was her intention to have enlarged this sketch and to have continued the narrative, if the Lord spared her to a season of repose on earth, ere He called her to the glorious and everlasting rest which remaineth for His people ; but all was otherwise ordered, and the six years that elapsed after this publication, were amongst the most laborious and active of her eventful life. The following brief and imperfect outline is therefore the only substitute which can be offered for her own more comprehensive and perfect plan.

In the year 1836 she removed from Edmonton—the residence alluded to in page 372—to Blackheath, where she remained until her removal to London, about a year before her death.

In 1837 she again visited the land endeared to her by many precious ties—the land of her spiritual birth, and where now rested the remains of that brother whom she had so tenderly loved; and in her “Letters from Ireland” she has left behind her a graphic account of this visit. In this year she also heard of the death of Captain Phelan, and in February 1841 she became the wife of Mr. Tonna, her surviving widower.* In taking this step, unexpected as it was to her friends, she only sought counsel of the Lord; nor did He refuse His guidance and blessing: and while the enjoyment of domestic peace did not induce any relaxation in her desire to work in the Lord’s vineyard, He was graciously pleased to open to her new and extended spheres of usefulness.

In the summer of 1841, she undertook, at the request of the committee of the Protestant Association, the editorship of the “Protestant Magazine,” their official organ; her name, for obvious reasons, was not announced, although she continued as heretofore to write papers in it under her usual signature. She continued to discharge this important duty until the end of the year 1844, when the Magazine passed into other hands. The leading paper, called “The Watchman,” was always from her own pen; and while the workings of Popery in its own undisguised form were narrowly watched and exposed, its more subtle manifestations under the name of Tractarianism and High Churchmanship, were no less vigorously assailed. Strong and urgent were the remonstrances she re-

* Although the third person is used to avoid the unpleasant egotism of the first—the writer has no wish to conceal his identity.

ceived from anonymous correspondents to desist this latter course ; and more than once the " Rev Editor " was cautioned not to admit into " his " the productions of that most dangerous writer—lotte Elizabeth.

At about this time " Judah's Lion " was commenced and published, month by month, in the " Child's Magazine." This was her last work of fiction. The conviction grew on her mind, that such works were not wholly consistent with Christian sincerity and truth ; and though she could not but admit that the Lord had given an extensive blessing to her labors in this department of literature, she attributed the welcome reception of such works to an unhealthy tone in the public mind. To describe the operations of God the Holy Spirit, and the mighty work of regeneration, as taking place in beings who existed in her own imagination,—to delineate struggles of conscience which had never taken place,—and, all, to indite prayers which had never been uttered and reveal their answers—seemed to her now, nothing like profanation ; and it was with some difficulty that she wrote the concluding chapters of the fascinating story in which her readers were so deeply interested.

But she did not hesitate in the decision, that this should be her last work of the class. And here she was evinced that strong conscientiousness which marked her character. Fictitious narrative was to her a pleasant recreation, rather than labor. The absence of sound enabled her to shut out the real world, yielding to the vivid impulses of her imagination.

characters of her story were for the time living and actual beings, whose words and actions she was describing as she heard and saw them. No previous plan was laid down—not even the most general sketch formed in her mind as to the outline of the story. The principal character generally owed its origin to some living prototype, and around him events and persons grouped themselves insensibly. At an early period in the month she would remark that it was the day for “Judah’s Lion,” and in the evening would relate the events that had befallen Alick Cohen and Da Costa, with as much eagerness and vivacity as though they had been actual occurrences of the day. On one occasion she greeted the writer on his return home with the words, “Charley is better,” alluding to her favorite character in the book,—and then remarked, that she had met a dear friend who, almost with tears in her eyes, had entreated her not to let the dear child die. “And indeed,” she added, “I was quite unhappy about him myself.”

The manuscript was never read over, but sent at once to the printer’s; and in reading the proofs she was sometimes affected even to tears. She declared that what she had written was often almost as new and interesting to her as it could be to her readers; yet on resuming the narrative, after the lapse of a month, the thread of the most intricate story was at once taken up, and with the renewed abstraction its reality revived.

The few years that passed from this time up to the period when the fatal malady made its appearance, were, perhaps, amongst the happiest of her life. ~~Un-~~

mediately after breakfast, she went to her desk, locking the door to exclude interruption ; the company of her two dogs, and a splendid cockatoo, assisting rather than interfering with her meditations ; and, when her pen was laid aside, her garden afforded her ever new delight ; and, with her, gardening was no light occupation. She smiled at lady-gardeners who only enjoyed the labors of others:—from the moment the gravel-walks and beds were formed, all was the work of her own hands, and the most laborious operations were to her refreshment and pleasure. Each plant—each bud was familiar to her ; she knew its history—its vicissitudes—and the growth of each became a source of never-failing interest. The emotions produced in her mind by the brilliant tints of flowers and gems, can only be compared to those of music in others. The writer wears at this moment a small diamond ring, which she kept in her desk, and placed on her finger when writing ; the occasional flashing of the brilliants as the light fell upon them, produced the most pleasurable sensations in her mind, and greatly aided the flow of thought and imagination. Her countenance at such moments would light up with animation ; and, if an inquiring glance were turned to her, she would smile and say, “ Oh ! it was only the diamonds.”

Often would she lay down her pen in the midst of some work, requiring all the energy of her mind and much concentration of thought, and go to her garden for half-an-hour ; and, while seemingly wholly absorbed in pruning or transplanting, she was really engaged in her work, and the apparent loss of time was

amply repaid by the rapidity with which she wrote out the ideas conceived and matured during this healthful relaxation. A word spoken to her* at such times would, however, have caused a painful interruption in the flow of thought—she compared the effect to a stone thrown into a quiet running brook—and would utterly disable her from writing for the rest of the day; a circumstance difficult to impress upon the minds of servants: even those who would carefully abstain from interruption, when they knew she was actually writing, could hardly understand that the same care was needful, when she was thus employed with her flowers.

Her love for her garden was only equalled by that for animals; but it was in their unrestrained happiness that she delighted. Their habits, wants, feelings, were understood by her, and closely attended to; and seldom did horses, dogs, pigeons, fowls, cockatoos, parrots, falcons, squirrels, white mice, or dormice, lead a happier life than while under her keeping. She felt that the alienation of the animals from man was part of the penalty for man's original and habitual sin, and their reconciliation and love gave her a foretaste of the enjoyment she anticipated when, that curse

* The reader is doubtless aware that all communication was made to her by means of the finger alphabet, but so quick was her apprehension of what was said, and so easy was it for those about her to acquire great rapidity in this art, that her total deafness was hardly felt to be even an inconvenience; sermons, speeches, and conversations, even of the most voluble speakers, could thus be conveyed to her with perfect ease, and without the omission of a word.

being removed, "the child should lay its hand on the cockatrice's den."

The least approach to cruelty or neglect to God's creatures, produced in her a feeling of intense indignation; and, the inculcation of this principle in the minds of children, she held to be of great importance. With this view, she wrote a little book, called "Kindness to Animals," containing many interesting anecdotes, which had occurred under her own eye. The secret of her love for them lay in the deep appreciation of the poet's words,

'My Father made them all.'

Her evenings in summer were devoted to exercise, and a walk of ten or twelve miles was no uncommon conclusion of a day, the early part of which had been divided between close application at her pen, and hard work in her garden.

During the year 1842, in addition to her editorial labors, she wrote a work on Angelic Ministration, under the title of "Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places." This subject was one on which she delighted to dwell, and on which she had already written two striking papers in her Magazine.* "Conformity," and "Dangers and Duties," also appeared during this year.

But public events occurred which were, to her, of most stirring and absorbing interest. No words can describe the intense joy and astonishment with which she heard of the creation of the Protestant Bishopric

* See Christian Lady's Magazine for January and April, 1837. The papers are headed "Neglected Friends," and signed R. H. W.

of Jerusalem, and that a Jew, who had been her honored friend for nearly sixteen years, was called, in the providence of God, to occupy this new and important post. True it is that a great change took place in her views on this subject ; and of that change, and the subsequent development of opinions which already began to assume a tangible form in her mind, it will be the writer's duty to lay before the Christian public a brief sketch ; and, in so doing, he will but fulfil her dying charge to him. But, at the time, she saw in this appointment, the seeming return of God's favor to His own beloved nation ;—a circumcised Jew once more placed in spiritual authority on the heights of Zion, was an event so unexpected, so dazzling, that, for the moment, she overlooked, or was unwilling to see, many attendant circumstances, which soon plainly showed her that, however important, it was not, as she fondly trusted it was, the realization of her long-cherished hopes, the incipient restoration of Israel. "A Stray Chapter on Flowers," in the Magazine for Dec. 1841, and the "Protestants," or concluding papers in that work, give so vivid an account of the impressions she then entertained, that any further remarks would be superfluous.

Before this period, her attention had been turned to the true position in which the Christian Jew stands towards his Gentile fellow-saints and fellow-believers. She had again resorted to that independent study of Scripture, discarding all human glosses and commentaries which had enabled her, by the Lord's help, to detect and resist the many heresies with which the enemy of souls had sought to beguile her from the

true faith of the Gospel, as narrated in the preceding pages, and she had already been brought to the conviction, from Scripture alone, that, as the covenant which granted to Abraham and to his seed forever the inheritance of the land of Canaan, had never been set aside, so neither was circumcision, the outward attesting seal to that covenant, to be rent from off the bond. A few days before his departure from England, she addressed a solemn and respectful letter to Bishop Alexander, urging him, on returning to the land of his fathers, to circumcise his sons, and testify by this act his belief, that they had part and lot in the promised temporal inheritance.

Continued study of Scripture matured and developed her views on this important subject, and as they have been misunderstood and misrepresented, it will be desirable in this place, somewhat to anticipate the remaining brief narrative, in order to state them distinctly.

Having sought in vain in the Gospels for any abrogation of the command to circumcise every male of the house of Israel, she next proceeded to a close investigation of the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles. Every step in the inquiry led to a fuller and firmer conviction. Paul returns to Jerusalem and declares to the brethren "what things God had wrought *among the Gentiles* by his ministry." Acts xxi. 19. They glorify the Lord for these His wondrous works; and then James and the Elders in the name of the Church, remind him of the many "*myriads of Jews* which believe and are all zealous of the law," and tell him that a rumor obtains amongst the n, that he had been teach-

ing "*all the Jews* which are amongst the Gentiles to forsake Moses,* saying, that they *ought not to circumcise their children*, neither to walk after the customs;" and in order to disprove this calumny, and in order "that all may know that these things are nought," and that Paul himself walked orderly and kept the law, they propose to him to take the vow of a Nazarite in the face of all the people, and thus openly to declare his innocence of the alleged charges. Paul agreed to the terms, took the vow, shaved his head, appeared in the temple, and thus testified to the believing Jews that were zealous of the law, that the things which they were informed of him *were nought*.

Objectors replied to her, that in so doing, Paul merely yielded to the prejudices of his countrymen—that he erred greatly—and that his subsequent troubles and captivity arose from this very act.†

"If Paul," she replied,—“if Paul had really done what he was accused of;—had really taught Jews not to circumcise their children, and yet now, for fear of the Jews in Jerusalem, consented to make this solemn denial of the fact,—no words can express the extent of his hypocrisy. It would have been a most deliberate, solemn, acted-out *lie*, coupled with sacrilege—the very temple of God and the divine ordinances of Moses, being used as a mask and cloak for the deception.”

These are almost her own words, and to show that

* Or “Apostasy from Moses.”

† This is the argument by which Jerome in his own imperious style silenced and put down the milder Augustine, who advocated the very views now propounded to the Church by Charlotte Elizabeth.

Paul's captivity was no penal infliction upon him, but indeed the very means by which he was to rear the trophies of the conquering Gospel, even in Cæsar's palace, she pointed to the circumstance, that in the very night when the chief captain had rescued him from the mob who had beset him, the Lord stood by him and bade him "be of good cheer," for as he had testified of Him in Jerusalem, so should he also testify of Him in Rome. His captivity was rather a reward than a punishment; and it is to be observed, that those who assaulted him were the unbelieving Jews, not those who, while they believed in Jesus, were yet zealous for the law; and the alleged cause of their attack was a totally different and a false one. (xxi. 28, 29.)

The circumcision of Timothy and the non-circumcision of Titus were circumstances which at once fell into their places; the former by his mother's side was entitled to the seal, the latter, by both parents, a Greek.

The feast of the Passover,—the wearing the fringed garment,*—the abstaining from unclean meats, were then examined in the same manner—standing however on a different ground from circumcision, which was not of Moses, but of the fathers; and nowhere could she find that the Christian Missionary had a warrant to burden the conscience of the Jew who sought salvation by the blood of the Lamb, who saw in Jesus of Nazareth his promised Messiah, his redeeming kinsman, by requiring him to cease the observance of those national ordinances, which, not being dependent

* See *Christian Lady's Magazine*, January 1843. "Fringes and Phylacteries."

on the existence of the Temple, is yet possible to him in the lands of his dispersion. And it was to the last, her firm unshaken belief, that the converted Jews did observe all the ordinances during the whole of the New Testament history, and that the Priests,—numbers of whom became obedient to the faith,—did not cease to perform their office, seeing in the lamb as it bled under their sacrificial knife, a lively retrospective type of the one sacrifice—the Lamb of God, whose blood had cleansed them from all sin.

She noticed particularly that Paul, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, dwells almost exclusively on ordinances, which the Roman eagle, God's avenging minister, was about to sweep away and render impossible:—viz. the Temple Services, the sacrifices, and the exercise of the functions of the Aaronic priesthood. The Paschal lamb too, though not in itself a sacrifice for sin, could only be killed in Jerusalem—but no such limitation attaches to keeping the days of unleavened bread, nor that “night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out from the land of Egypt;” Ex. xii. 42., in the celebration of which the believing Jew, partaker of a greater, even a spiritual redemption, might in obedience to his Lord's command, add the sweet remembrancer of broken bread and poured-out wine, and sing with melody in his heart, the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

When once her mind was convinced on these points, no worldly consideration—no probable loss of popularity as a Christian writer—no fear of offending friends *whom she loved*—could induce her to keep back her *opinions*. No: she felt that it was truth—important

truth—and it must, at any hazard, be told. She knew that it would be unwelcome to thousands ; for if her views were scriptural, then were all the mighty efforts the Church had hitherto made in behalf of the Jews, unscriptural ; and to the fact of their being so, did she attribute the small amount of success, that had as yet crowned their labors. In November, 1842, she wrote and published a letter to Bishop Alexander* on this subject, and it is still before the Church ; for the one reply that has been made to it, can hardly be called an answer.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that she wished these ordinances to be pressed upon Jewish converts : she only contended for their Christian liberty, to follow the teaching of the Holy Spirit, whatever that might be. She wished the Gospel, and the Gospel alone—Christ Jesus and Him crucified, to be preached to the Jew. She wished them to hear the message, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,” unaccompanied by any such additions as, “cease to circumcise your sons,”—“work on the seventh-day Sabbath,”—throw off your Talith, and eat swine’s flesh—conditions which, of course, are not said in words, but are practically enforced ; and is not this she said, making “uncircumcision” to avail something ? or, at least, must it not seem so to the poor inquiring Jew ?

The charge hinted at by some, that she kept back from the Jew the essential saving truths of the Gospel,

* Israel’s Ordinances, a few thoughts on their perpetuity, in a letter to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Jerusalem. 8vo. London. 1843.

is at once refuted by referring the reader to the many papers which she wrote at this time in her own Magazine, expressly addressed to the Jews, and extensively read by them,* and commented on in their public organ.

And to this subject, the establishment of an independent Jewish press, attention must now be directed, for deeply did it engage her mind. In the beginning of the year 1842, she first saw a number of "The Voice of Jacob," a newspaper which had recently been established in London, and she hailed its appearance with great joy. She had long grieved over the ignorance which prevailed amongst Christians as to the real state, character, and feelings of the Jews, and the great injury that was continually done to the cause of truth by the numberless calumnies, unwittingly propagated by sincere Christians, and received as facts by attentive hearers; and, in the very last article that she dictated,† in the month of June, 1846, when unable to use her pen, she says, "A certain class of statements, alike painful and unjust to our Hebrew brethren, are continually going the round of the press, the pulpit, and the platform; not, we are sure, with any design either to pain or to calumniate them, but simply because such statements have been taken on trust from obscure, malicious, or ignorant sources, and are now brought forward with the best possible intentions, to excite our Christian compassion for the desperate state

* Christian Lady's Magazine, June, August, September, and October, 1842.

† "The Haphtorath." Christian Lady's Magazine, July, 1846, p. 79.

of blindness, hardness of heart, and active hostility against the truth, which are supposed to form the leading features in the character of a Jew:"—and, farther on, in this paper, after refuting and disproving the absurd, yet oft-repeated assertion, that the 53rd of Isaiah is wilfully and designedly excluded from the Synagogue-service, she adds:—"Away with such means for promoting Christianity among the Jews! it can promote nothing but contempt and mistrust on their part. We do bless God for the establishment of an Anglo-Jewish press; it is one of our sweetest reflections that we did, with all our weak power, while yet wholly ignorant who were its conductors, help forward the circulation of 'The Voice of Jacob.' In this we stood alone among Christians: we were rebuked, and chidden, and publicly admonished for countenancing a publication that could not but be opposed to Christianity. All manner of Popish, all manner of worldly periodicals made their way unimpeded; but, no sooner did the first people of the earth dare to lift up the voice in a manly and generous defence of their own national character, than it became a sort of sin to name the work in public, lest any one should be tempted to read it, and be judaized out of hand by its insidious doctrines." She rejoiced that the Jew could now speak out for himself, and say who and what he was. Strong in invincible truth, she feared no damage to its sacred cause from fair and open discussion; and, in matters of faith and doctrine, she felt it to be infinitely better that the men of Jacob should "bring forth their strong reasons," instead of feeling that their voice was stifled in a one-sided controversy.

But, its important bearing on the national character and prospects of the Jew most deeply impressed her ; and, when she saw that "The Voice of Jacob" never failed to point the Jew to Palestine, as his own, his inalienable heritage, she at once gave the undertaking the whole support of her pen. Her advocacy was noticed and most kindly acknowledged in the columns of "The Voice of Jacob," and an intimacy, which soon ripened into the warmest, most affectionate friendship, soon sprang up between her and its able and devoted editor and proprietor, Jacob A. Franklin Esq.,* a friendship which proved a solace and a comfort during many an hour of pain and sickness and suffering, and which, "strong as death," was remembered in her very latest hour.

To resume the narrative. The following works were written during the years 1842 and 1843 : "The Wrongs of Woman," and "The Church Visible in all Ages ;" but a more than usual amount of her own writing appeared in the Magazine on the subject which now engrossed her attention, the cause of Israel ; and, next to this, the noble efforts of her kind Christian friend, Lord Ashley, in behalf of the laboring classes. it must also be observed, that her acknowledged works do not comprise the whole or the most important labors of her pen. For, in the latter part of the year 1842,

* This truly patriotic gentleman has recently been elected to a seat in the Jewish Board of Deputies ; an important post, in which his zeal and devotion to the cause of his nation, may prove of eminent service. Sir Moses Montefiore presides over this Board, the members of which are elected by the various synagogues, and which is recognized by the legislature and appealed to in all questions relating to Jewish customs, marriages, &c.

the Committee of the Christian Influence Society, deeply impressed with a sense of the alarming state of the country, from the habitual grinding oppression to which the laboring classes were exposed, resolved upon the publication of a work to be expressly addressed to the Legislature and higher classes in the state, showing on undoubted evidence of fact the existing evils, and on plain scriptural grounds the inevitable consequences, of such a state of things. They proposed to her to undertake the work, with the understanding, that not only was the book to be published without a name, but that every precaution must be used to keep it strictly secret, as it was not to be supposed that legislators and those for whose perusal it was intended, would pay much attention to a work on such a subject from a woman's pen. She was at once amply supplied with facts and information, both from Parliamentary Reports and private correspondence of many who were devoting themselves to this momentous inquiry. Most deeply did she feel the importance of the undertaking, and the responsibility which devolved upon her, and nearly two months were devoted to reading and digesting the mass of materials which were placed in her hands; and thus prepared, aided by her surprising memory, which enabled her not only to recall to mind the facts she had read, but at once to refer to the place where she had read them, she commenced the work, and with almost the same rapidity with which she would have written on the most familiar subject, she completed the "*PERILS OF THE NATION*," which was published at Easter in the year 1843.

The work attracted immediate attention; and even in the highest places in the land inquiries were made as to the authorship, but the secret, confined to a very few persons, was never divulged. Many friends in naming the book to her, assured her that they knew who was the writer, and named men of the most opposite parties and opinions, but no one thought of attributing it to a woman. The book speedily reached a second and a third edition; and that it had a marked and decided influence, not only on the tone of public feeling, but directly on the Legislature, admits of no doubt. It was quoted on platforms and discussed in private circles; three important societies may be attributed almost directly to its influence, viz., the Society for improving the condition of the Laboring Classes, the Church Extension Fund, and the Clerical Education Aid Fund; and what were its effects in aiding the passing of the Mines and Collieries' Bill, and the Ten hours Bill, and in bringing forward the Health of Towns Bill, will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed.

In 1844, the Emperor Nicholas visited England, and she at once saw the importance of appealing to him in behalf of his oppressed and burdened Jewish subjects. The idea, once conceived, was instantly carried into effect. She was told that it was impossible; that the Emperor's visit was strictly a private one to the Queen of England; and that any such step would be indecorous; but these arguments had no power, when a hope, however distant, offered itself of relieving, by even a feather's weight, the load that pressed upon these poor sufferers. She penned a ~~man~~

touching and respectful memorial ; two days only remained of his sojourn in England : a competent person was employed to work during the night in writing it out most elegantly on vellum, and, on the two following days, (hiring a carriage for the purpose,) she took it to the residence of all her influential friends, and obtained the signatures of Bishops, Peers, Privy Counsellors, Members of Parliament, and others, each affixing to his name his rank and designation ; all being the names of men who feared the Lord. The memorial was presented, and, on the Emperor's return to Russia, a gracious reply was transmitted through the resident Ambassador.

A similar memorial was presented by the Jews, and these were the only public addresses of any kind received by his majesty during his short visit to our shores.

This was the last public act, requiring personal exertion, in which she was permitted to engage. A few months before this, a slight nodosity made its appearance in one of the left axillary glands, so slight that for some months she did not think it of sufficient importance to name, even to the writer ; but it soon increased rapidly in size, though unaccompanied with pain or other inconvenience, until about the end of the year ; and on the 24th of December it was pronounced by Mr. Liston to be cancer. She was firmly resolved to submit to no operation ; but her resolution on this point was not tested, for Mr. Liston declared that no operation, even in the earliest stages of the disease, could have been attended with any hope of success, situated as the disease was in a nest of glands. It soon opened, and rapidly spread, so as to render writing both pain-

ful and difficult, and in the following touching words, she first announced the sad intelligence to her readers, in a paper entitled "Mogadore and the Jews."

"And now out of a full heart, we must address our beloved Christian friends on a subject so near and so dear to us all, that though the enfeebled hand which traces these lines is compelled to cease from all other work, it will never relinquish the conduct of the Christian Lady's Magazine, while life enough remains to make it a medium for pleading this cause. We have been charged with bandying literary compliments with the conductors of 'The Voice of Jacob,' because our remarks are often quoted in that periodical. We have been taxed with seeking a spurious sort of popularity among the Jews, by putting forth views less opposed to their national principles, than the more orthodox creed of our more learned brethren ; or, at best, with suffering our ardent affection for the race, so to overcome our Christian faithfulness, as to induce a compromise of truths unpalatable to them. Now, to all this we have a reply to make, that will pain many who read it: namely, that we are, and have been for twelve months past, struck with a mortal disease. For so long has cancer been preying on this worthless flesh, eating away its strength, and rendering that a most laborious and painful toil which was before a delightful recreation: while many a sharp pang repeats the warning that would, that *must* compel us to trample under foot any such inducement to compromise as we have been suspected of listening to. No; we never did, we never will compromise the faithfulness of the Gospel. The Lord (blessed forever be the name of the

Lord!) has most mercifully planted this silver arrow in the left side; the right is free; the right hand forgets not its cunning; JERUSALEM is not forgotten."

Prophetic words! For when that dear right hand lay powerless by her side—and when that tongue was cleaving, in death's last struggle, to the roof of her mouth, Jerusalem indeed was not forgotten. The painful details of her suffering shall not be dwelt upon; suffice it to say that the Lord was true to all his promises, and upheld his child while He lovingly chastened her; and comforted her with all his own tenderness, even while He kept her in the furnace. Often did she thank God for the cancer; often did she declare that nothing could have suited her so well, and she would dwell on the Lord's distinguishing love in selecting the very stroke she most needed, for bodily pain was new to her, and above all bodily weakness; while her mind retained its fullest, freshest vigor. This latter circumstance, as well as the total absence of the dreadful lancinating pain so common to cancer, she attributed wholly under God, to the Homœopathic remedies, and abstinence from opiates of every kind. This system of treatment was employed from the very first, as for some years previously she had experienced its striking efficacy in every case in which it had been tried, and it was persevered in to the very last,—Mr. Liston's surgical opinion merely having been taken in consultation with her own physician. Several papers on Homœopathy from her pen will be found in her Magazine.

It sufficed to speak to her of the Lord's speedy coming—of the future glory of Zion, or any kindred

theme,—and pain and suffering were forgotten; and few could believe, when they saw her face kindling and glowing with animation, and heard her utter forth the stirring thoughts that filled her soul, that it was a dying woman who spoke to them, suffering intense agony with every motion of her body.

Kindness and love, and sympathy poured in on every side, and in her name would the writer now tell all those unknown correspondents who addressed her in such soothing and tender words, that though her own pen could not thank them, not even her dearest and known friends, she remembered all their affection before the Lord, and entreated him to recompense it a hundredfold into their bosoms, and to accept it as done unto Himself in the person of his unworthy servant. "Sick, and ye visited *me*."

From the moment it became known that old cambrio would be a comfort to her, supplies of the softest and finest never failed. And very precious to her were similar tokens of affection and sympathy from Jewish sisters, who though they knew her not, loved her, for loving their nation. She prayed that they too might find and know and love that Redeemer, whom they were thus unconsciously visiting, in his poor afflicted disciple.

"Judæa Capta" was written at this time. In the summer of this year, 1845, she removed to London, to the official residence of her husband, a change which from many circumstances, greatly added to her comfort. Indeed her present state of health would have rendered his absence from her, during the whole day, quite impossible. Sea air being recommended to her, she determined to go to Sandgate, but an apparent ac-

cident—the breaking of the engine of the steam-vessel, compelling all the passengers in mid-river to betake themselves to boats—took her to Ramsgate, and this change of destination led to her personal acquaintance with her dear friends Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, whose kindness so greatly comforted her during the remaining year of her life, and also marked Ramsgate as her future resting-place until the trumpet shall bid her rise to meet the Lord in the air.

As soon as they heard of her arrival, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore called upon her, and overwhelmed her during her stay with attentions and kindness. She visited them at their noble residence on the East Cliff, and it was a joyous moment to her when standing with Sir Moses at a window in his library, overlooking the sea, he pointed his hand over the green waters and said, "There is Jerusalem;" and one vied with the other in repeating from the prophet Isaiah, the glorious promises of Israel's future. A very characteristic description of the cliffs and beach near Sir Moses' residence will be found in the "Protestant" of the "Christian Lady's Magazine" for October, 1845.

On her return to London her sufferings became comparatively mitigated, but the disease continued to advance by slow degrees, and her strength greatly to fail. Hæmorrhage now became frequent and alarming, and contributed to weaken her, and her left arm became fearfully swollen and wholly useless; but still she continued to conduct her Magazine; and to facilitate the mechanical operation of writing, she invented during one of her sleepless nights a machine which was immediately constructed by a clever carpenter.

It consisted of two rollers on a frame ; on the lower one many yards of paper were rolled, and as fast as she filled a page, writing with the frame resting on her knees, a turn of a small winch wound off the manuscript to the upper roller and brought up a clean surface of paper. In this manner she would write papers for the press, and letters to friends, measuring three, or four, or six yards in length. Dictation was very difficult to her ; no pen but her own could follow her thoughts with sufficient rapidity, nor did she resort to this mode of writing, until absolutely compelled to it, during the last two months of her life.

The Evangelical Alliance was the last event in this passing world in which she evinced a deep interest. From the moment she had read the account of that delightful conference of the brethren in Liverpool, her whole soul was engaged in this most blessed work. She longed to labor in the cause, and had the Lord spared her, her pen would have been devoted to its advocacy. In January 1846, the first public meeting was held in London ; she prayed earnestly that the Lord would give her sufficient strength to attend it ; and He heard her prayer. For some previous days her strength seemed much renewed, and to the astonishment of her friends, she was enabled to sit for five hours intensely enjoying the blessed scene before her. Thus she describes in the February Magazine, her last visit to—

“ Exeter Hall ! the scene of many a deeply interesting hour, the more enjoyed perhaps because not frequented but on occasions where the prevailing topic of the day was some one to which a peculiar chord in

the heart vibrated. I did not think to have again, under existing circumstances, taken my place among the thousands congregated within those walls; and when a friend laid before me tickets for the side-gallery, it seemed almost like tantalizing a hungry person with the sight of forbidden food. But then came the mental query, 'Can any real good be gained, or any additional opportunity for usefulness be secured, by making an effort that undoubtedly might be made?' The answer was decidedly affirmative: where a company of avowed believers were assembled together, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and expressly for the purpose of promoting that peace and love which are the brightest ornaments of His Church, he could not fail to be in the midst of them; nor could any fail of sharing a blessing who took part in such proceedings. This would be a real, solid advantage: while in the way of usefulness much was to be hoped, from the realizing effect produced in the mind, by actually witnessing what could not be adequately represented on paper. Prayer was answered; an interval of ease was vouchsafed; strength abundantly sufficient for the occasion was given; and sweetly refreshing to the spirit will ever be the remembrance of those five hours enjoyed in Exeter Hall!"

Many reasons combined to make the speech of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel particularly touching to her, and the following incident must be recorded in her own words.

After a graphic description of the whole proceedings she continues as follows. "Mr. Noel was peculiarly energetic; he grappled with hostile arguments, and

prepared his co-operating brethren for the extreme of opposition that Satan could raise against a work so eminently accordant with the very life and soul of the gospel. He alluded to the resistance that he, personally, had encountered, and was daily encountering in the active prosecution of the work ; and he spoke as one who was ready to bear and to do all things through the strengthening power of Christ. The readers of the *Christian Lady's Magazine* may easily comprehend how, in that hour of sacred fellowship, its Editor's heart smote her : *not* for having, on various points connected with Ireland and political matters, differed from Mr. Noel : *not* for having openly protested against opinions in which she did not, nor does now concur ; but for having expressed that dissent in language of petulance, asperity, and uncharitableness, for which the only excuse to be made is an unconditional acknowledgment of error, an unreserved request for pardon at our brother's hand, We have since that blessed meeting, said this and more, by letter to himself, and received a most ready Christian response. We now publicly repeat the retraction of every harsh, every unsisterly word ; and we pray that all may be obliterated from the minds of those who still remember it."

After forcibly dwelling on the opposition which Satan would raise against this holy work, she adds : "Is there no admonition conveyed to us in the pathetic reproof, '*How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!*' We have all seen that lovely sight, at the approach of danger or darkness, or when the parent thought the little ones had been too long

separated from her and from each other ; a parcel of straggling helpless chickens, at the well-known call, running helter-skelter to the delightful refuge ; and small care do they take for precedence, poor things ! each being content on nestling as close as it can to the warmth-giving bosom, and of getting close to its fat, soft little brothers and sisters, for an additional share in the aggregate of heat and of domestic comfort. This is the time, and this is the place, where chickens grow and thrive ; here they acquire muscle and sinew, and a good coating of substantial feathers. Apart from this, all is vain : neither feeding, nor fighting will do : they may continue in most exclusive independence, ruffling their down at every brother's approach, and stoutly maintaining that each has found the best hole to scratch in for a maintenance ; but thrive they will not. Oh, that now, when the winning call is going forth throughout the land, to gather the scattered brood *together*, under the wings of redeeming love, not one may be found, of whom it can ultimately be said, that he ' would not. ' ”—These extracts will suffice to show her earnest interest in the cause of Evangelical Alliance.

Her residence in London afforded her many delightful interviews with beloved friends of former days ; and those farewell interviews, for such they proved to be, will be remembered by many with no common interest ; and it will be a pleasant reflection to many of them to know, how much she was cheered and soothed by them. One instance must be more especially alluded to ; the unexpected arrival of her much-loved friend and brother, the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, about

three weeks before her death. In former days they had been fellow-laborers in St. Giles', and together had visited the abodes of misery and wretchedness, and carried into them the sweet sound of Jesus' name ; and ever since her illness had assumed a serious aspect, his letters, full of Christian consolation, had cheered and supported her, and in many, many ways, had he contributed most materially to the comfort of his now stricken sister, and the joy felt by her during the hour they then passed together was such as none but saints and fellow-pilgrims can know.

Mention must also be made of the kind and unremitting attention of her dear friend and pastor, the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, who now ministered in her own church in West Street, St. Giles', where she had so often worshipped with her dear Irish converts. She was unable indeed to attend his public ministrations, but she delighted to feel that she was again a member of the West Street congregation.

On their return from Russia, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore renewed their kindness and friendship, and on his first visit to her, she repeated to him, with an earnestness, which neither he nor the writer will easily forget, the 120th Psalm ; after he had cheered her very soul by recounting how greatly the Lord had prospered his way, in his recent mission in behalf of his suffering countrymen.

It was evident to all who saw her, that her time was now short, though few anticipated how near the day of departure was at hand. She was herself sanguine, not indeed in the hope of a final recovery, but that the disease had run its course—for all the symp-

toms, except the bleeding, were much mitigated—and that she might yet be spared for some years to labor for the Lord on earth; and in this belief, misled perhaps by hope, the writer strongly shared, nor did he realize the nearness of her end, until the damps of death were on her brow.

And with this impression she wrote in the month of June the following preface to the 21st volume of her *Magazine*—the last she was to see completed.

“In the common order of things, we could scarcely, perhaps, have calculated on completing our present volume with a good hope of continuing the work endeared by more than twelve years’ devotion to it. But such is the tender mercy of the Lord; so gentle his dealings, so mild the hand of fatherly chastisement, that by his dear help we not only continue to this day, in the enjoyment of unabated bodily health and cheerfulness of mind, but we feel more strongly than ever the blessed privilege of holding up even so humble and unpretending a banner as the *Christian Lady’s Magazine*, among the ranks of those who are battling for the truth, against multiplying error.

“It is recorded among the touching legends of Ireland, that when the followers of Brien the Brave were contending for their liberties and their homes against the Danes, a severe contest had left many wounded among them. On the following day the host was again called into the field, and the poor maimed sufferers who were unable to support themselves, demanded to be placed, each wounded man between two sound ones; thus going once more into *action*, and winning with their commanders a brilliant

victory ere they died. We often think on this: like the true-hearted Irish, we are loth to quit the field, or to withhold our poor crippled aid from the glorious cause. But protracted suffering induces some feebleness: the mechanical action of writing is exceedingly difficult now; and we call on our dear friends to help us on, by their continued prayers, the blessed effect of which we have so richly experienced; that we may neither faint nor flee, but labor still with untiring devotion; and if such be the Lord's good pleasure, live to behold the coming triumph.

"It is coming, and even at hand. On every side the clouds are breaking, which so long have veiled the bright future. All is in a state of transition; nothing remains as it was a few years back; and dimly seen, yet sufficiently so to be identified, the lion-banner of Judah loosens its mighty folds from the bands of many generations, gleaming in the distance, a sure star of hope; of rest to the troubled world. We never closed a volume with more joyous feelings than the present: may the Lord quickly realize every anticipation that is founded on the firm basis of his unchangeable promise!"

"Whitehall, June, 1846."

To her indeed the Lord has realized all her brightest anticipations—to her the bright future is indeed unveiled. And who that knew and loved her, did not think of her, when the recent awful calamities fell upon her beloved Ireland? Who did not feel that she had been indeed graciously removed before the evil days came!

A friend brought her a rooted cutting from a plant which had been found growing in the arid soil of Bethlehem, and she greatly delighted, as she gazed on it, to quote the words of Isaiah, "He shall grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground." On the subject of personal assurance she never **had** been in the habit of speaking, but its reality was best evidenced by the strong, fearless, passionate, almost impatient longing of her very soul for the Lord's return. Of herself she held the very lowest estimate, and few things distressed her more than when friends alluded to the results of her labors as an evidence of her own acceptance with God. She knew indeed that many saints were now in glory, and many were on the road to glory, through God's blessing on her instrumentality—"and yet," she would add, "I might be but the finger-post that points the road, but moves not on." About a fortnight before her death she suffered greatly in mind—all comfort was gone—darkness was on her soul; the sin of irritability, often yielded to—and who beholding her poor afflicted body could wonder at it—and as often mourned over, with tears and anguish of heart, seemed to her utterly incompatible with her being a child of God. She did not doubt the sufficiency of the Saviour, but simply whether, if he **had** indeed called her, it were possible that she should **show** so little conformity to his image. This for the time was the language, not of her lip only, but of her inmost heart, and every moment some brief remark would betray the conflict she was enduring with the enemy. At last the writer said to **her** suddenly, "Without attempting to contradict what

you say—if you have not come to Jesus, come to Him now ;” and opening a Bible, read to her the simplest promises and invitations that could be selected for one who had never heard the Gospel. The Lord blessed his own word : she remained silent for a short time, and then “ prayed,” to use her own words, her favorite hymn,

“ Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—

dwelling with special earnestness on the words,

“ Cleanse me from its guilt and power.”

From that time, with but slight interruption, her heart and tongue were full of praise to God for all his goodness to her. Once she said, “ What a nasty offensive thing is smoking flax, and yet Jesus will not quench it.”

She now greatly desired to visit the sea-side, and the doctors concurring in the belief that such a change would be beneficial, Ramsgate was selected, and the 10th of July was fixed for departure. She was very weak, and it was necessary to carry her from her apartments in the United Service Institution, to the carriage. It had been her wish that the six sergeants attached to the Institution should bear her pall in case of her death taking place there ; they carried her now alive indeed, but with the hand of death upon her. She thanked them most cordially for all their kindness and attention during her illness, and shaking hands with each, asked the Lord to bless them. On the way to the Terminus, she passed the great Mass-house, now rearing itself in St. George’s Fields. She leant forward, and holding up her hand in denunciation against it, repeated, as had often been her wont in Hebrew,

the words of the Psalmist, "O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed!" On arriving at the station, she found that every care had been taken for her comfort; a separate carriage having been fitted up for her by orders of the Chairman, enabling her to lie down during the journey. Her ever-kind friend, Sir Moses, was waiting to bid her farewell, and placed beside her a basket of the choicest grapes to refresh her during the journey. Her heart was full of gratitude, which vented itself in the often-repeated words, "How good the Lord is, to make every one so kind to me."

The moment the door of the carriage was closed, she bade her companions—her husband and her faithful servant, Mary Helms—kneel down, and ask the Lord to uphold her during the journey, and the prayer was graciously heard.

When passing through Canterbury, her attention was directed to the splendid cathedral. She said, "Yes, it is very grand; but there is where the martyrs were starved to death!" pointing to the towers of an ancient gateway, which spans one of the main streets of the city.

She arrived at Ramsgate at half-past six, and went to an hotel, as the apartments she was to occupy on the West Cliff were not yet vacated. She was fatigued and exhausted, and immediately retired to rest; and her delight was great at finding that, as she lay on her pillow, she had a full view of the sea and entrance to the harbor.

On the following morning, a slight bleeding commenced, which soon became alarming, and a surgeon was immediately called in. He succeeded in stanch-

ing the hæmorrhage, but not before much blood had been lost, as it was one of the larger blood-vessels which had now been invaded by the cancer. Mr. Ayres, the surgeon, made some remark about her tranquillity and resignation, to which she replied, "It is the love of Jesus that sustains me." She now grew very faint, and Mr. Ayres' attention was unremitting. She then said, "My flesh and my heart fail me, but Jesus does not fail me." A little weak wine and water somewhat revived her: and, as Mr. Ayres left the room, she said, with some energy, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" and showed pleasure when he gave a sign of assent. She then bade those around her kneel and pray for her, saying, "Pardon and acceptance, nothing more."

Her kind Jewish friends, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, had heard of her arrival, and immediately came to see her she was too feeble to say much to them, but was just able to tell them that Jesus upheld her—that he was her hope and refuge.

Towards the evening she rallied, and, during the whole night, was calm and cheerful, even to playfulness; but hardly an hour passed without the words, "How very good He is to me." When the midnight train arrived, she was a little disappointed at finding that her physician, Mr. Hering, for whom a messenger had been sent immediately on the occurrence of the bleeding, could not arrive till the next day, and remarked that she did not think she would live to see him. In the morning of the 12th a marked change was apparent in her countenance; her breathing became somewhat oppressed, and, at eleven o'clock, she

suddenly exclaimed, "It is death." Mr. Ayres was immediately sent for, and confirmed the sad truth: she seemed to suffer no pain: no sigh or groan escaped her: her countenance was perfectly calm, tranquil, and happy; and she kept her eye steadily fixed on her husband, following his every motion, and showing uneasiness if, for a moment, he moved from her side. Life seemed slowly ebbing away.

Once again her eyes brightened: her husband was leaning over her, and throwing her arm round his neck, and pressing his lips to hers, she exclaimed with intense emphasis, "I love you."

All thought that these were her last words; but, it soon became evident that she was gathering her remaining strength for a mighty effort, and then, with death in every look and tone—gasping between each word—but with a loud, clear, distinct voice, she uttered these words:—"Tell them"—naming some dear Jewish friends—"Tell them that Jesus is the Messiah; and tell——." Her hand had forgotten its cunning; her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth, but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem.

The breathings grew fainter and fainter, her brow was slightly convulsed, and at twenty minutes past two, she fell asleep in Jesus.

She was buried in Ramsgate Church Yard on the 15th; a meeting of the inhabitants having been called in the Town Hall to show respect to her memory.

The Church and Church-yard were crowded, and the service was most touchingly performed by the Rev. H. H. Beamish, who came from London to perform the last office to his dear friend and sister—the friend of his own beloved land. The flag at East Cliff Lodge

was lowered half-mast; and a letter was read in the Town Hall from Sir Moses Montefiore, expressing his deep regret that he was unable from pressing business personally to attend the mournful ceremony.

It was noticed in "The Voice of Jacob," that her death took place on the 9th of Ab, the day when, throughout the world, the Jews were mourning and fasting, in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem, both by Nebuchadnezzar and by Titus—it was also the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, the day when her room had always been decked with the choicest Orange Lilies.

She had charged her husband two months previously, never to lay her in a vault, but in a simple earth-dug grave, and in a perishable coffin, disliking all attempts to avert the Almighty decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." On visiting the lake of Mullingar, where her beloved brother was drowned, she brought away from the banks a little plant, which she preserved in her various gardens, and latterly in a flower-pot; this she directed should be planted on her grave, together with some shamrocks and hearts-ease. She also directed that no stone should be laid over her, but that her resting-place should be marked by a simple headstone, dictating the epitaph, which with the addition of the date has been thus inscribed,—

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF L. H. I. TONNA,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE 12TH OF JULY, 1846.
LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

APPENDIX

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER.

BY THE LATE DR. SOUTHEY.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JULY, 1829.

THE "View of the Revolutions of Portugal since the close of the Peninsular War," is a book of great ability, written with full knowledge of the subject on which it treats, in the best spirit, with sound judgment and perfect discretion. In its author, the late Captain Murray Browne, the British army has lost a man who was likely to have been one of its brightest ornaments; for he possessed, in an eminent degree, not only the physical and intellectual endowments requisite for his profession, but the gentleness and benignity of disposition which are required to temper it, and those vital principles of morality and religion which can alone secure the happiest disposition against the evil tendencies of a military life; so that in mature manhood he had no cause to repent having chosen for himself this course in childhood, and persisted in his course against the wishes of his father. He was the only son of a clergyman at Norwich, who, yielding most reluctantly to the ardent but determined inclination of the boy, obtained a commission for him, while yet a mere youth, in 1809, and he immediately joined the 48th regiment, in Spain. He was in the battle of Busaco, and in that of Albuhera, on which last dreadful day his conduct attracted the favorable notice of his commanding officer. After sharing for some time in the honors achieved by the second division under Lord Hill, he entered the 13th Portuguese infantry, and in that service was noted by Sir Benjamin D'Urban as an officer of

the greatest promise. In that service he crossed the Pyrenees, and bore his part in the victories which terminated the Peninsular war. Soon afterwards, Marshal Beresford appointed him to the situation of assistant quartermaster-general; and from the favorable reports which were made of him, unaccompanied by any solicitations on his own part, the Duke of York promoted him to a captaincy. He performed the duties of his staff situation in a manner which gained for him the esteem and confidence of Sir Archibald Campbell, to whose Portuguese division he was attached. His zeal and fidelity, indeed, were such, that they exposed him to imminent peril; and once he narrowly escaped assassination from some of the revolutionary party, whose purpose, of seducing the troops from their allegiance, he had discovered and baffled. When the British officers were dismissed by the ruling party, in 1820, he retired to a *quinta*, near Torres Novas, and there, being now a married man, farmed a little property, and quietly cultivated his olives. But it was not likely that one so well known in that country, and so thoroughly qualified for public life, would long be left to enjoy retirement; or that he would cease to take a lively interest in public affairs, or, feeling that interest, forbear to take a part in them. Accordingly, when he saw with what cruel indignities the poor old king of Portugal was treated, on his return from Brazil, indignation excited a generous feeling for him, and he entered into his interests with an ardor and a sincerity to which that unhappy king had been little accustomed, but which he perceived and felt, and valued as they deserved. One most important service Captain Browne rendered him, by influencing at a most perilous time, certain local authorities in his favor; and by his own great exertions, and by rousing the king to an unusual effort. John VI. was so sensible of this, that he wished to make him his aide-de-camp, being the only requital which, in the state of thralldom wherein he was held, it was in his power to offer: but to have accepted this, he must have given up his British commission, and his ambition was to rise in the service of his own country. In proportion as he had deserved well of the king, *has he obtained the ill-will of those by whom the king was loved*

they hated him for his English blood, his English principles and above all, for having frustrated their designs. Leaving at length, a scene of intrigues, baseness, and ingratitude, he returned to England, and the king of Portugal, as a last proof of gratitude, directed his ambassador to solicit promotion for him in his name. The application was not pressed, because Captain Browne wished to complete a course of study at Sandhurst. before he made any further arrangement. John VI., meantime, died. Deeming it necessary, then, not to let such a recommendation be lost, he applied to the Marquess Palmella, and to the Marquess the Duke of York returned a most favorable answer, through Mr. Canning. The death of the Duke and of Mr. Canning, which both, so fatally, soon followed, did not affect his interests; his claims were acknowledged, and in the beginning of 1828 he joined the 75th regiment, at Castlebar. in Ireland, with fairer prospects than were generally understood by those who saw him doing captain's duty with a regiment after all his services. The regiment was moved to Mullingar in the spring; soon afterwards, he went on the lake to fish, missed a stroke when rowing, fell over, and was taken up dead. Such demonstrations of true grief have rarely been witnessed at a military funeral as when this excellent man, in whose society his brother officers delighted, and whom the soldiers loved as much as they respected, was committed to the grave. Not one of the regiment was absent when the service was performed. By this sudden stroke of calamity, a widowed mother was bereft of her only son, a sister of her protector, a most affectionate wife of her husband, and three young children of their father; and the army lost an officer, than whom no one in the service was more likely to have done honor to his country.

The volume which he published a few months only before his death is not one which will go the way of ephemeral publications—it will always have its place in the *Bibliotheca Historica* of that kingdom to which it relates; and it is one of those books which no person can ever peruse without a feeling of respect for the author.



